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THE IRISH RACE

— IN —

CALIFORNIA, AND ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

— WITH AN —

Introductory Historical Dissertation on the principal Races
of Mankind, and a Vocabulary of Ancient and
Modern Irish Family Names,

— BY —

Hugh.

DR. QUIGLEY,

Author of the "Cross and the Shamrock," "Profit and Loss," and other works.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

BY W. M.

REV. HUGH QUIGLEY, author of this and other literary works of extensive circulation, is a native of Ireland, having been born within two Irish miles of Tulla, in the County of Clare, in December, 1819, and is consequently fifty-nine years of age. His father was regarded as one of the bravest men in the Province of Munster, especially after his feat of having leaped to the ground, a height of forty feet, from the barracks of Tulla, where he was confined, after having been "pressed" into the British service, and escaped from a whole platoon of pursuing militia men, over the bogs of Garrura. The subject of this brief memoir was dedicated by his pious father to the services of the Church. when about four years of age, at a "blessed well" named "Tubber VicShane" or St. Johnson's well, where religious services used to be performed by outlawed priests during the penal times of Saxon Persecution. He had a tutor named Walsh, nicknamed "Shawn Kaum," for a few seasons, and afterwards picked up his classical education from pompous schoolmasters like "Thady Enright" and "Gasty Mack," two classical pedagogues, who, like Gerald Griffin's teacher, Eagan, "promulgated professional powers by ponderous polysyllables," and heavy blackthorns, or hazel "kippens," which were used unsparingly on their pupils' backs and heads. A severe clubbing of our author by the fop Enright, who measured only about four feet high, even with his high-heeled boots, caused him to run off across the mountains to Killaloe, in which route he came near getting drowned in the swamps; but having arrived there, exhausted from hunger and fatigue, a distance of twenty miles, he continued for two years under the tuition of one Madden, who taught a large number of young men preparing for college, from all parts of Ireland, but especially from the north and Connaught.

Our young student having "finished" his classics, as they spoke then; that is, having read Virgil, Sallust, Livy, Horace, Juvenal and Tacitus, and became familiar with the Greek poets and tragedians, philosophers and orators, Homer, Demosthenes, Epectetus, Heroditus, Euripidus, etc., etc., and having no occupation, and being ashamed to work on his father's land, set out to Dublin, and joined the numerous bands of young men employed on the trigonometrical survey of Ireland. During his connection with this national work he became familiar with the topography of a great part of Ireland, at least from McGillicuddy's Reeks to the Wicklow Mountains. It was while on this occupation, which brought him about a half-crown, or sixty cents, a day, that, having heard that a concursus was about to be held, of young men competing for a place in college, that he threw up his occupation and entered his name as a candidate for ecclesiastical preferment. He succeeded in his trial, and accordingly prepared to leave home. His father, at this time, and even while he lived, had no ready money with which to procure his son's outfit. But of three small farms which he held the lease of, Affogh, Derrygariff, and a mountain lot called "The Rhea," he mortgaged two of these farms to a usurer named Conners in order to get the wherewith to equip young Hugh for college.

Every difficulty in a pecuniary point of view having been overcome, the next trouble was about the oath of allegiance which all the Alumni of Maynooth were compelled to take to the British Government. This oath could not be swallowed nor digested by our young student, who was, ever since he could think, A REBEL, as were all his ancestors in Donegal and Clare, and hence he went to Rome and remained there for five years, where he graduated by "public act" from the famous University of "Sapienza," having received all the "white beans," or a unanimous testimony of all the twenty-four examiners. And the Chancellor of the University, now Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, put his two "white beans" or gave his casting vote in favor of the young Irish candidate. He stood Number ONE in a class of several score of students, and got the gold medal of the University. Our author distinguished himself in his knowledge of Greek, and his friend PALMA told him that, even at that early day, when about twenty-five years of age, all the professors, including Modena, the Dominican, Ferrara, the Carmelite, Palma, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, with about twenty others constituting the Faculty, under the presidency of his Eminence Cardinal Riario Sforza, were unanimous in pronouncing the young aspirant for university honors as a "*juvenis doctissimus,*" or a very learned young man.

After having come back from Rome with the gold medal of the University, a rare honor, he was appointed Curate in his native parish of Tulla, and next in Killaloe, under Rev.

Daniel Vaughan, afterwards Bishop. But when the famine came over the face of the country, like a curse from God, our young Curate told the people in confidence and in private that it was NO SIN to feed their starving children and wives, even if compelled to take it from their rich neighbor's property. This was the true doctrine which he learned from the theologians as well as from pagan moralists of Rome and Greece, and yet, for having hinted this truth in secret—to say so in public would insure his transportation for life—to the people, he was warned and threatened and had to quit the country of his love for foreign lands. He next went on the English and Scotch missions, where there was a scarcity of priests, and there—especially in England—he learned to admire the candor, independence and sincerity of the English Catholics, clergy and laity. There he met the best Priests and most zealous Bishops, like the lamented Dr. Briggs, that live in modern times. During the Rev. Doctor's stay in England, about four years, he made many hundreds of converts, and his lectures in York City, and in Sheffield and Bradford, were attended by crowded houses and reported in the daily secular press af those cities. When going on the English Mission BISHOP BRIGGS, of York, declined to *look*, *even*, at his splendid testimonials, saying: that he needed no testimonials but the general good opinion which all good men entertained of him since his ordination.

There was another event which exercised a marked influence on our author's life. The '48 movement was on foot, and promising to lead to some important results to Ireland. Dr. Quigley left his mission, in secret, to join the '48 (as his namesake, Father Jas. Quigley did, the revolutionists of '98 in Antrim) movement in "Shieb-na-man." But when he got over to Ireland from Sheffield, he found nothing practical going on, and could see that the people as well as the leaders seemed to be in a quandary how to act. There was no order, no discipline, no leaders. There were no arms and no commissariat, and all was ready to blow away like a mist before the wind. He returned to his mission again, but soon after, having written to Archbishop Hughes for an appointment, and having received a favorable answer from Father Bailey, then secretary to the Archbishop, and now Archbishop himself, he came on to New York; but, instead of remaining there, by advice of Doctors Powers and Pise, he placed himself under the jurisdiction of the accomplished Bishop McClosky, now Cardinal, in whose Diocese of Albany he spent about ten years. But he got, when Pastor of Lansingburgh, involved in an expensive lawsuit regarding the Bible in the Public Schools, and though the decision was in his favor, yet this litigation, carried on for the public good, cost him over $8,000 of the money which he brought with him to the United States from Europe.

It was while near Troy, in Schaghticoke, in 1849, that he wrote the now celebrated story from real life, entitled "The Cross and the Shamrock, or how to defend the Faith." That and his next book "The Prophet of the Ruined Abbey," written anonymously, had a very extensive circulation, over 250,000 of the former having been sold, it is said. The next work he published, was "Profit and Loss," or the road to ruin of a "Genteel Irish-American." This book, though far ahead of the two former in ability, has had a less general circulation for some reason, probably the chief one, a jealousy which cannot bear to witness the success of rivals; and there is in the minds of men of limited capacity to be found, even among men whose education ought to have taught them better, a feeling of contempt for those whom these creatures know they can never equal nor approach themselves, if they lived to the age of Methusalem. When the author published his works anonymously, they were regarded by those brainless people alluded to, to be the productions of some people of rank. But when the author claimed those popular works as his, and they saw H. Quigley on the title page, oh! they turned up their noses, and declared they would sooner read the *Danbury News* man's platitudes, the scurrilities of Josh Billings, or the bawdyisms of "Brick Pomeroy," than the keen satire and classic wit ot "Profit and Loss."

This is in brief the history of the author of the present book. We picked up these few facts from a sort of scrap-book of his life which fell into our hands; but we have not published the many addresses, or given an account of the valuable testimonials which in Glasgow, in Sheffield, in Bradford, in Great Britain, and in Lansingburgh, Ogdensburg, Milwaukee, La Crosse, and even Eureka in the United States, with their thousands of signatures attesting to the piety, zeal, ability, patriotism and unchangeable opposition to imposition, fraud and hypocrisy, which have ever invariably distinguished our author. Out of a dozen addresses and testimonials received by the author in a missionary career of 37 years, we give here the last one, from the people of Eureka, presented a few months since, and signed by 265 adults, most of them the heads of families; in fact, by the whole Catholic population, who, except a few degraded wretches—apostates from God and their country, and bankrupts in all moral and redeeming qualifications—gave their sanction and signatures to the following affectionate address to our author as he was departing from among them, notwithstanding what the abortive malice of a few did to prevent the popular manifestation:

CORRESPONDENCE.

Address and presentation of a purse by the Catholics of Eureka to the Rev. Dr. Quigley, on the occasion of his departure from among them:

Very Reverend and Dear Father:

Your sojourn among us has not been long—only some seven months—but even in that brief period of time we have learned to love and venerate your virtues. You have proved yourself an honest man by your candor and love of truth, a scholar by your learned and moving discourses, a defender of the faith by your vigorous writings and lectures, a patriot by your love of country and advocacy of the independence of your native land; but above all these noble qualities for which we honor you, we place the highest estimate on your piety as a priest of God, in your solemn ministrations at the altar, your attention to the instruction of our children, and your exact regularity in the discharge of all your sacred duties.

You have won the highest esteem of all this congregation, and we regret sincerely that the connection between you and us, the good pastor and his faithful flock, should be so unexpectedly severed. Accept this small sum of money to defray your expenses, and give us your blessing, while we beg a remembrance in your prayers.

Signed on behalf of two hundred and sixty-five members of the Catholic congregation.

P. PURCELL,
JAMES CURLEY,
PATRICK McALEEMAN,
JOHN HALLY,
OLIVER McNALLY,
L. McNALLY,
Committee.

EUREKA, June 9, 1876.

REV. DR. QUIGLEY'S ANSWER.

Gentlemen:

No words of mine can give adequate expression to the feeling of gratitude which fills my heart for your kindness on this occasion.

It is not on account of the money that this elegant purse contains that I am, and ever shall be, in your debt; but it is for the esteem, love and hearty sympathy which your words, more valuable than gold, express, and the comfort brought to my soul, to reflect that I have so many friends here in this extreme end of the continent, where I have done little to merit such valuable and consoling testimony.

One friend, even, is a great blessing to a man when in trouble or sickness, and none ever need despair who has one sterling friend; but what a glory, is it not, to reflect that I have in Eureka not *one*, but hundreds of true friends, ready to sympathize with me in the trials which every good priest has to encounter from a selfish world. I did not expect all this luxury of kindness, hence I am overpowered, unmanned, and must be silent. Let us rejoice, then, together; let us love one another, and pray to God for the continuance of His favors and blessings to us all.

H. QUIGLEY.

The following is a specimen of the father's oratory on St. Patrick's Day, as extracted from a Marysville newspaper:—

"The sound of their voice has gone forth unto all nations, and their words to the end of the earth."

You have assembled here to-day to commemoorate the hallowed associations which cluster around the return of an anniversary dear to the heart of every true and faithful son and daughter of the Emerald Isle. It is not easy to speak of the grand festival the occasion brings; not that the subject is barren, but it is too grand to be comprehended in a single discourse. Other apostles had all their trials and afflictions during their life time, but Saint Patrick's trials have all come in reality after his death. Other apostles received their crowns at the hands of the nations and peoples they came to save. but Saint Patrick, with a degree of humility and sublime self-denial peculiarly his own, seems to have bequeathed all his crowns, and glories and triumphs to the people among whom he so successfully labored. He died a confessor, but the crown of martyrdom, which he so well earned, was made over to, and reserved for the faithful people he came to save. So instead of having one martyr like France, Spain or Germany, the Irish people have been a nation of martyrs during the space of seven centuries. The life of Saint Patrick, said the speaker, may be divided into three periods. That of his captivity, Episcopal administration, and the period during which he has been regarded as the Patron Saint of Ireland and so many other nations. Dwelling on the first period, continued the speaker, during his captivity, the great Saint laid the foundations of those virtues which distinguished him in after life. He prayed one hundred times a day and as many times at night, four hours of which he devoted to prayer, four to reading, and four to repose on the bare ground, with nothing but a stone for his pillow. In this manner he spent many years tending the flocks of his Master in the hills and glens of Antrim. Having finally escaped from his servile state, he sought his native country, and while there received the divine call to evangelize the Irish. About twenty years were spent in preparation for the glorious task; then Patrick, ordained Priest and consecrated Bishop, was judged worthy to succeed Paladius, who was the first to preach the truths of Christianity to the Scoti, as the Irish were then called. Blessed and commissioned by Pope Celestine I, Patrick returned to the race whose noble traits of character he so ardently admired. Here the speaker gave an elaborate description of the labors of the Apostle—how he was apprehended and brought before the royal tribunal of Tara for daring to kindle fire within the precincts of what was then called the "Sacred Isle," till the light first appeared on Tara's hill. The intrepidity of the Saint, armed with no other weapon than Cross and Crozier, gained a victory unparalleled in the history of the world, in that, the victory was gained without the shedding of blood. The veneration paid to the "Immortal Shamrock" is owing to the Apostle's plucking it from the earth and presenting it as an emblem of the blessed Trinity to those who denied the possibility of three being one. The Arch-Druid was convinced, also Conneill or Connell, brother of King Leogaire, or Leary. Many anecdotes are told of the Saint's success in converting Kings, Princes, and the two daughters of Leary, Ethenea and Fethlemina. Saint Patrick penetrated into all parts of the country, preached everywhere he went, and reaped a rich harvest of souls, witnessing in his own lifetime the whole nation a Christian one. Truly the spark kindled by Patrick to celebrate the Pasch burst into a flame that enveloped the whole island, a flame that never has been and never can be extinguished. W. M.

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PREFACE.

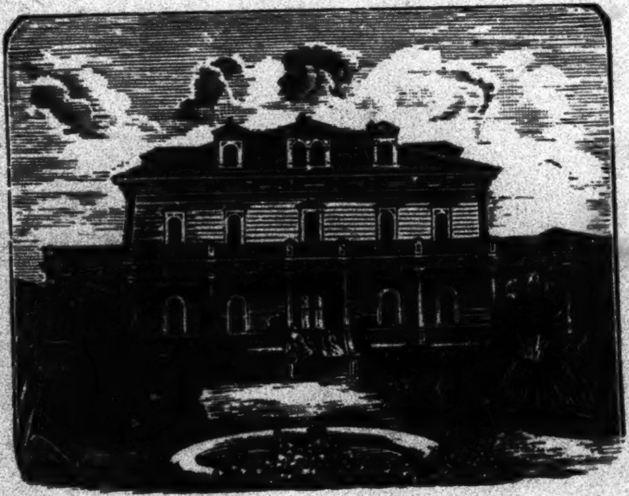
We have concluded to publish this work, though it falls short of what it ought to be, and would have been, if circumstances had permitted us to devote more time to its composition. We are well aware of its imperfections and defects. But, with all its faults, we flatter ourselves that it contains much interesting and hitherto unpublished information regarding the Irish race in the past and in the present. How singular the record of Erin, "the Island of destiny," and of her children, in the annals of mankind. As a country she stands one of the oldest on the globe, and her history was written before other nations were enumerated or enrolled among the brotherhood of nationalities; yet she is less known in the past and less honored in the present, than any other nation. Her annals are the most ancient and exact, and her fame was the most resplendent during the many centuries of her supremacy in Western Europe. Yet so completely obscured did she become during the few ages of her subjugation, that her very children became oblivious or indifferent to her ancient glories. It is now well known to the investigators of the past, that there is no nation on the earth which has such minute, ancient and authentic records as Ireland. Leaving out what Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, and Grecian historians say about Ireland and Ogygia, or the "Sacred Isle," what nation can boast of such a work as "The Annals of the Four Masters," compiled in the sixteenth century from the most authentic historic documents? Those invaluable annals give the history of Ireland and of the Irish people for a period of no less than four thousand years and more. There is nothing extant in the production of human genius, which equals these celebrated annals. The authors were well called the "Masters" or "Magistri" by Continental literary men, for their joint production *masters* anything ever before written in the line of historic records. There is not an event, or an occurrence, good, bad, or indifferent, worthy of notice, which took place in Ireland from its first colonization under Partholan or Cæsair, up to the year 1616, which is not faithfully recorded in those "annals."

But, although the Annals of the Four Masters have been published and procurable for years for a reasonable price, yet how few know of the rich historical treasures which these seven volumes enclose? There are but few who know of their existence, and fewer still who read these important volumes. The author has read the Annals of the Four Masters over and over, but his gleanings from their rich fields of knowledge, he must confess, are but light and superficial, owing to the limits to which this volume had to be necessarily confined. His object has been to condense his matter within the smallest space, well knowing that, in this age of instantaneous electric communication, very few have the patience to read large volumes.

If there ever was a time when the old proverb, that "brevity is the soul of wit," was universally admitted, it is now, when the substance of many a long period and tedious document is spread before a million readers by means of a few ticks of the telegraph. But, while studying brevity we must be careful not to fall into the grave error pointed out by the prince of critics in his rules for elegant composition, namely, "*Brevis esse laboro obscurus fio.*" In endeavoring to make this book small and portable, we have tried also to keep the style plain, but perspicuous. We have followed no particular author, servilely, but formed our own conclusions by comparing the opinions of the different authors, more than one hundred in number, whom we have read and consulted before committing a line of this book to paper. Hence, it will be perceived by the attentive reader, that we do not follow, *but reject*, the theory of the descent of the Celtic or Irish race through the Scythians, though many respectable Celtic historians are of that opinion. We may have fallen into some mistakes regarding dates of events, or names of persons or parties, but such errors are hardly avoidable in a work of such a wide scope. Our preliminary or introductory dissertations will be found, we hope, interesting, if not *new*, to most of our readers; whilst our alphabetical list of ancient Irish names and their modern forms cannot fail to receive the approbation of all Irish-Americans. We acknowledge ourselves deeply indebted to the many gentlemen of the city press, and to others, for their courtesy and their readiness on all occasions to give us all the information which we sought and kindly received concerning the subject matter of our volume. The *Alta*, the *Call*, the *Post* and *Chronicle* officials, as well as the editors of the *News Letter* and the *Mail*, were most courteous and liberal in supplying us with the information we sought, gratuitously and promptly. But the *Examiner* and its conductors not only allowed us the use of their files, but supplied us with original and important information, not obtainable save through their kindness and courtesy. In fine, our book is the first of a series of publications which will, we hope, do justice to a subject so long and so unaccountably neglected as hitherto has been the "Irish race" on this Coast and Continent. The brief memoirs which we have given of individuals of our people, we trust, will be found correct, although they were taken substantially from published notices of the distinguished persons whose names are introduced, save in a few instances. The author has not received a dollar or a dime from anybody as a contribution toward the expenses of the publication of the work. Nor does he expect any reward, donation or profit, save whatever he may gain through the sale of the work to his subscribers. A love of the subject, as well a desire to have justice done to the "Irish race" in the past and the present, at home and abroad, has been his motive in this publication.

THE AUTHOR.

San Francisco, Dec. 8th, 1877.



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THE IRISH RACE IN CALIFORNIA.

INTRODUCTORY DISSERTATION.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

The Unity of the Human Race. The Coincidence of Revelation and Natural History on this Point. The Disagreement of the Skeptical Ethnologists Presumptive Evidence of Their Error. Difference in Color, Habits, and Degrees of Civilization and Barbarism Accounted for by Natural Causes. Absurdity of Evolutionist Theories.

That "God created the whole human race of one flesh," was announced by St. Paul to the wise men of Greece, assembled in the Areopagus, without causing surprise among his hearers, because this was the doctrine of the wisest among their own philosophers. The oldest traditions even among the followers of the most corrupted mythologies of paganism, agreed in regard to the unity of the human race, with the teachings of the inspired books, and the utterances of revelation. The Mosaic account of the creation of man, which the neo-atheists, with all their objections, have not been able to refute, says, that "God made man," not MEN, to His own image and likeness; and all the silly attempts to detect contradiction or error in the inspired narrative, fall to the ground, when we reflect that the account is merely a synopsis of the events related. Had the Book of Genesis given a full, complete, and accurate description of all the occurrences and terribly grand phenomena of the creation, when God rolled out the countless worlds into illimitable space to run their never-ending races within prescribed orbits; when He destroyed the reign of "chaos and eternal night" by the glorious illumination of the heavens and of boundless space; when He poised the stars in the palm of His all-embracing hand, and sent them rejoicing on their eternal courses without danger of collision or deviation; the book that could enclose within its covers all these descriptions should contain more pages than a million bibles of the present size. What a pity some of our neo-philosophers were not there when in virtue of "Fiat Lux," the light first dawned on the chaotic creations; when the trees with their fruit, and flowers, and foliage sprung up from the earth; when the joyous birds sung their first chorus of praise to their Maker in the delightful groves; when the wild animals exercised themselves in coursing over the grassy plains; and when, even the fishes gamboled and disported in their aqueous element, and leaped high into the air to show their strength. Why do not our "philosophers" deny that these things happened, because there is no account of their occurrence in the bible? Instead of rational objections, the "new school" and their followers ask, where did Cain get his wife when he went into the "land of Nod," and what need was there for the Lord to mark Cain for fear some person or persons should kill him, when he and his father were the only two men then in existence? An intelligent person needs hardly be told, that, before Cain took his journey eastward, there might have been many millions of people on the earth, all of his own race and kindred. It can be proved, that, before Adam died, he saw at least a thousand millions of his decendants on the earth, as it *has been* mathematically demonstrated that before the Deluge, there were at least fourteen billions of inhabitants living on the globe, because of the longevity and vigor of the antediluvian race. It is hard for men of the present day, especially if they are believers in the "evolution" theory of our neo-atheists, to conceive what progress learning, invention, and improvement, to which men reached who lived a thousand years! Can we suppose, that a student, say, who spent nine hundred years in search of knowledge could be ignorant of any science or art which a man who could devote only fifty years to study could master? Modern men are only pigmies when compared with those patriarchs of a thousand years! Hence, though we have no written records but such as are very scant regarding the affairs of those antediluvians, yet, there are traditions among most nations, of the giants or Titans, who made war on heaven, and hurled mountains in their gigantic slings against the very Lord of the Universe.

But, though the human race is one, being one in its creation, and all men having the same constituent parts, yet there are many divisions and races of men having some peculiarities belonging to themselves, and distinguishable from one another. As there is but one body of water, for example, on the globe, whether fresh, saline, sweet, or bitter, yet this fluid body, though one, is divided into oceans, seas, rivers, lakes, creeks, springs, and rivulets. It is the same in the rational animal world. Many races, but one humanity.

The divisions of men into race, it seems, took place before the Deluge, for it is recorded, that Cain and his people separated themselves from the descendants of Seth, and those who followed the primitive religious traditions of Paradise. It may be surmised, that Cain having been a prevaricator and a murderer with his mark of infamy on his person, did not care to encourage the religious spirit among his people, though industry and useful arts flourished among them. But, though he went out "a fugitive from the face of the Lord," he became the father of a numerous and powerful people, and his descendents were distinguished for their skill in the mechanical and fine arts; as Tubal Cain, who was a "hammerer and artificer of every work of brass and iron," and Jubal who was the father of those who played on the "harp and organ."

The first grand division, therefore, of the human family appears to be founded on the distinction of the profane and godly, those who followed Cain and devoted themselves to material industry, and those who acknowledged Seth as their patriarch and followed Enos in "invoking the name of God." And as there was a separation of the good from the bad, of the profane and pious, soon after the creation, and the fall from the terrestrial paradise, so, at the end, the same revelation teaches us that there will be a grand separation of mankind into two great divisions, the elect and reprobate, before the final enjoyment of the heavenly paradise, of which the former one was, as it were, a mere figure. But as these things belong to the domain of the supernatural we shall not further discuss them, unless incidentally, while reviewing the different systems of the ethnologists.

It appears that the first natural division of races after the Flood, is into WHITE, YELLOW and BLACK. The earliest ethnologists contented themselves with this three-fold enumeration, and among these Buffon stands conspicuous. Blumenback enumerates five divisions, namely, the *Caucasian*, *Mongolian*, *Malayian*, *Ethiopian*, and *American*, and the majority of modern writers on this subject have adopted this rather arbitrary division. Others, again, such as "Borey Saint Vincent," divide mankind into fifteen different races, and another author, Des Moulin, not to be beat by his compatriot, St. Vincent, makes the number of races sixteen! Now, some of those authors believe in the unity of the human race, and others do not. These latter are called "Pollygenists," and rejecting the testimony of Revelation, and even of the pagan philosophers (as Lucretius De Natura Rerum), maintain that the different races were of separate and independent origin. Some of those assert that men grew up like mushrooms, from the soil, when it was warm and soft, just as the earth was cooling off from the red-hot state of its primitive condition! And that men grew white, black, red and yellow, and took all the sixteen shades, which they have preserved till now, from the color of the soil from which they sprung. Hence, the aborigines, in olden times, were called "*Filii Terrae*," sons of mother earth, before she cooled off, and grew too old to bring forth any new races!! The advocates of this theory of the "Pollygenists" adduce in proof of their fancies that in every large island and portion of the globe sufficiently extensive to support men, human beings have been found. But there is no place where men have been found that they could not have come there by traveling or navigation, either voluntarily undertaken or by force of storms. We know that all peoples living near seas or large bodies of water are accustomed to have recourse to fishing for food, and as there could be no successful fishing without some sort of vessels, and as those are frequently at the mercy of storms and waves—these things will readily account for the dispersion and immigration of men to distant islands and coasts.* Other ethnologists and men of philosophic turn of mind distinguish the races by the languages which they speak, and their affinities as regards the construction of different tongues and dialects. For instance, the "*monosyllabic*" which prevails among vast nations, such as the Chinese; the compound or "agglutinative," and the "*inflected*" and the "*reflected*." Speech is, no doubt, one of the faculties which distinguishes man from all other animals, though Darwin pretends to demonstrate that some brutes, such as dogs, have it in as great perfection as man, and even superior to him, if the animals had one-half man's training to make them perfect! How different Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, thinks from the neo-Atheist! "Animals have a voice," said the Stagerite, "but man alone speaks."

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*Instances of persons having been carried before the wind thousands of miles, are very numerous in history. Diodorus relates that a Greek merchant was seized in Arabia, and being placed in an open boat, was carried to the East Indies. In 146, B. C., a native of India was driven from there to the Grecian Archipelago. In the 16th century, a small vessel bound for Tenereffe from the Canary Islands, was driven out to sea and landed in South America. In 1789, Capt. Bright was placed by his mutinous crew with 18 men in a boat on the Pacific Ocean, and reached the East Indies, 4,000 miles, in 46 days. 1797, twelve negroes escaping from a slave ship in Africa, reached Barbadoes in 5 weeks. In 154[illegible], three Portuguese sailed from Siam and reached Japan. There are numerous instances of this sort on record in ancient and modern times, which satisfactorily account for the existence of inhabitants in most of the islands of the Pacific and other oceans.

And, in proportion as men become low and degraded, in the same does their language degenerate, as we find even in individual instances every day. The agglutinative or compound, differing in termination, is an improvement on the monosyllabic, while the "reflective" excels this, and the reflective and the symbolical and abstractive, belongs only to the superior races, and can never be taught to animals, or *with difficulty* to perfection, even to lower races of Indians and negroes. This belongs to man in his highest type, and helps him to comprehend the *good* and *true*, the *useful* and *beautiful*, a compendium of all of which is *religion*, which raises man above the vicissitudes of life, strips death of its terrors and makes him immortal. We omit mentioning several other classifications, such as the dolychocephalous or "long-headed," and brachyocephalous or "short headed," which some recent writers introduce as distinctions of races, and will adopt the classification of Dr. Prichard, in his "Natural History of Man," 10 vols., who divides the human race into the "Aryan, Turanian, and Egyptian," and this is the least arbitrary, and among the most natural divisions of the human race, because it corresponds with the Japhetic, Semitic, and Hamite distinctions of sacred history.

The neo-philosophers ask, were the three sons of Noah of the same color? and if they were, how came there *black*, *red*, and *yellow* men ? Were the changes in complexion effected suddenly or gradually ? If suddenly, what was the cause, or who the author of the change ? If gradually, why has there been no evidence during ages of such changes taking place ? We know from historic records, that black men existed thirty-five hundred years ago, and the same people are black still, and even when removed from the countries originally inhabited by them, they don't change a shade in a thousand years. Hence, from these causes, they say, they and the white people are not of *one flesh*, of one blood, or of the same creation. All we have to say in answer is, that, the white and colored races are essentially the same. They have the same organs, the same number of bones, are alike in their arteries, veins, and nerves; are endowed with the same reason though limited in capacity, capable of the same culture, though of slower powers of comprehension, and every way like men of different colors, save in *external* appearance. If food and climate have not changed their skins, as we maintain that they have, then we can no more account for the dusky color of a native of Africa than we can for a colored animal, a black horse, a black sheep or cow. Some are born with red hair, some with raven black, some have a ruddy blond hue. Is not this as unaccountable as that a man should have a crop of curly hair like wool on his scalp? If you can't give credit to the agency of climate and food, don't fly to the conclusion that he grew up from the soft loamy soil of scorching Africa, like a blade of asparagus; or, that having descended from his first father, the gorilla or chimpanzee, after he got up from his "four alls," or quadrumanni condition, he remains a negro, because he is too lazy to scrub himself fair or to pluck out his wooly hair, as his white brothers before him succeeded in doing in the course of some two hundred millions of years!

Singular credulity of our evolutionists, who are willing, not only to believe, but to try to prove, that years and time have developed monkeys and lower quadrupeds into men, and cannot for a moment entertain the idea, that *time*, and *food*, and *climate*, can account for the most *superficial* change in man, namely, in changing the color of his epidermis, or in crisping his hair up into something like coarse wool!

The advocates of the unity of the human race maintain the latter opinion, and they are ridiculed as credulous; but, when the "Pollygenists" maintain all the complicated theories of evolution requiring a greater stretch of credulity, they are regarded as the only philosophers, who take nothing on faith or revelation, but demonstrate everything. We are told that there are white settlements in Africa, the people of which have not changed their color for centuries, and that the colored, or negro races do not grow whiter in temperate or cold climates. These facts, if admitted, prove nothing, unless it can be shown that the white colonists under the equator relinquished their former habits as to food and clothing during their residence in temperate climates, and that the negroes are not by their condition now exposed to the same habits which they and their forefathers followed in the countries of their origin. It is a well-established fact, that a white person, especially if young, who chances to be brought up among the Indians, say for twenty-five years, will have very near the same color as the aborigines, and will prefer the savage to a civilized way of living. A celebrated French missionary among the Indians for over thirty years, assured the writer that some well educated women who from choice married Indians, declared that they preferred the savage to their former life in society. "J'aime le vie sauvage," was the answer of one lady when he encouraged her to return to her relations in Canada. The evolution theory, now becoming popular, may be flattering to human pride; for a man's vanity may be tickled by the thought, that after having battled in his ancestors to obtain mastery by "natural selection" among gorillas, monkeys, and frogs, during millions of ages, he stands now, god-like, a full man, who owes his creation to no one but to his own good fortune as "being the fittest to survive." Even Darwin, the highest authority among those "Pollygenists," in the conclusion of one of his works, boasts that he has just traced the genealogy of man back through some two or three hundred millions of years, through quadrumani, quadrupeds and fishes, up to that mysterious but unexplored boundary which separates the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and surely, he says, this origin of man, even if descended from the lowest animal of creation, is far better than if, according to the Hebrew doctrine "he was made out of the dirt beneath our feet." This is the substance, if not in the very words, of the great evolutionist philosopher.

Now, if Darwin was a natural philosopher or chemist, or if he was not off his guard, "Quadoque dormitat Homerus," he ought to know that all those "noble" ancestors of man, monkeys, and reptiles, are made out of that same "*dust* under our feet," and at dissolution return to that same "dust," at which Darwin sneers.

Those artists who became famous in ancient or in modern times—Praxiteles, Canova, or the creator of the "Apollo Belvidere," did not construct their immortal images out of the borrowed bones of quadrupeds or other animals carefully joined together and shaped like man! No; but from shapeless blocks of marble, that is, from masses of cohesive "*dust*," they carved out, by their chisels, the immortal figures lying concealed in these blocks of "dust." And thus, these artists obtained the admiration, and almost the adoration of posterity. The "dust," then—for it contains all elements of matter—was the purest and the fittest material out of which man's body should be formed; and it was thus that he was formed, notwithstanding the opinions of the evolutionists and their innumerable array of dumb witnesses. The foundation of all the systems of those "Pollygenists" and evolutionists consists in doubt. "*Doubt* everything," they say, "that you cannot break with your geological hammer, bring within the focus of your great telescope, or see under your microscopic magnifier."

This is the teaching of Huxley, Darwin and their associates. Now, if *doubt* be the key of knowledge and essential to its acquirement, we must be at present on the eve of a vast increase to our stock of science, for there are millions who do and ever will *doubt* the theories of the evolutionists. In fact, it would be expecting too much of human credulity to swallow one thousandth part of their nonsense about evolution and the origin of man. Only a few men who want notoriety follow their teachings, however novel. There were schools of so-called philosophers, who in the Augustan age of Roman literature, maintained some, but not all, of the theories of our neo-atheists. The atomists held, like the moderns, the eternity of matter; but the absurdity of their theories was exposed by the most noted of their own philosophers, such as Cicero; and even Lucretius, the poet, in his work, "De Natura Rerum," asks if the heavens and earth were eternal why have we no records of preceding events, such as we have of the destruction of Thebes or of Troy? Why are some of the arts now perfect while others are in their infancy, etc.

> "Preterea, si nulla fuit genitalis origo
> Terrarum et cœli semperque æterna fuere,
> Cur supra bellum Thebanum et fanera Trojæ,
> Non alias alii rececinere poetae;
> Quare etiam quadam nunc artes expoliuntur,
> Nunc etiam augescunt?"

In other words, it may be asked, if the world is eternal and man struggled for about three hundred millions of years to become *erect,* and *white,* and *hairless,* why have we not any records of the thrilling events of his life till within about three thousand five hundred years ago? He took a wonderful leap, when he got off his "fouralls," to be able to build the Pyramids or the Parthenon, and erect the Colossus at Rhodes, not to speak of the Colosseum and the Temple of Solomon. What a wonderful development there must be of the primitive man when he could write Homer's Iliad, conduct the seige of Troy for ten years, build Nineveh and Babylon, and found the Grecian and Roman Republics!

Galen, "the greatest of ancient physicians, and we may say, physiologists, though a pagan, explodes, and is indignant at this epicurean idea of the fortuitous creation of man, now revived by our 'progressive' philosophers. In his book, "de Usu Partium," the father of medical science says: "Can we not treat with contempt the opinion of those philosophers who see in the human body merely the result of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms? Does not everything in our organization most clearly give the lie to this false doctrine (of the evolutionists)? Who will dare to invoke chance in explanation of this admirable disposition of parts? No; it is by no means a blind power which has given birth to all these wonders of the human organization. Do you know among men a genius capable of conceiving and executing such a grand work as the human body? There does not exist such an architect. This sublime organization of the human body is the creation of a SUPREME INTELLIGENCE, of which the intellect of man is but a *poor reflection.* Let others offer to the Deity reeking hecatombs; let them sing hymns in honor of the gods—my hymn of praise shall be the study and exposition of the marvels of the human frame."

From this we can comprehend how degenerate our modern doctors of progressive science are when compared with their old master, Galen, concerning whom it has been written, that the healing art has not made much progress since his time. We can also understand that the theories and paradoxical systems of our modern evolutionists are not original, but were well known and completely refuted near two thousand years ago, by men who had not the light even of revelation to guide their intelligence.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND GRAND DIVISION OF THE HUMAN RACE. THE HEMETIC, SEMETIC, AND JAPHETIC. THE RAPID SPREAD OF THE RACES AND PEOPLES AFTER THE DELUGE. THE PERFECTION OF NAVIGATION AT THAT EARLY DAY. THE THEORY OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS REJECTED. THE HABITATION OF THE ARYANS IN ASIA. THEY WERE THE LAST TO EMIGRATE, AND WENT THE FARTHEST TO PEOPLE THE ISLANDS. ERIN PEOPLED AT THE VERY DAWN OF HISTORY.

The extant records of events before the Deluge are brief, and necessarily obscure and unsatisfactory, the occurrences of twenty centuries being recorded within the limits of a few short chapters of the Book of Genesis. But after the Flood, the annals of the human race are more explicit and exactly recorded.

This is the era of the division of the grand family of Adam and his successive patriarchs into numerous races, peoples, and tribes. Had the condition of affairs during the antediluvian period continued, the earth would be soon too narrow and scant to sustain its billions of inhabitants, and their government would be impossible. Hence, without alluding to the Divine punishments incurred by their sins, by which "the earth was corrupted and filled with iniquity," or appealing to revelation, we can easily perceive the necessity of a division and diversity of races. even from a human standpoint.

The three surviving sons of Noah, therefore, by divine Providence, as well as by natural right, became the fathers of the human race.

They were well qualified to govern the whole earth. They belonged to both worlds—the one destroyed and the one renewed by its prolonged baptism under all the waters of the Deluge. They were familiar with the great events of creation and the fall, from a tradition come down to them through only two generations of men, for they spoke to those men who had seen and conversed with Adam. They heard, and perhaps witnessed many of the criminal actions of those who provoked the justice of Heaven to chastise them by the dreadful visitation of the Flood. They were educated and trained by their pious father, and thus were saved from the moral contagion that spread itself all over the earth. They were, therfore, by experience, education, natural right, and Divine appointment, qualified to be the wisest rulers that ever governed. Hence, they are regarded by all civilized peoples as the greatest of men, as well as the wisest of patriarchs. Such were the three men who divided the whole earth among themselves, in obedience to the primitive command, "go, increase and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it."

There can be no doubt here. This division took place less than 4,000 years ago. No matter what silly theories men who call themselves *wise* and learned may promulgate about primitive man. Here we have monuments, genealogies, the building of cities, and history, to prove the descent of all mankind from the three sons of Noah—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. The written record of the immediate descendants of those great fathers of the human family, are but the monuments which they left, and they are great and numerous. Acknowledging Ham as their father, we learn the names of those men renowned even in profane history. Thus, Nimrod, Mizraim, Ninus, Assur, and the cities of Babylon and Nineveh, Persepolis, Thebes, Memphis, attest their greatness. The race of Ham, notwithstanding that his impiety incurred the malediction of his father, and that he was the youngest son of Noah, made the greatest progress in material prosperity, for, besides the construction of large cities, we find that, especially in Egypt, most of the fine and industrial arts flourished under his descendants. From Egypt came astronomy and chronology, architecture, and agriculture, all which were necessarily connected with the periodical overflowing of the Nile. Alphabetic and symbolic writing originated in Egypt also, as well as sculpture and the plastic arts, as is proved by statutes, as the famous "Ghreffel," preserved to this very day, and at least 4,000 years since its execution, and according to some, it is an antediluvian work of art.

That, the Babylonians, as well as Chaldeans, understood astronomy is proved by the registers of planets and their revolutions, brought by Alexander the Great to Greece, after his victorious campaigns, and these records and calculations were made and perfected two thousand years before our era. A nation which brought agriculture to such perfection as the ancient Egyptians did must be a highly civilized people; for the cultivation of the soil, while it gives competence and supersedes the precarious livelihoods obtained through hunting and fishing, gives also leisure to those who pursue this secure road to independence to cultivate the arts and sciences. But, while the race of Cham were so successful in the prosecution of material prosperity in Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, it was through that race that the primitive traditions were corrupted, especially in Egypt, and degraded into the lowest form of idolatry, which spread from there, as seeds from a hot-bed, to most of the surrounding nations of antiquity. Hence the Almighty, provoked by the abominations of those once mighty children of Cham, reduced this great people "to be the lowest among other kingdoms," and the land was "utterly desolated and wasted by the sword, from the Tower of Syene to the borders of Ethiopia."—Ezekiel xxix.

The Semitic Race, descended from the eldest son of Noe, like the other races, before their dispersion, inhabited Asia. The primitive traditions regarding religion were longer preserved by this race than any other. The Semitic was divided, first, into three great branches—the Hebrews, the Arabians and Aramians. All religions, worthy of name, originated with the Semitic Race and its branches. The Jewish, the Christian, and even the Mahommedan systems were at first propagated through this enlightened race. They sent out colonies to Palestine, Tyre and Sidon, Arabia, Africa, one of which, Abyssinia, still exists. They also spread as far as Phœnicia, Suisiana, Cilicia, Cyprus, Mesopotamia, Lycia, Carthage, Spain, Cicily and Mauritania, or North Western Africa. After, Abraham, setting out from "Ur of Chaldea," reached Canaan, he found tribes of Semites, and this happened near two thousand years

A. C. The student of history is surprised at the wonderful strides which these races made in the arts and sciences, as well as in aggrandisement and conquest, in the course of a few centuries, especially when contrasted with their present degeneracy. But his astonishment ceases when he remembers that much of the antediluvian knowledge, as well as traditions, were transmitted to those races, and that they had not yet entirely lost the longevity belonging to the patriarchal period. Abraham was one hundred and seventy-five years at his death; and Sarah, his wife, had a son when she was ninety years of age. St. Augustine gravely remarks on this, in his work "De Civitate Dei," that Sarah must have been the most beautiful woman in the world, since Abemelic, King of Cerara, in Egypt, "fell in love with her when she was ninety years old!" The wonderful rapidity with which these primitive races spread over the globe, and colonized the islands as well as the continents, upsets the favorite theory of the evolutionists, who assert that men at first ventured on the water on rafts, next they used the "dugout," like the modern Indian canoe. From the "dugout" they ventured on the two-oared boat, then on scows, then on vessels propelled by benches of oars, until finally they used canvas and sails, which are in a fair way of being superseded by steam, or safer systems of navigation, perhaps through the air. There can be nothing more improbable than this theory. It is certain that the three sons of Noe were in the ark, and [illegible] their children and immediate descendants were familiar with its history and the manner of its construction. Hence we must conclude that the remembrance of the recent events connected with the Deluge stimulated the art of navigation to a degree of great perfection. We know from experience, that when any remarkable calamity happens, that men begin to study how they may escape a recurrence of such calamities. Assuredly, then, after the Flood, and during many centuries down from that era, men must have devoted their best energies to the subject of navigation. Those who lived several months on board the ark, and their immediate offspring, could not but make little of a voyage over the deep of only a few days or a few weeks' duration. This is a reflection which the writer has never read a hint of in any author, but is no less on that account a very reasonable one. It is impossible to account for the rapid spread of the human race all over the globe, not only on the Eastern, but even in this Western Continent (as all the learned now acknowledge, was demonstrated from Mexican and Peruvian monuments), it is impossible to account for this universal spread of mankind, except on the supposition that navigation was very perfect immediately after, and for centuries after the Deluge!

How on earth, for instance, could Ireland, a country so distant from Asia, the birth-place of the human race, be inhabited at, or immediately after the Flood, as it is now well-known that it was inhabited, if navigation was not a well-known science? And this, which we state regarding Ireland, is true of other nations and islands, which "the sons of Japhet divided among themselves."—Gen. x.

The idea that any number of colonists, such as those which made Erin and the neighboring islands their homes, could arrive at their destination in "dugouts," or canoes, or rowboats, is not only absurd but really laughable. Nothing of the kind happened; on the contrary, large vessels, of which the "Argonaut" was the type, boldly traversed the seas, sailing along the center of the Mediterranean and entering the Atlantic Ocean through the "Pillars of Hercules," and never furled a sail till they landed in Bantry Bay in the County of Cork, as is proved by undeniable monuments, local and general. The predicted blessings that were pronounced on

Japhet, whom "God was to enlarge," and whose descendants were to "divide the islands of the gentiles in their lands," as recorded in the ninth and tenth chapters of Genesis, were certainly soon fulfilled in the spread of the Japhetic or Aryan race, which supplied the roots, as it were, from which sprung the other great branches of the Celtic, Latin, Teutonic, Sclavonic, as well as the Medean and Persian races. The date of the emigration from Central Asia of the Aryan or "Indo-European," as the Japhetic have been called by late ethnologists, is of uncertain origin, and is supposed to be after the exodus of the Hamitic or Turanian and Semitic branches. Besides historic monuments and traditional accounts, the connections of this greatest division of the Noatic families are more certainly traced from the affinities of language in its derivation and roots, by which the Sanscrit, Greek, Celtic, Teutonic, and Sclavonic tongues are connected. Referring to the great dispersion, of which an account is given in the eleventh chapter of Genesis, it may be conjectured that the Japhetic families, as having received the "Islands of the gentiles" as their inheritance to occupy, moved off more slowly than the other divisions from the fertile plains of Asia, as being compelled by the necessary preparation for their distant destinations to be well provided with supplies. The first advance of the "Aryan" race was into India, and in that vast country they could have remained sufficiently long to have their common language moulded into a compact and connected system. And it is to this, probably, more than to any other cause, that most of our modern languages are traceable, in root, construction or derivation, to the Sanscrit dialects. As early as this period, that is, the emigration of the children of Japhet from Central Asia, whether before or after the Hamitic and Semitic races, no matter, we find the first authentic account of that great branch of the human race, the Gomeranian or Celtic. All historians, even the most prejudiced, whether English or French authors, agree, *first*, that the Celtic, or Keltic race was the most remarkable, and powerful, and durable known to history; and *second*, that the modern Irish are the most genuine, unmixed and unchanged Celtic people that exist on the globe. Even the most prejudiced writers against the Irish, such as Brace, in his "History of the Races of the World," Figurier, Richard, Carl Voght, Fontaine, Lyell, and Rau and others, while they try to give the glory of the actions of the Celtic race to the Welch, Scotch and others, acknowledge that Ireland, to-day, is the land where that *world-renowned race* is to be found in its purity and in all its ancient characteristics! The Iranian plains in Asia, east of Armenia, from which the "Aryans" emigrated, was bounded on three sides by the Indies, Persia and Bellochistan, and from this stock sprung the primitive Indians of Hindostan, the Medes and the Persians, the Bactrians, the Aryans, as well as the Celtic and Teutonic families of nations. It is a strange coincidence that the name of Erin, though not spelled like "Aryan," has, in Celtic, the same sound as the latter word. The word is not "Eerin," as it is considered refined to pronounce it, nor "Arin," but it is pronounced as if written "Aryan." Whether this is an accident or not, or that the first inhabitants bestowed their own name on the island towards the setting sun, which they made their home, the writer does not feel himself competent to decide, but will leave it to be settled by the opinion of the learned *

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*Father Thebaud, the Jesuit, in his work on the "Irish Race," falls into the mistake of supposing that the Celtic Irish were divided into factions, because they gave themselves the name of "Clan-na-Gæl," whereas, "clan" means "race" or "Sons of the Gæl." He falls into the absurdity, also, of supposing that the "Celts had no vessels of their own," although they peopled islands and continents! But, what can be expected from a Frenchman, but blunders, when treating of a people of whose language he is ignorant, especially in a work written to demonstrate an imaginary idea, namely, that the "Irish are *divinely appointed* in place of the Hebrew race to preserve the Divine revelations." A theory, however, flattering to the Irish; yet, in order to prove it, there should be a separate *Divine revelation*. Such theories, while they flatter the Irish, in reality injure them. Not only in the misconception of the naval and other forces of Irish does Father Thebaud do the people he proposes to eulogize the injustice of saying they never had any ships, though they colonized Iceland 800 miles from their coasts; but above all, he places England at the head of the "Japhetic movement," which wakes up after a sleep of a couple of thousand years.

All Frenchmen, be they atheistical or Catholic, from Voltaire and his associates to Monteiambert and our Rev. author, have a salutary regard, not unmixed with fear for England. It seems that especially since the fall of the first Napoleon, Frenchmen look up to England as something god-like. They admire her fleets, her armies, her conquests, and her wealth, and look upon her as the "first power of the earth," as even the author calls her, in page 54 of his book. Well, if England be entered as a member of the Japhetic movement to bring back all nations to the true way, we Irishmen knowing her perfidy, and cruelty and atheism, beg to come out of the ring. We prefer to remain as we are, outcasts, in one sense, in all countries, than be associated with "perfidious Albion," in the regeneration of mankind, which the author of the "Irish Race" predicts for us. Really, it would seem to be too late in the age, to gull the Irish by such imaginary missions laid out for them, when all their energies are, or ought to be, to regain her independence, by driving "the Japhetic" power of England out of the island at the point of the pike, or mouth of the cannon. The Irish race to-day, is certainly the most religious and bravest in the world, but, if they be influenced by such groundless theories and vaticinations as Father Thebaud casts before them to swallow there is danger that, like a large majority of the French and Italian people, they may become sceptical.

CHAPTER III.

THE CELTIC RACE. ITS ANTIQUITY AND MIGRATIONS. CONQUESTS AND INVASIONS. ITS MONUMENTS AND OTHER EVIDENCES OF ITS UNIVERSAL PRESENCE ALL OVER THE GLOBE. THE CELTIC TONGUE. ITS ELEGANCE AND BEAUTY, AND UNCHANGEABLENESS. THE NEGLECT OF ITS CULTURE BLAMEABLE. ITS REVIVAL USEFUL, IF NOT NECESSARY, FOR THE NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE OF ERIN.

As the "Aryan" or Japhetic race is the most celebrated of all the primitive divisions of mankind, so the Celtic race is the greatest and most renowned of history. Their language alone traces them more clearly than their architecture, and it is the opinion of the most learned philologists that the Celtic, or Gælic tongue is as old, if not more ancient, than the Sanscrit. The Gomerians of the Bible and of Josephus (see Genesis and Ezekiel) are allowed to be the same people with the Celts, who were some of the first who emigrated from Central Asia and moved not only to the West, but penetrated to the extremity of India, as is proved by their monumental rocks, which are found to this day in the valleys of India, as well as on the mountains of Wales and green hills of Erin. The same style of "Druidical monuments," as they are called, proves beyond a doubt that this self-same race visited the coasts of China as well as the plains and valleys of North America; for the mounds and caves discovered in Ohio and in other western and central States, and the instruments and utensils therein found, prove them to be, beyond a doubt, of Celtic origin. This style of architecture was peculiar to the Celts, and consisted first of altars, tombs and monuments formed out of huge rocks erected on the surface or hidden in caves or mounds beneath the earth. And these evidences of the presence of the Celts are to be met with from the banks of the Oxus to Denmark, and from the coasts of China to the extremity of India. These monuments are not to be found isolated or erected at random, but are placed in lines, to mark the progress of those who left them behind, as evidences of their existence. One line of these Celtic monuments or trophies is found from Central Asia, running by the Oural mountains through the valley of the Oxus, and thence by Russian Poland, Scandinavia and Denmark, and all along to Belgium; while the other line of these singular monuments runs through the valley of the Indus, and here again divides, one chain of them going eastward, to China, and the other up by the Tigris and through Armenia, and then along both shores of the Mediterranean till

France and Spain are reached, and then the British Isles. No monuments of this class are attributable to any other save the Celtic races. But, besides these specimens of architecture so peculiar and unique, we have in all those nations the names of places which distinguish them as of Keltic nomenclature. Wherever we meet with the word "Gal" or "Bal" as forming names of places or peoples, we may be sure these designations were imposed by the Celts. Hence, we have the names "Galli," "Galli-Comati," "Galli-Cisalpine," "Gallatia," "Gallia," "Gaul," "Celto-Scythæ." "Celto-Cimmerians," "Cymri," and a thousand other names of places in Asia, Europe and Africa, of pure Celtic nomenclature. We have again Carura, Bellochistan, and other Celtic names of places in Asia; and Portugal, Iberia, Cumreag, Cymri, Cambria, and Cuma, as well as Gallipoli and Ballaclava in Europe.

"Smith, in his "Natural History of Man," from which the above is principally abridged, remarks that the Celts must be experienced mariners, or they could not have spread so rapidly over the face of the earth, as is put beyond a doubt by the fact that their "crumlechs, raths, forths, cairns, uaghs, Celtic spear-heads and "Labha dia-mor-na-guina," which are found in countless places all over the world. Besides their knowledge of navigation, the Celts were well versed in the arts of mining and smelting ores, as the tin mines of Cornwall and of Spain, and the silver and gold mines of Ireland, as well as the copper mines on the borders of Lake Superior, sufficiently attest. Doctor Mayers coincides with the statements of British ethnologists, and though by no means partial to the Irish, says that the stream of Celtic migration from Asia divided into three—one reaching Britain through Sweden, Germany and France, and another through Syria, Africa, France, Spain, and Britain; whilst a third, returning eastward, crossed the Danube, subdued the tribes bordering on the Black Sea, the Dardanelles and Constantinople, occupying the Crimea and Southern Russia, and finally returning through Wallachia, Illyria, Austria, Prussia and the Rhenish Provinces, joined the other branch of the race in Britain and Wales. What travelers they were, and yet we are told they *had no ships!* The very name of Britain, so long a mystery to English philologists, is a Celtic word—Brit-tannach*—and signifies, in its Celtic etymology,

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*Some say Britain was called from "Briotan Maol," grandson of Nemedius. But this is imaginary.

"The Land of Tin," which "sobriquet," if *tin* be understood as money, the modern British assuredly can lay claim to.

Herodotus, 460 years before the Christian era, speaks of the Melesians, a tribe of Celtic origin, who penetrated to the Borysthenes, built the city of Olbio, famous for its fisheries and manufactures of *fine linen*—being the Belfast of that early day. Before this date, the Celts defeated the Etruscans, and established the kingdom of Cisalpine Gaul. They routed four great armies of the Romans, between the years 302 and 307, A. C., under the Consuls Papyrius, Silanius Cassius Longinus, and Cæpio, and Manlius. And finally they took and burnt Rome herself, in the year 290, A. C., under the leadership of Brin, or Brennus of Livy. Afterwards they changed their course eastward, and joining their kinsmen, the Illyrians, they conquered Greece, Macedonia, and Thessaly, and founded Gallatia, in Asia Minor. Another detachment of these warlike people ravaged Hungary and Switzerland, which they permanently occupied. The Cimri, or Kymri, who ravaged Italy a century before the Christian era, were certainly a Celtic people. From these facts, we can understand the singular assertion of Diodorus Siculus, who states, after enumerating the many favorable features of the soil and climate of Ireland, as well as the skill of her harpers, and the commodiousness of her harbors, that the Greeks in former times visited Erin, and presented offerings or votive gifts at the shrines. These offerings were, probably, nothing but the payment of tribute by the Gallatians, who owed their independence and foundation as a nation to the Celts, who made their home in Erin. This great division of the human race has become amalgamated with other races. In Spain, with the Phœnicio-Semitic people; in Gaul, with the French; in Italy, with Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, and in Russia, Scandinavia, and Poland, with mixtures of the Turanian or Tartar races, and in Britain, with the Saxons and Normans. The only places where they are found in their purity, are, first, in Ireland and the highlands of Scotland, where the Gaelic or the larger branch of the race is found, and in Wales, the Basque provinces, and Brittany, in Spain and France, where the Cymric or mixed Celts are found. The Cymric branch of the Celts, though of the same features and physiognomy with the Irish Celts or Gaels, speak a language which is a compound of Finnic and Gothic words, added to the original Gælic, which makes the orthography of the language difficult to any but natives of Wales.

Whereas, the Gaelic or Irish tongue is in its purity and as free from foreign mixtures as it was about four thousand years ago, when spoken by the children of Japhet, before they set out to people the islands of the ocean, and the continents of the globe. What a pity and shame, that this grand and musical old tongue in which the word of battle was given by Hannibal at Cannae, and by Brennus at Rome, and which was a classical language before Cadmus gave the alphabet to Greece—what a sad fact, that so few study this language to-day, at home or abroad!

Nay, are there not men who are proud of belonging to this old Celtic race, who are not ashamed to confess that they are ignorant of the language of their native land? You are an Irishman and you don't know one word of Irish? Is there a country or people on earth of whom the same can be said? The Welsh cultivate their tongue, and all Welshmen speak and read it. Was there ever an Italian, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, or a German who could not speak his national or mother tongue? Nay, even the savage Indian can never be got to forget his own uncouth dialect, and in the Lake Superior regions where Indians are half civilized, and in daily intercourse with white men, they never speak the language of the pale-face. On the contrary, all the whites there, who expect to do any business or trade with the "Red-skins," must learn their tongue as a preliminary to intercourse with them.

What has preserved the Jews as a distinct race of people, next to the providence of God, but their language, the Hebrew, in which they worship Jehovah, and which they all speak? The Irish in Erin have lost their national independence, but a far greater loss was that of their old, noble, and expressive language. In fact, when they lost their native tongue, they lost the possibility of ever recovering their national independence, for the speech, the word, the "logos" of a man, is the next thing to his soul, for speech comes directly from the soul. Therefore, when a man loses his mother tongue, that mother no longer acknowledges him as her son. In a word, he ceases to be what he ought to belong to, and becomes identified in spite of himself, with the people or country whose language he speaks. Nor is the objection of some, who say the Irish tongue is out of date and sounds harshly, causing hearers to laugh at it, of any weight. For if the Hebrew or the Greek were spoken to those who do not understand these languages, or even the German, a harsher language still, those tongues would sound far more harshly in the ears of uneducated people, than the Celtic. We have been often shocked when quoting Greek and Hebrew texts in speaking, to observe fashionably dressed people smile and laugh. But their laughter arises from ignorance or want of cultivation of the mind, as it unquestionably does with those who cannot relish the elegance, flexibility, and sententiousness of the grand old Irish tongue.

Even those old settlers of Norman and of English origin, who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," "Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores," in the reproachful language of their persecuting countrymen, the Geraldines, and all of the English Pale who intermarried with the native Irish, those had to learn and use the Celtic tongue before the fire of patriotism could be kindled in their bosoms. It is also remarkable, but no less true, that of all the modern Irishmen who became renowned for eloquence and literature, such as O'Connell, Curran, Burke, Davis, O'Brien and Meagher, either spoke the Irish or used its idioms, and had their birth in localities of purely Celtic populations. Irish Nationalists, therefore, whether at home or in this country, should encourage their people to a study of the Celtic language, for it was while this tongue was the vernacular in Erin that all her great heroes, bards and professors flourished. This was the language of Owen Roe, Rory O'Donnell and Shawn O'Neil, as well as of Brian Boru and Saint Lawrence O'Toole, of the Bishop of Ross and of Donald O'Sullivan. And it is, to-day, the language of him who may be called "ultimus Romanorum," the last and the best of the Irish, John of Tuam.* The English Government, the most worldly-wise

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*Miss Charlotte Brooke, a literary lady of English descent, studied the Irish tongue, of which she says: "It is really astonishing of what various and comprehensive powers this neglected language is possessed. In the pathetic, it breathes the most beautiful and affecting simplicity, and in the bolder species of composition (as heroic poetry, ode, elegy, and song), it is distinguished by a force of expression, a sublime dignity, and a rapid energy which it is scarcely possible for any translation fully to convey. It fills the mind with ideas altogether new, and which no *modern language* is entirely prepared to express The productions of Irish bards exhibit a glow of cultivated genius, a spirit of elevated heroism, sentiments of fine honor, instances of patriotism, and manners of a degree of *refinement* totally astonishing at a period when the *rest of Europe* was sunk in barbarism." —This Miss Brooke was a poet herself.

body of rulers in the world, perceiving that, while the Irish kept alive their national tongue, they could not be thoroughly subdued, first proscribed and then discouraged its use. Hence, for centuries, to speak or learn it was made a treasonable offence. "The Church by Law," also, declared that there could be no conversion of the Irish while the people made use of that vehicle to express their sentiments or say their prayers. And in this declaration, like the Jewish high priest, they unwittingly uttered a prediction—for it was in those provinces where the Celtic tongue was retained that the light of the faith never died out or could be extinguished. That battle is now over, and was won through, under Providence, the unconquerable influence of the old laconic, sententious and native elegance of the Celtic language. The battle for nationality is now preparing, and a large army of combatants and "skirmishers" are preparing for the fray. But we see the old enemy of Ireland and of the Celts making use of the same tactics as she did in the days of Elizabeth, Ann and Willliam, only she is more chary of blood-letting. The Celtic tongue, and, consequently, Irish history, is still *tabooed* in all the schools and colleges under British rule, except in an instance or two where that language is studied as an antiquarian pastime, as in Trinity College, Dublin; also, in the Catholic University, and elsewhere. Let the Irish tongue be but once again familiar to all Irishmen, and the renowned actions achieved while that tongue was dominant in Erin—let these things be popularly known and England's authority in Ireland would not last for a month. A want of unity is complained of as the great impediment in the way of Irish independence. But the greatest band of unity is wanting when the people you wish to unite speak not *one* but *different tongues*. In a word, there is a "Babel of confusion" in that nation where the people have no national language, as it is to-day in Ireland. Prof. Kavanagh says:

"As to territory, the native tongue has, I regret to say, disappeared in Leinster, where, according to the census of 1871, only twelve in every thousand of the population are returned as speaking it. Yet, it still subsists in the south of Kilkenny, round the foot of Slieve Bloom, in the north of Louth, and in the north-west of Meath. The early plantation of the Pale seven centuries ago, proximity to the seat of Government, close intercourse with England and diffusion of education, account for its disappearance in Leinster.

In the Province of Ulster there had been a succession of plantations and transportations, from the time of Elizabeth to the great plantation under James I. The natives and their tongue were banished, and Scotch and English adventurers obtained their lands. So that, in 1871, only 46 in every 1,000 of the people of Ulster are returned as speaking Irish. We must, however, distinguish between the eastern and the western counties in Ulster. In the former Irish has almost disappeared. Yet, we find it still spoken round the base of Slieve Donard, in Down; through some of the Glynnes, and in northern Antrim; sparingly in Fermanagh and Londonderry, and considerably in Armagh. Cavan yet clings to it; a still larger portion in Monaghan, and a very large number in Tyrone. When, however, we reach the western highlands of Ulster, ancient Tyrconnell, we find the native race have retained the faith and the tongue of St. Patrick and St. Columbkille. According to the census of 1871, no less than 18,629 persons in Donegal are returned as speaking Irish *only*, and 44,505 as speaking both Irish and English; a total of 63,136, or twenty-nine per cent. of the whole population of the country.

When we examine Connaught and Munster we find widely different results. In Connaught, in 1871, no less than 50,154 are returned as speaking Irish *only*, and 279,039 as speaking Irish and English:

total 329,191, or more than 37 per cent. of the whole population of the province. The details of the five counties are instructive, as showing the relative strength of local influences in strengthening or weakening the use of the native tongue:

Counties.	Population.	Speak Irish Only.	Speak Irish and English.	Total.	Per ct. Speak Irish.
Galway	248,458	30,239	109,444	139,683	56.2
Leitrim	95,562	341	5,515	5,856	6.1
Mayo	246,030	16,509	122,453	138,962	56.1
Roscommon	140,670	737	17,364	18,101	12.8
Sligo	115,498	2,326	24,263	26,589	23.1
Totals	846,213	50,152	279,039	329,191	37.4

We see here the same plantation results as in Ulster, Leitrim, Roscommon and Sligo, adjoining the Leinster and Ulster settlements, which were occupied with alien adventurers, who almost stamped out the native tongue, while Mayo and Galway retained it.

Permit me now, sir, to notice Munster. A succession of plantations, down to the Cromwellian Palatines, was settled there. Yet the native tongue subsists up to 1871, as follows:

Counties.	Population.	Speak Irish Only.	Speak Irish and English.	Total.	Per ct. Speak Irish.
Clare	147,864	4,432	53,713	58,145	39.6
Cork	517,070	11,628	140,731	152,359	29.5
Kerry	196,586	12,009	70,010	82,019	41.7
Limerick	191,936	1,302	23,363	24,669	12.9
Tipperary	216,713	675	21,245	21,920	10.1
Waterford	123,310	3,821	43,516	47,337	38.4
Totals	1,393,485	33,867	352,578	386,445	27.7

Thus, in the two provinces of Munster and Connaught, among a population of 2,239,698, we find 84,019 persons returned as speaking Irish *only*, and 631,617 as speaking Irish and English: total, 715,636, or nearly 32 per cent., speaking the Celtic—little short of one-third of the whole population of these two provinces.

I venture to express a hope, sir, that I have proved, from official returns, that you were not correctly advised when you stated, as a Cabinet Minister charged with the representation of Irish affairs in the House of Commons, that "it is only in a comparatively small number of districts that the Celtic language is still spoken in Ireland."

Ancient authors give the character of the Celts, which the reader will observe is as suitable to the remnants of the race to-day as it was over three thousand years ago. They were a people "brave and quick to resent injuries," which made them quarrelsome. They were fond of shows and displays, such as reviews and processions. They were capable of extraordinary efforts, either in war or peace, but of not much pertinacity or perseverance. Liable to spells of great excess of enjoyments, which generally ended in extreme depression. They preferred the life of *large towns* in consequence of their social habits to the occupation of lands. Fonder of seeking wealth by *spoil* and the *chances* of *war* or *mining* than of gradual accumulation, like the Teutonic races. They have filled the pages of history with the renown of their actions, but who had never long continued in authority, or founded but few permanent States. Though submitting to law, yet they were generally impatient under the authorities constituted over them. They were represented to be credulous and easily ruled and imposed upon by their Druidical teachers. In fine, from their warlike qualities, which were of the first order, they became, when scattered, the hireling soldiery of other nations, until, finally subdued and overcome by the steady discipline of Rome, they were ultimately, save in Ireland, absorbed by the Latin and Teutonic races. Individually, the Celts were tall and well-built, of florid complexion, and blue eyes, and dark hair. Their dress was that of the modern Highlander, and they generally fought with the sword or spear, and without armor. They wore ornaments of gold and silver on their persons, the coveting of one of which tempted Tarpeia, the Roman damsel, to open to them the gates of the city. Their architecture was peculiar, such as the round towers, which are to be found, not only in Ireland, but in Persia and in India. They possessed the art of writing, and from their alphabet, probably, the Greeks borrowed theirs, for they are almost identical in number and name, though of different characters. Their religion consisted in a worship of the powers of Nature, or of the planets, for there was only one idol in Erin at St. Patrick's arrival, and the Druids were their priests.

Such were the ancient Celts, and who can read this account of them, written by so many pens, without feeling convinced that the Irish of the present day, in Ireland and in America, are identical with the Celts of four thousand years ago? And yet how few of our countrymen have studied the annals of that proud and ancient race to which we belong? In our circular we said that the Jews were a more ancient people than the Irish; we were mistaken in that statement. The Jews, though favored by Providence as a peculiar people, and having written records of the most authentic character, yet as a race and as a people, and putting revelation out of sight, they occupy a very insignificant position when compared with the Celts, the descendants of Japhet, the colonizer of the greater part of the earth, and now, probably, the possessors of the lost inheritance of the Jews, even as regards religion. But this subject, which is the theme of Father Thebaud's book, shall be considered in another part of this volume.

CHAPTER IV.

OTHER MODERN RACES. THE LATIN RACE SUCCEEDED THE CELTS. THE LATIN THE FIRST RACE OF THE WORLD. THEIR JUSTICE AND DISCIPLINE. THEIR GENIUS AND MILITARY SUCCESS. FAR SUPERIOR TO THE OTHER RACES. THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE A MYTH. THE CELTIC TONGUE A LARGE INGREDIENT OF THE LANGUAGES OF THE EARTH, INCLUDING LATIN, GREEK AND ENGLISH. ITS NEGLECT A DISGRACE TO IRISHMEN AND A MARK OF SUBJUGATION.

Next to the Celtic race, which acted its part on the world's stage for almost four thousand years, we find the Roman or Latin race the most prominent. In fact, the Romans were only Celts under military discipline, and, like those from whom they sprung, became conquerors of all the civilized portions of the globe. The Romans were the greatest people that ever lived, and exercised their authority over the nations subdued by them with a justice and moderation unequalled before the founding of their government. All modern nations, even the most enlightened, can learn something in the art of government from the Romans. The Roman or Latin race gave to the world the most brave and accomplished generals, the most invincible soldiers, the wisest statesmen, and instances of the most incorruptible private virtue that we have any record of among mankind. It was among those people that the citizen was raised to the rank of a sovereign, in a republic that lasted hundreds of years. It was in Rome, even Pagan Rome, that the most important code of laws was enacted, from which all modern nations have copied. It was there that a Cato, a Cicero, a Regulus, a Scipio, a Virgil, a Horace, and a Seneca were born and educated.* Greece, of course, founded republics before the Latins, and had her Demosthenes, her Codrus, and Solons, and Lycurgus; but their little republics were almost perpetually at war, either among themselves or with their neighbors, and when the Roman power became great the Grecian States dwindled into insignificance. For fifteen hundred years the Romans governed the world and effected more for the civilization of mankind than all previous governments. Rome fell, however, but even in its fall, like a mighty meteor, it cast rays of its light and vital vigor into all the surrounding nations which grew up like cions or buds from its roots. All the nations which acknowledged the sway of Rome and spoke her language are called the "Latin races," such as Spain, France, Italy, Portugal, and other peoples both at the east and west of the Atlantic. Modern civilization, science and art owe more to the Latin races than to any other race. Poetry, painting, statuary, inventions, science and literature, as well as law, morality, liberty and religion, have gone forth among mankind from the Latin races. As we are not writing controversy, it will not be deemed necessary that we should adduce proofs of our every statement.* We will merely refer to the defeat of the Saracens by Charles Martel, in France, and by John Sobieski, in Germany, and the expulsion of the Mohammedans from Spain after seven hundred years of "skirmishing," and ask what would have become of European LIBERTY but for the valor of the LATIN RACES? How imprudent, not to say laughable, the boasting of those *great* orators on certain days of national festivity, who, in their highest enthusiasm, boast that they do not belong to the Latin races, but, thank God, that they can trace their genealogy to that now famous race called the "Anglo-Saxon." Nobody can blame men without a long line of ancestry—"Sine Majoribus," as the Romans expressed the condition of "new men"—if they tried to claim affinity with the most respectable races. But there is really no "Anglo-Saxon race" in existence, and there never was what could with propriety be called the Anglo-Saxon race. The modern English, a very wise and prosperous people, and possessed of all the virtues of the most refined humanity, are certainly a very mixed people.

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*It is a bold assertion, but no less true, that there is scarcely an art or invention, even of modern times, which was not discovered by the Latin races. Steam power was known to the old Romans, it is said, but was certainly known and utilized in Spain under Charles V. Paper, telescopes, optical glasses, the use of the compass, telegraphy, banking, galvanism, sculpture, painting, architecture, even daguerreianism and the sewing machine originated in France. All these, and a thousand other useful inventions, were, no doubt, improved by the mixed Teutonic races, but their invention belong to the Latin races altogether, with scarce an exception.

"The stoutest asserter," as Donaldson says, "of our people being of a pure Anglo-Saxon, or Norman descent, is convicted, by the language of his daily life, of belonging to a race that partakes largely of Celtic origin." They are composed firstly of Celts—the old Brittons—which, probably, if not the first, were certainly the second people who held the island. Next came Romans, then the Saxons, the Angles and Jutes. Next the

Frisians, Danes and Norwegians, then the Normans, and lastly the Fennic people, who, most likely, were the aboriginal inhabitants. That all those nations contributed their quota towards making up that paragon of perfection, in his own estimation, called the Englishman cannot, for a moment, be disputed or doubted. If history was silent in regard to these matters, which it is not, the language alone would establish the truth of the statement. As Donaldson remarks, "If I call for my coat before going out into the cold air, I don't reflect the word is from the Celtic '*cota.*' If I give my servant a 'basket' to go to market, I forget that it comes from the Irish word 'busgead.' If I order a 'cart,' is it not evident it is from the Irish word '*cura?*' If I send to get a 'cassock,' what is it but the Celtic word '*cassoge?*' If I allude to the 'Swan of Avon,' what is this but the Irish word *river* without a change of a letter? If I order a 'pot of ale,' what is this but the Celtic word '*potha?*' from which, also, is derived the Latin word '*potus.*'" Indeed, to count the number of Celtic and Irish words, and the roots of the English language, would be to write a vocabulary, so numerous are they. And strange, Webster, or rather Worcester, in his Dictionary, has the temerity, if it is not ignorance, to state in page xxv of his "Brief His. of E. L.," that "*the Celtic words, in English, are altogether few in number!*" Most of them, as bard, Druid, crowd, "cruid." And most of the words as "clan, shanty, whisky," of recent origin. This is certainly unworthy of the great lexicographer, and not at all correct. Neither "whisky," nor "shanty" are, as far as we know, Irish at all—whisky having been corrupted from "uiske," and, as for "shanty," it is most likely of Yankee origin.* The most learned philologists of the Continent, such as Zeus and others, allow that the Latin Classics cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Celtic tongue; and that there are, even in "Cæsar's Commentaries," those works written during his Gallic campaigns, words such as

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* Webster having enjoyed an almost universal reputation for learning and industry as a lexicographer, it will look very audacious for any person to question his authority for definitions and derivations. Nothing is more clear, however, than that he was entirely unacquainted with the Celtic, or Gælic; or, that in making the above statement about the "*fewness of the Celtic words*" in the Anglo-Saxon, he allowed his prejudices to control his opinions. His spelling and interpretation of Celtic words, such as "*crawd*" instead of "*cruid,*"

"cingetorius," which are of purely Celtic orthography, and bearing no affinity whatever to the classical Latinity of Roman authors. We give, in the following, a list from memory alone, of Irish, Latin, Greek and English words, which will prove, so far, the antiquity of the first, that is, the Irish, oyer all the other tongues :

IRISH.	GREEK.	LATIN.	FRENCH.	ENGLISH.
Nanim,	*νομος,*	nomen,	nom,	name.
Fion,	*οινος,*	vinum,	vin,	wine.
Fir or fer,	*ανηρ,*	vir,	verile,	virile.
Cree,	*καρδιος,*	cor,	ceur,	creed or cordial.
Dios,	*θεος,*	Deus,	Dieu,	Deity.
Coppal,	*καβαλλυς,*	cavallus,	cheval,	chivalry.
Mathair,	*μητερ,*	mater,	mere,	mother.

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demonstrates that he knew nothing of the Celtic or Irish. For instance, as the derivation of the English word virile, he gives the Spanish "*viril,*" Italian "*virile,*" Latin "*virilis,*" from the root "*vir.*" But he stops short there, as he ought not to do, but trace "vir to fir," the original Irish root of the word. Irish "fir," Latin "vir," English "virile," or virtue, which has the same derivation. This, and many other instances, prove that Webster is not infallible, and falls far short of what a learned lexicographer ought to be. AUTHOR.

IRISH.	GREEK.	LATIN.	FRENCH.	ENGLISH.
Athair,	πατηρ,	pater,	pere,	father or vater.
Cuss,	πους,	pes,	pie,	foot.
Cleave,	χλυπηος,	clypeus,	——	claymore.
Milia,	μιλιον,	millia,	mille,	million.
Nuct,	νυξ,	nox,	nuit,	night.
Bie,	βιος,	vita,	le vie,	life.
Caen,	κεφηλη,	caput,	capille,	capillary.
Uaim,	ὑμνος,	hymnus,	——	hymn.

This list is far from being perfect, nor are these words, taken at random, by any means those which most clearly illustrate the matter. The numerals, and the days of the week and names of the months more plainly show the radical connection of the Celtic with most modern tongues, as well as the Greek and Latin, that one must be blind indeed who fails to perceive it. It is a pity that our immortal American Lexicographer allowed himself to express such a blunder as the one above referred to, for, if he has erred in regard to the Celtic tongue and its contribution to the Anglo-Saxon, will it not shake the confidence of men of learning, at least, in his derivations and interpretations of other languages? The Celtic tongue is, at present, almost a dead language, there being no more than about two millions of persons who speak it, and fewer still who study it. But, if all that, that old language contributed towards the composition of all, even the most ancient tongues of Europe, was withdrawn from them, their copiousness and beauty would be, if not totally destroyed, at least very much impaired. The nations called the Latin, which, like the Gallic and Spanish races, fared better than the Irish, whom the Romans never subdued. Unlike the Irish, these were governed by rulers of their own race and blood. Hence their languages have been transmitted down to them from their forefathers like their national characteristics and their blood. Hence the language of nations and their national independence go hand in hand. There is no instance where a free people exchanged their native tongue, however uncouth, for any other language.*

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* An amusing incident took place in Rome, in the year 1845, of which the writer was a witness. Two Irish ladies, from Dublin, a Mrs. O'C. and daughter, were introduced to the celebrated linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who could speak seventy-five languages, it was said. After the introduction of the two ladies, the Cardinal addressed them in Irish. But they, though they knew French and could converse in Italian almost with the fluency of the "Bocca Romano," yet stood in confusion

CHAPTER V.

The Celts Famous at Colonization. Discovered America in the Sixth Century. The Testimony of Scandinavian Writers, though Partial, Substantially Correct. They Suppress the Truth from Selfish Motives. They Misrepresent the State of Affairs in Ireland. The Irish Missionaries Went to Iceland in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries. The Probable Causes of the Extinction of the Irish Colony. Norwegians Were Pirates and Freebooters, etc., in These Ages.

That the Celts of the olden time were the most famous travelers, colonists and navigators that the world ever saw is now acknowledged by all having any claim to historic knowledge. It now remains to be seen how long they, as a people, preserved the leading traits of character which belonged to them during many centuries. Ireland was inhabited at a very early age of the world, and the same energy

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when the little Cardinal addressed them, saying, "con a sta sive ?" "Cad as in Erin a hanah siveh ?" This was unintelligible to those upper-ten ladies, and the writer of this had to become an interpreter, in the language of their race, between them and the learned Cardinal.

which enabled the Celts to make that island their home, certainly did not desert them after their settlements there, and must have remained with them for many centuries. Hence, we find them with the records of an independent people for a period of over three thousand years. There are authentic records of the existence of the Irish as an independent people from at least eighteen hundred years before the Christian era to the twelfth century. Not but that Erin was often invaded by Northmen, Danes, Scandinavians and Saxons; she certainly was, but none of the invaders ever succeeded in making a permanent subjugation of the people. This happened in England and in other neighboring countries, but Ireland never lost her independence till

"Her faithless sons betrayed her."

Hence, it is not surprising that with such antecedents in her history, her sons setting out on voyages of discovery and benevolence, were the first Europeans who landed in America. Even the Scandinavians themselves, though partaking of the almost universal prejudice against the Irish, on account of religious differences, allow that when their forefathers landed in America, in the tenth century, they found the Irish established there before them; hence, they called it "Ireland it

Mickla," or Great Ireland. Whatever credit may be given to Scandinavian records, and they appear to be substantially authentic, probability is in favor of a preceding discovery by the Irish. There was an old tradition in Ireland that a great western island, that used to be seen by mariners in olden time, had been swallowed up in the ocean; but these stories were probably derived from Plato's narrative about the island "Atlantis" that was swallowed up in the waves. We have an account, also, in Strabo's Geography, of a Greek philosopher named Pytheas, who made voyages into the Atlantic ocean 350 years before Christ, and astonished his cotemporaries by the account he gave of the length of the day in the northern latitudes which he traversed. It was he discovered the place which the Romans called "*Ultima Thule*," which some took to be the Orkneys and some Iceland. But we have no need of these far-fetched, though probably true accounts. That there was a well-established belief in Western Europe about the discovery by the Irish missionaries of some western continent or large island, appears from the fact that the Atlantic was called the "Brandanic Ocean." It is not without cause that such a change in geographic nomenclature could take place. The nautical map which Columbus had to guide him was drawn up according to the traditions of Saint Brandan's voyage. St. Brandan, whom some say was a bishop and some an abbot of Clonfert, which means "The Valley of Wonders," departed on his western voyage about the year 540. He was accompanied by several of his disciples, among others St. Maclorius, or Maclut, St. Mernoc and St. Barrinthus. These two latter had been in the western country before, and it was at their solicitation that the venerable Brandan set out in a large vessel containing provisions for at least fifty days. Before having set out he visited Saint Enda in the island of Arran.

Saint Brandan returned back from his Transatlantic voyage, and used to entertain St. Ita, a celebrated nun and abbess, in Brittany, formerly his teacher when a child, with accounts of his travels in the newly-discovered country. These voyages, back and forth, continued for seven years, and Barrinthus, who wrote a description of the voyage and of the country, states that they sailed in the direction which was against the Summer solstice, "contra solstitium aestivale." And this point of the compass would certainly indicate the country of the "Whiteman's Land," in which the Scandinavians found the Irish colony. This western country, which was called, in the annals of Clonfert, extant in the eighth century, according to Colgan, "*Terra repromissionis sanctorum, quam Dominus daturus est successoribus nostris in novissimo temporare.*" "This second land of promise of the saints, which the Lord will give to our successors in later ages." This was certainly written in the seventh century. What further proof do we want of our forefathers, both in race and creed, being the first settlers of this country? But, it will be asked, why had not Columbus access to those accounts, which were well known at Rome—for St. Brandan was a man who presided over a monastery of three thousand monks? No doubt, those records were extant in the eighth century, but were not most of the monuments and books of Ireland's glory destroyed by the Danes and Northmen pirates? and what the Danes spared the English completed the destruction of in the twelfth century. Hence these monuments were lost, save a few extracts in the works of contemporary hagiologists. Even Rome, in these years, was in trouble, too; and it appears that all memory, save what was saved under cover of misty traditions of these events, was lost. So that Columbus had to begin the work over again, which his predecessors securely accomplished. Had there been no printing presses in existence, and had the memory of his voyages been confined to the archives of monasteries, and had all his charts, maps and log-books been destroyed by war, perhaps Columbus' discovery might be disputed and doubted to-day as much as are the voyages of Saint Brandan, or of Are Marson, or Thorwald Ericson. Hence there is no need of accusing Columbus of being "an impostor," as one Aaron Goodrich does in his "History of the Character and Achievements of the So-called Christopher Columbus," written in bad English and worse taste. Columbus, most likely, never had any reliable account of the voyages of either Saint Brandan or of the Scandinavians, though one "Rasmus B. Anderson," of the University of Wisconsin, says that the Italian navigator sailed to Iceland in February, 1477, and *must* have learned all about previous Scandinavian voyages in conversation with the "Bishop and other learned men of Iceland." This by no means follows from Columbus having gone to Iceland in 1477. He might not have seen the Bishop or any of those *learned men*, which were probably scarce at that day in the freezing island. If they gave this information to Columbus, which enabled him to re-discover America, why did they not claim the honor of a previous discovery immediately after the glory of Columbus' achievement was being blazoned all over Europe? If they had the documents, these "learned men," such as the "Codex Flateyensis," and the Sagas, why did they not bring them to light till about *four hundred* years after they were written? And why was it not before 1837 that any steps were taken by Professor Rafn to bring these documents, eighteen in number, before the public, in his work "Antiquitates Americanæ?" If it took from three to six hundred years for the Scandinavians to make good their claims to their having visited America, it is not at all wonderful that they communicated nothing to Columbus, if he went to look for information to Iceland, as it is stated that he did, in the year already named. Columbus, then, may be an honest man, without his being a saint. He may not have heard of the voyages from Iceland, and may have no data in regard to the voyages of Saint Brandan. But as for what "Goodrich," and a long list of New England people say, this amounts to nothing but so much of what is called "Buncombe," whether coming from Bryant, Headly, Knowland or others, who write books to *make money* without much concern about the truth of what they state. Before the era of the invention of printing, when a book was written, there was often but one copy of it in existence. Hence, when that book was destroyed, the whole edition went out of existence, and if the author of the work was dead, who could attempt to re-write the lost work? This certainly was the fate of the written accounts of Saint Brandan's voyages and discoveries, for the Monastery of Clonfert was burned and ravaged by the Danes, in the ninth century, in or about A. D., 839.

In confirmation of this fact that the Irish discovered and colonized America at an early age—not later than the seventh century—we have the Scandinavian records, which, while they establish as certain the discovery of Helluland, Markland, and Vineland, by their navigators, bear witness in favor of the former also. The following is taken in substance from the "Antiquitates Americanæ," a copy of which the writer consulted, in the Sacramento Capital Labrary, and copied in substance:

"In the year 983, Are Marson, a Prince of Reykjanes, in Iceland, was driven to Great Ireland (supposed to be south of the Chesapeake Bay), by adverse winds, and was there baptized by the Irish priests of the country. Rafn "the Limerick trader, was the first who gave circulation to this narrative. The Saga Land namabok, written by a descendant of Are Marson, states that "Great Ireland" lies south of Vineland, VI days' sail from

Ireland, which is certainly an error, and instead of six according to Professor Rafn, should read XX or 26 days. But whatever the distance of Great Ireland from Old Ireland, it is stated again after this, in 999, that Bjorn Albrandson being obliged to fly Iceland to avoid the wrath of Snore Gode, found his way also to Great Ireland. A like adventure happened Guedleif Gudlaugson, who made a voyage to Dublin, but on returning home, he met with adverse winds, which drove his ship southwest, when late in the Summer he finally landed in an extensive country unknown to him. After having landed, they, the crew, were arrested by a band of men some three or four hundred in number, who bound them as prisoners, and threatened them with death. They did not know of what nationality they were, but it seemed to the Scandinavians that their language was Irish. While the master and crew of the vessel were bound, another party appeared, preceded by a banner, behind which rode a man of venerable appearance, and very old and grey. The treatment of the prisoners was at his decision. This man was no other than the outlawed Bjorn Albrandson.

He caused Gudlaugson to be released and brought before him, and addressing him in the Norse tongue, asked him, whence came he? On his replying that he was an Icelander, and having been driven hither by adverse winds, the old sage Bjorn received him hospitally, making many enquiries about his acquaintances, particularly, "Thurid of Frod," on account of the illicit connection with whom he had been obliged to quit his country. The upshot of this deliberation, which reads like a fiction, was, that Gudlaugson and his countrymen were released, and advised to return to Iceland. Bjorn Albrandson, however, made them presents, and among other gifts, he sent a gold ring for "Thurid of Frod," and a sword to Kjarton, her son, illegitimate, Albrandson being his reputed father of said Kjarton, at that date, lord of the estate of Frod River. The lucky Gudlief returning again in safety to Dublin that Fall, and having wintered there—which then, by the way, his cousins, the Danes, had possession of—next Spring sailed for Iceland, and delivered his presents from Albrandson to his divorced wife and son. These accounts, and others of the same import, favor the certainty of the Irish colonization, and their testimony is more strong from the fact that the Irish did not seek those witnesses to confirm their claims, but came voluntarily from the Scandinavians themselves.

There is one thing, however, which the Norse historian narrates as singular, namely, that about three hundred of the people of "Ireland it Mickla," seized on Gudlaugson and his companions, and having bound them were about to execute them, until Albrandson, accompanied by a procession of venerable men moving after a flag, released the party. These were Irishmen, and why was it that they were so determined to use the Norsemen roughly, until they were restrained by the clergy, "venerable men marching behind a flag?" The fact was that these men who accompanied Gudlaugson were recognized as pirates, and in the opinion of the people of "Great Ireland," ought to suffer death. But Gudlaugson, who probably was a priest or bishop, restrained the laity from taking just vengeance on those barbarous pirates, and hence, they were allowed to return to Dublin, under Danish rule at that time, though the season was far advanced for them to return. Limerick at that date also, was under sway of Scandinavians, and hence, Rafn "the Limerick trader," ought to have been called the "Limerick pirate," for these barbarous Northmen who now claim the honor of being a "powerful and distinguished nation," were nothing but tribes of pirates, who obtained a livelihood by plundering and devastating old and wealthy communities, like those of the Irish.

The Scandinavian accounts of the discovery of America may be, and probably are substantially true, but in all their narratives there certainly is manifest a suppression of the truth in regard to the history of Ireland, as well as what is related regarding the people of "Great Ireland." Why do not the Scandinavian historians mention the fact that Iceland, or *Thule*, Celtic "Inis Thyle," was visited by the Irish missionaries, some say, as early as the sixth century? but it is certain that Dicuill, who wrote a geography of Iceland, lived in the eighth century. His book was entitled "De Mensura Provinciarum Orbis Terræ." The Irish missionaries visited Iceland at an early date, say the sixth century; but when the Norwegians reached there they expelled the Irish, whom they called "Papas," who left behind them "Irish bells, books and staffs" and other sacred relics. These things are suppressed by the modern Scandinavian historians. Ara Multerius, in his "Schol. De Island and the Land-na-Mabok," gives the same account of the "Papas," alias Papists, who were found in Iceland before the Norwegian settlements in 874. Two Irishmen, Buo and Ernulph, were missionaries in Iceland after 874, and were probably captives by the Norwegians from Ireland. The latter had a church erected in honor of St. Columbanus in Eisenberg. Dufflan McEathan and Magulmenen committed themselves to the waves in a boat of skins and wicker-work, and finally became Norwegian missionaries. All these facts regarding the intercourse between Ireland and the Scandinavians are suppressed by the modern writers of that race, as is also all mention of their ancestors, whom they call a "powerful nation" of being pirates and robbers, during three or four hundred years, of all the maritime borders of the European continent as well as the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. The testimony of the historians of such a piratical race should be received with doubt in all matters relating to their own self-aggrandisement, although in reference to what they adduce relative to the existence of an Irish colony in Whiteman's Land must be of great value. But, it may be asked, if such a colony existed in America during the ninth and tenth centuries, how has it been cut off, and why have we no monuments, historical at least, of its existence? This can be easily accounted for. It is most likely that the Irish settlement in "Whiteman's Land" was originally no more than a missionary station, consisting chiefly of priests and monks, but, after a time that persons of secular character were induced to emigrate. It is entirely consistent with the disturbed state of society from the eighth to the twelfth century—from 795 to 1100—that all emigration for the Western Brandanic colony ceased, and that from the wars of the aborigines and other causes, the white race, in the course of two or three centuries, either were cut off or became amalgamated with the natives. Hence, not only did the Irish pre-Columbian colony cease, but all knowledge of it was lost during a period of three or four hundred years.

The celebrated linguist, Kast, says there are certain analogies, however, between certain dialects of the Indian language and the old Celtic, which cannot be accounted for save from the supposition of former Celtic and Indian intercourse. For instance, when the Chippewa Indians express astonishment they ejaculate "O, yea, yea, yea," and the Irish express it in the same form. The names of several rivers have the prefix "onan," as "Onandaigua," the same as Irish "owe," or Avon. The word "uiske," Irish, is synonymous with the Indian word "iske." There is a town in Minnesota, near St. Paul, on the Mississippi, called "Miniske," or Smooth Water, and the Irish word "Meiniske" is the same. The name of Lake "Erie" is also Celtic, and is identical with "Erin" or "Erie," the old name of Ireland; "ogimah," a brave or chief. *Irish*, "oge-*magh*," brave and good.

In fact, so marked is the analogy between both tongues that some of the most learned philologists of modern times have remarked it.* Who knows but that those brave Indians of Florida, whom it was so hard to subdue, and who finally, rather than yield to the conqueror, buried themselves in the imperishable forests of the Everglades, had some Irish blood in their veins?

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* "Schenectady" and "Skagh nathaha" have the same signification, namely, the "Ford of the Bushes," in Irish and Indian.

CHAPTER VI.

SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED. THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MASSACHUSETTS AND RHODE ISLAND ROCKS OF ROMAN ORIGIN. PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY CERTAIN, BUT ITS MEMORY LOST THROUGH WARS, AND PLAGUES, AND CIVIL DISORDERS. COLUMBUS DESERVES HIS FAME. OBJECTIONS TO SCANDINAVIAN RECORDS, THOUGH SERIOUS, YET NOT SUFFICIENT TO INVALIDATE THEM ALTOGETHER. IRISH DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BEYOND A DOUBT.

The "Antiquitates Americanæ," make the following relation, in reference to the discovery of Greenland and America: "Eric the Red, in 986, went out from Norway, on account of manslaughter, and settled in Iceland, and from there he sailed to Greenland soon after, and planted a colony.

Gardar became the capital of Greenland, which for 400 years was governed by Norway. Torfeus, a historian, gives a list of seventeen bishops of Greenland. Lief, son of Eric the Red, set out in search of land, said to be observed by one Bearne, who had lost his way, from sailing from Norway to Greenland.

Lief had 35 men with him, besides a German named Tryker. They discovered lands they named Helluland, Marksland, and finally Vineland, in which they wintered. When Lief returned home, his brother Thorwald renewed the voyage in 1002, and having discovered a beautiful bay and promontory which he called "Kealarnes." But when preparing to return, he was killed by Indians or Skrellings, and was buried with a cross at his head and feet. Eric's third son, Thorstein, attempted a third voyage, but failed to discover land. A third expedition set out in 1006, consisting of three ships, one commanded by Thorsfinn Karlsefne, the other by Bearn Gremalsson, and the third by Thorwall Gonlason, names not very euphonic. They remained for a few years, and Gudrida Karlsefne's wife gave birth to a son, christened Snorre. If these annals are reliable, this was the first white child that we know of, born in North America.

There were two Irishmen in this expedition, Haker and Hares; as we will find, also, in an account of Columbus' first voyage. Still another voyage was undertaken in 1012, in which Gudrida, Eric the Red's daughter, sailed. They returned, and had very rich cargoes of wood and other merchandise, one piece of timber called mazertin, selling for half a mark. This Lady Gudrida, afterwards made a pilgrimage to Rome, and built a church in Iceland, which became a bishopric. It was from this stock that Thorlack Runalfson was descended, who wrote the Ecclesiastical Code of Ireland in 1123, and was a learned bishop of that country.

It is recorded, further, that Bishop Eric Upsi, who got his bulls from Pope Pascal II, made a voyage to Vineland, and most probably died there, though the authorities are silent on that event.

There is an account, also, in these "saghas," of a voyage towards the northwest by clergymen, from the see of Garder in Greenland. No doubt, zeal for the conversion of Skrellings, induced them to make the voyage, as it did the Irish Priests and monks of the eighth and ninth centuries, to visit Iceland, before the Norwegians ever landed there.

Adalbrand and Therwold were priests in 1282, who discovered what they called "Fundu Nyza Land," supposed to be Newfoundland. Adam of Bremen published a book in 1373, confirming all the above accounts. There have been found inscriptions on rocks in New England, such as Assonet rock, and in or near Bristol, Massachusetts, which were certainly made before the Columbian discovery. But great doubt is cast on those inscriptions, as far as Norse discovery is concerned, from the fact, that the Roman characters are used instead of the Runic.

On one of these inscriptions, called the "Dighton Rock," there is the figure of a boat, with that of a "woman and child" and the letter S, which the modern wiseacres interpret as signifying the name of "Snorre," the first child born in America, whereas, most unquestionably, it refers to the "Virgin and Child," with S for Salvator. Most likely those rocks were once used in erecting churches, and that these inscriptions in Roman character had reference to religious subjects. But now-a-days the fashion is to ignore religion altogether, if possible. One thing is certain, however, that before the discovery of Columbus in 1492, there were people of European origin settled on this continent, though, from the effects of wars, revolutions and even plagues, as the Black Plague of 1347, which swept off the one half of the people in some nations—from these and like causes all reliable accounts of these settlements were totally lost and obliterated. Hence the immortal Columbus will ever have, and deserves to have, all the glory and fame of the Discoverer of the New World. Those who doubt the truth of the Scandinavian records base their objections on the following considerations: Firstly; it is evident that the climate and productions said to belong to the countries discovered do not correspond with what we know of these countries at present. Vinland, or Massachusetts, never produced grapes in such abundance as that a cargo of this fruit could be shipped to Iceland, or that "corn springs up there without being sown," as Adam of Bremen asserts; secondly; the voyages that took the Scandinavians but two or three and six days to make could hardly be made now, in sailing vessels, in as many weeks; thirdly, these descriptions of luscious grapes would indicate the latitude of Canaries or Azores rather than that of New England. When "the Pilgrim Fathers" landed in the same latitude, six hundred years after the Scandinavians, we do not read that they regaled themselves like the German "Tryker," with the juice of rich grapes, or that they reaped any crops of grain of spontaneous growth. However, the climate may have changed within a period of six hundred years, and allowance must be made for the disposition to amplify and exaggerate by old writers, who, like Adam, of Bremen, were not eye-witnesses of what they relate, but took their information from the verbal narratives of exaggerating travelers. Another remarkable circumstance in connection with these Scandinavian accounts is, that they never afford the slightest allusion to the well-known historical fact that their ancestors, at the date of their discovery of America, were notorious pirates and plunderers, and that if their "powerful chief, Are Marson," as they call him, was detained a prisoner in "Ireland it Mickla," the reason was, that he was recognized as one of the barbarians who had plundered shrines in Ireland, as the menacing reception which Gudlaughson and crew met with arose from the same cause, namely, that they were recognized as pirates.

These defects, however, though they weaken, are not sufficient to invalidate, altogether, the testimony of the Scandinavian records, especially in as far as they go to confirm the Irish accounts of transatlantic settlements. For those Irish missionaries, who in the sixth and seventh centuries sailed in their "Curraghs," eight hundred miles to Iceland, where several of them became martyrs for the faith of Christ—such men could not be deterred by a distance of double that of Ireland from Iceland, which would bring them to Newfoundland. Hence, the conclusion is clear, that the Irish were the first Europeans who established settlements on this continent of North America. Although the Irish cannot claim any credit from their connection with the great admiral's discoveries, the entire glory redounding to him and to Spain; yet Ireland was represented, though in an humble position, among his seamen on his first voyage. We are informed by the Count De Lorgue, in his celebrated history of Columbus, that there were two natives of Ireland among his crews, and that one of them was a native of Galway, whose name is registered in the log-book of the "Santa Maria," as Johannes Galviensis—in other words, John Galvin.

In every important event having reference to the New World, it appears that Ireland and her sons act a conspicuous part. Whether as the Celts who built the round towers, crumlecks, and forts, in pre-historic times, and left their monuments on the banks of the Ohio; or the plains of Mexico and Peru, or as the first settlers of Whiteman's Land, or Great Ireland; or as immigrants and pioneers under our present government all over the land, from Maine to California, or from Florida to Minnesota, or Texas to Manitoba, the Irish are ever present to cut down the savage forests, to dig the mine, to bank the canal, to construct the railroad, to cultivate the soil, or to fight the battles of freedom, and do everything else necessary for the building up and perpetuation of the only free government on the globe. This is the boast and glory of the Irish-Americans, that, whatever else they may lack as compared with other races, they cannot be excelled, and but seldom equalled, in their enthusiastic attachment to the Republic and all its institutions. They may be divided in local affairs and differ as to the best policy to pursue in regard to the independence of Ireland—an idea which they cling to with implicit faith—but there is no class of citizens, as even their enemies confess, so attached to the institutions of the Republic as the Irish race and their millions of descendants in the United States. In the late unhappy war they did not wait to be drafted; they volunteered, and they constituted one-third of the army, to go to fight and to die in defense of the flag of our common country. Even in a certain district of New England, where before the war they were deprived of the arms of the State, no sooner were they tendered back the arms again by repentant, but prejudiced officials, than they grasped them and rushed into the breach to save the country. The public danger caused them, though sensitive to the most delicate point of honor, to forget their private feelings in their zeal for the common safety.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTION. THE BRAVERY OF IRISH OFFICERS ON LAND AND ON SEA. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. THE IRISH AT HOME ALWAYS IN FAVOR OF AMERICAN LIBERTY. WASHINGTON'S REPLY TO THEIR ADDRESS. THEIR SUCCESS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE.

We have records to show that during the first half of the seventeenth century large bodies of Irishmen, driven from their native land by persecution, were obliged to seek their fortunes in the New World. Many were transported by decree of the sanguinary tyrant, Cromwell, while some, from choice, sought a home in the New World. After the Revolution of 1688 one hundred thousand operatives were compelled to quit Ireland on account of unjust laws placing restrictions on Irish manufacture, in the reign of William and Mary, and about three thousand of these exiles, principally from Ulster, came to the colonies.* The Irish were prominent in Pennsylvania from the founding of that colony by William Penn in 1699. James

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* We take the substance of this chapter from McGee's "Irish Settlers in America," a work of great merit, and written in a style which places the book among the English classics.

Logan accompanied Penn, and filled his place when absent, as well as succeeded him after his death. That, besides Logan and other prominent citizens, a large number of Irish of the humbler classes composed the immigration of 1699, is evident from the names of the townships called Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, and others, which certainly were settled by natives of Ireland. The colony of Maryland was settled in 1689, and though generally regarded as an English settlement, had certainly a large percentage, if not a majority, of colonists of Irish birth, such as the Carrolls, amongst them.

Virginia, like Pennsylvania, from the names of her leading citizens as well as localities, such as Kinsale, Lynchburgh, Mayo, had certainly, as early as 1700, a respectable contingent of Irishmen among her colonists. The McGruders, McDuffies, McDowells, as well as Kennedys, Lynches and McFarlands will tell their own story in reference to genealogy and origin. To these we may add the celebrated names of Patrick Henry, Andrew Jackson and Calhoun, though belonging to a later date in our history. Some of the most celebrated men of American history, such as the Moores, the McClellans, the Butlers, and even Daniel Boone, belonged to the Irish race by birth or immediate descent. The McGradys, the Harlans, McBrides, O'Sullivans, Croaghans, Moylans, and Waynes are unmistakably Celts, and of the southern stock also, beyond a doubt. That the Irish were a pretty important element in Massachusetts as early as 1720 is proved from the records of the "General Court" of the colony, which disgracefully resolved thus: "Whereas, it appears that certain families, recently arrived from Ireland, have presumed to make a settlement—that the said people be warned to move off within seven months, and if they fail to do so that they be prosecuted by the attorney-general," etc. The reason why this unjust legislation against the Irish settlers was enacted was most probably on account of "prejudices against them by their zeal in diffusing religious opinions." See Moore's Sketch of Concord and McGee's Irish Settlers. About this time we read that an Irish servant was sold like a slave at auction, for four years, in the godly city of Boston. In the year 1737 a charitable Irish society was formed in Boston by forty* Irish gentlemen, whose names, given in McGee's work, show that they were not only of Celtic origin, but that even to this day some of the leading "solid men of Boston" descended from the same old stock. In 1719 the flourishing colony of Londonderry was formed on the Merrimack, and from that settlement the Irish spread through the interior townships of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

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*Names of the Irish of Boston who founded a charitable society: Duncan, Knox, Walsh, St. Laurence, McFall, Drum, Freeland, Gibbs, Noble,

In 1723, the town of Belfast was laid out in Maine, by a number of families from the North of Ireland. Among these was a schoolmaster named Sullivan, whose sons, John and James, became leading men—one of them a general—at the time of the Revolution. The Higgins and the O'Reillys, as well as the Youngs, are recorded as among the earliest settlers in Massachusetts. Berkley, the celebrated Bishop of the Protestant Church, a native of Kilkenny, who was the founder of Yale Col-

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Boyd, Stewart, Neal, Maynes, Moor, Mortimer, Gart, Glenn, Pelham, Little, Alderchurch, Clark, Bennett, Walker, Thomas, Hall, McMurtry, McIntire, Elliot, Black, English, Dunlap, Samson, McGee. Who would take these names as Irish today, though they were all natives of Erin, and at that early day all leading men of Boston, where Irishmen a few years ago used to be called *Puddies*, by way of insult.

lege, came to America in 1729. He was the first who brought a large library with him to America, and devoted his fortune and many years of his life to the benevolent purpose of converting and educating the natives. He was, before he came out, Dean of Derry, which he resigned in order to carry out his benevolent project, and on his return, became Bishop of Cloyne. This Bishop Berkley was a singular genius, and his writings, especially his "Theory of Vision," are full of paradoxical propositions. But it is as an Irishman and a friend to education and learning, that we claim him as belonging to our race. It was from Ireland, and by an Irishman, that the first college or university was erected in America; the first church organ and library were also brought by the same famous prelate, and thus early were the first foundations laid of that system of education, which has been so successful ever since in all the States.

A table of statistics from Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, giving the arrivals at that port, for the year 1729, gives the numbers of the several nationalities, as follows:

Arrivals.	Persons.
English and Welsh	269
Scotch	43
Germans	343
Irish	5,655

And ever since that day, to within a few years since, the Irish immigrants have not only equalled, but exceeded that of all other nationalities combined. And what is more remarkable still, most of the fighting, and it may be said without exaggeration, all the labor of the country, have been done by the Irish, from the era of the Revolution to the present time. And yet the stump orators, and the editors of money-making journals, and the compilers of "ring" school books, are ever harping in their canting organs, that we are of the Anglo-Saxon race! Before the era of the Revolution, from 1744 until 1776, the colonists had an opportunity of "seeing service" in the wars between the French and English, for the possession of the country from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. Even in this war which formed a prelude to that of the Revolution, the Irish element was of consequence. In these campaigns McGinnis fell, after having taken Forts Crown Point and Stark, and Montgomery became familiar with the art of war. Not only were the colonial Irish engaged in these wars, but even the Irish in the service of France also participated in this warfare, under Montcalm. Those "Wild Geese"* were at

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* A name which Irish exiled soldiers, received when going into foreign service.

Oswego, which they captured, and also at the retaking from the British of Forts George and William and Henry. To these names already mentioned must be added those of Governor Moore, Colonels Lynch, Kearns, Marian, Conyers, Harvey, and McCauley, in the Carolinas; whilst the Rutledges, Carrolls and Charles Thompson were the forerunners of the Revolution in the very first battles and skirmishes between the British and the colonists. The Irish Parliament refused to vote money to put down the American Rebellion, and the Irish in England, headed by Edmund Burke, Sheridan and Barre, spoke and wrote against the oppression by "the mother country" of the colonists, while the Irish in the French service volunteered to fight their battles. Such were the Counts McMahon, Dillon, Conway, and Roche Fermoy. One of the first acts of importance to the cause of Freedom was successfully performed by two Irishmen of New Hampshire. John Sullivan, son of the Limerick schoolmaster, surprised, in company with John Langdon, the fort at Newcastle, taking all the men in possession of the fort and a large quantity of small arms, gunpowder and artillery. In the first battle of the war, at Lexington, out of eight hundred New Hampshire militia at least one hundred were Irish, of all ranks, from Col. Moore, Maj. Gaffe and Capt.

McLaughlin, down to privates John O'Neil, Patrick O'Murphy, and Patrick Flinn. When General Washington took command, in 1775, three of his generals, Sullivan, Richard Montgomery, and Knox, his master of artillery, were Irishmen. The colony of New York raised some regiments, and James and George Clinton were placed in command, with Colonel James McCleary. In Pennsylvania, where the Irish were most numerous, several regiments were raised in 1775, and Wayne, Irving, Thompson, Stewart, Moylan, and Butler got the command of these as colonels; and that celebrated division of the revolutionary army was afterwards known as "The Pennsylvania Line." But it is not only in action that the Irish distinguished themselves. In supplying the sinews of war, when the Continental army was on the verge of starvation and mutiny, *twenty-four* Irish merchants subscribed $442,500 to supply food and clothing to the starving veterans of "Valley Forge." We find among these twenty-four names those of Shiel, Murray, Kean, Delany, Meade, and others of unmistakable Irish origin. The founders of the American navy and its most distinguished commanders were Irishmen or of Irish descent. John Barry, called the "Father of the American Navy," was a native of Wexford, so fruitful in heroes.

McDonough, Porter and McGee were trained under Barry. Nor should history forget to mention five brothers named O'Brien,* who, in the port called Machias, in Maine, took the two first prizes from the British by their extraordinary valor and enterprize. One of the first acts of the Continental Congress was to adopt an address to the Irish people exempting them from all blame in the bringing on of the colonial oppression; and Franklin, who made a tour of Ireland in 1771, says, in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, "I found them disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them, with the expectation that our growing weight might, in time, be thrown into their scale, and by *joining our interest with theirs* a more equitable treatment from this nation (Eng-

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*The first naval capture made in the name of the United Colonies, was that of the British store-ship "Margarita," in Machias Bay, in 1775. This bold attempt was effected by five brothers, the sons of Maurice O'Brien, a native of Cork, Ireland. Two other British vessels, the "Tapnaquist" and "Diligence," were captured by the same brothers and their friends. A squadron consisting of a frigate of 20 guns, a brig of 16 guns, and several schooners, were next ordered from Halifax to annihilate the town of Machias, but, by the extraordinary skill and bravery of the O'Briens, aided by Colonel Foster, the attempt of the enemy was frustrated. An attack by land was decided on, to punish the audacious Irish-American rebels, but on the second day's march from Passamaquoddy, the British returned back to Halifax, defeated and dispirited. This action of the O'Briens was

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the Lexington of the seas, and was characterized by a long chase, a bloody struggle and a victory. It was the first blow struck on the waters for the Revolution. See Cooper's Naval History. Jeremiah O'Brien, after this, became the commander of a vessel called the "Liberty," and did good service to the country. John O'Brien commanded the "Hibernia." For many years the glorious naval deeds of these Irish heroes were forgotten, "shamefully," as the historian adds, by men who boast that they are of the Anglo-Saxon race! The idea of having the two first vessels which sailed under the "stars and stripes" *that were to be*, called "Hibernia" and "Liberty," is suggestive of profound reflection to "Know Nothings," advocates of Anglo-Saxon superiority, and prejudiced people generally, if such people are capable of serious reflection.

land) might be obtained for them (the Irish), as well as for us." And so it happened, for the first relaxation of the Irish Penal Laws was obtained after the American Revolution began. Franklin also addressed a letter, in 1775, to the Irish people, from Paris, advising them to refuse to join in the war against the colonies. That Franklin's counsels to the Irish people were not disregarded, the history of the country from the date of the Declaration of Independence to the present abundantly proves.

The Declaration of Independence, signed by 56 patriots, were nine of them Irishmen by birth or descent. These were 1, Matthew Thornton; 2, James Smith; 3, George Taylor; 4, George Read; 5, Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton; 6, Thomas Lynch; 7, Thomas McKean; 8, Edward Rutledge; 9, Charles Thompson, the Secretary of the Congress which adopted the immortal document. John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, was the first who *printed* the document, as was John Nixon the first who read it in public, from the window of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. In fine, after the war was over, and the Constitution adopted through the wisdom of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and Rutledge, Daniel Carroll, a relative of Charles, freely presented to Washington a farm, which was the site of the city of Washington.

That the great and wise Father of his Country appreciated the services of the sons of Erin in the part they took in establishing the Republic, is evident from his reply to an address made to him by a body of men representing the Irish-American and Catholic element in the country, and signed by Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimons, Dominic Lynch, and Bishop Carroll. To this address, "claiming equal rights of citizenship as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence under your auspices," Washington replied, in language worthy of his wisdom:

"As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community, are equally entitled to the protection of Civil Government. I hope to see America among the foremost of nations in examples of justice and liberality. I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their Government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation—the French—in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

It seems, indeed, that before a hundred years revolved, and the Centennial was celebrated, that some of our "countrymen," contrary to the hopes of Washington, have tried to forget what Erin's sons contributed towards our national independence, and that in many instances those who came in at the eleventh hour, long after the battles of the Revolution were fought and won, claim and receive more consideration than those whose blood enriched every battlefield, from Lexington to Yorktown, and whose race, whether in war or in peace, or in literature and in art, have carved their names indelibly and high on the pillars of fame. In Darcy McGee's admirably-written book, "Irish Settlers in America," will be found the names, hundreds in number, of those Irishmen who, from before the era of the Revolution up to the year 1850, distinguished themselves in all walks of life in the army, such as Wayne, Montgomery and Sullivan. In the navy, O'Briens, Barry, McDonogh, Murray, and Steward. In the legislative councils of the Republic, the Carrolls, Rutledges, McKeans, Butlers. In the legal profession, Butler, Emmett, O'Conor, Brady. In the church, Carroll, Kenrick, Hughes, England. In the medical profession, Allison, First Provost of Pennsylvania Medical College; McNevin, Reynolds, Dalton, Winters. Writers on political economy, Colles, who suggested to Clinton the construction of canals, Adrian, Carey, and McGee, him-elf one of the ablest of modern writers, orators and statesmen. Indeed, it would seem as if Ireland sent out her best sons to infuse new life and pure blood into the arteries of our young Republic, as the best security that those institutions which she helped to establish should continue and become permanent. What a fruitful mother of heroes was Ireland, which, by the bravery of her sons, not only helped to drive the English from our country, but also lent a hand to destroy the sway of the cruel Spaniards over the South American Republics! Bolliver, in Columbia, was aided by the Devereuxs, the Moores, the O'Learys, and Fergussons, always around him, and fighting his battles. The greater part of his staff was composed of Irishmen, who volunteered to give freedom to his countrymen and conquer their oppressors, or die.

In Chili, Irishmen were in high repute. Don Ambrosio O'Higgins held the high position of Captain-General of the country, and his son, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, was the legitimate heir of his patriotism. Gen. McKenna was next to O'Higgins in bravery. Peruvian independence was aided by Generals O'Connor, O'Carroll, and Esmond. The cruel Spaniard, Benevides, heartless tyrant, when he captured O'Carroll, cut out his tongue before putting him to death, and the beastly Algorte would have executed Gen. Esmond in a like cruel manner but for the interposition on his behalf of an English officer in high command. Buenos Ayres, too, was aided in its Revolution by Irish Generals, the O'Briens and McKennas. Deprived of their liberty in their native land, they appreciated its value, and hence, wherever there was a chance of establishing it, they were ever ready to aid in its advancement by the sword, cannon, or bayonet.

Ireland might well adopt as her motto the words of the foundress of Carthage:

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

Virgil.

The following is extracted from an American work, "Heroes of the Revolution," by Magoon:

"Ireland's poets are among the oldest and the best. Her literati shine brightly amid the chiefest luminaries of art and science. Her martial heroes have never been excelled by those of any other nation; and of her statesmen, it is enough to say, that for centuries they have been what they now are, the best debaters and orators. When Ireland had national councils of her own, she shone supremely in legislative wisdom and justice, and when forced into allegiance with England, she eclipsed the splendors she encountered. The brightest names in English generalship, science, jurisprudence, as Wellington, Burke, and Sheridan, are Irish. But it is in eloquence, especially, that Ireland may challenge the most renowned nations of the earth. An unbroken series of consummate orators illuminated the dreary history of that abused and much injured land like so many pillars of fire!"

Another author says: "I will venture the assertion, that one-half the writers on the American press are of Irish birth or descent, at the present time. Indeed, to give the names only of distinguished Irish and Irish-Americans who have, even in modern times, done honor to the Republic, would fill a large volume. In Alabama, there were the Butlers, Kings, Duffys, Phelans. In Tennessee, were Patricks, Sharkeys, Brandons, Jacksons, Carrolls, Coffies. In Missouri, Mullanphy, McDonough. Illinois, Shields, McClernand, Eagan, Ryan, Ford. In Michigan, Cass, O'Flynn, Fitzgerald. Indiana, Hannegan, Ryan, O'Gorman, Browns, O'Niels, Dowling. In Wisconsin, O'Byrne, O'Neil, Johnson, Furlong, Ryan. In Iowa, Jones, Quigley, Mahony. In a word, as a plain Irishman, Captain

Murphy of St. Paul once said to the writer: Pick out the Irish element, who seem to be the 'salt of the earth' here, from among our population, and what will remain?"

The following table, published by Commissioners of Emigration, New York, for '49 and '50, will show the strength of our people in this country:

Countries.	No. of Arrivals. 1848.	No. of Arrivals. 1849.	No. of Arrivals at the Port of New York alone. 1850.
Ireland - -	98,061	112,561	111,738
Germany -	51,973	55,705	45,335
England - -	23,062	28,321	28,163
Scotland - -	6,415	8,840	6,773

The other countries together, France, Holland, Wales, Norway, and Italy, sent about ten thousand during these three years! By adding the above figures it will be seen that during the years 1848, 1849 and 1850 the emigration from Ireland exceeded not only Germany, England and Scotland, but was more than 70,000 more than all these countries combined.

PART II.

THE IRISH RACE IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IRISH IN CALIFORNIA. ITS RESOURCES AND PRODUCTIONS, CLIMATE, FRUITS AND MINES. MISTAKES OF CERTAIN WRITERS CORRECTED. THE IRISH FARMERS' SUCCESS. THE CITIES PREFERRED TO LAND BY THE IRISH. THE REASON WHY. ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF IRISH FARMERS' DAUGHTERS. IRISH PIONEERS DESERVING OF HONOR, ETC.

There does not seem to be on the globe a country so situated with regard to climate and soil as California. In the area of the State, containing about 160,000 square miles, there is every variety of climate, from the Arctic severity of her snow-clad mountains to the intense tropical temperature of her valleys. And, though the State is eight hundred miles long by about two hundred broad, there is no part of it that a man cannot, in the journey of a day, and often of an hour, reach the extremes of heat and cold, from zero to 100 degrees in the shade. This pleasing variety of climate is what constitutes the charm of California and causes emigrants from the East to imagine that they have found a terrestrial paradise when they feel the agreeable sensations of the Pacific skies. For instance, the fatigued overland traveler, after having crossed the melancholy plains, notwithstanding their numerous evidences of a past world, becomes sad and taciturn as he ascends the Sierras, whose freezing atmosphere seems to chill the blood in his veins. But no sooner does he quit the "Mountain House," where he was obliged to take a stimulant to escape freezing, and take his seat in the fast-moving train, than in an hour or so aftewards everything is changed. His heart beats quicker, his spirit revives, his very clothing is a burthen to him; he wants ventilation and throws up the windows, and then he beholds the country, broken and rugged, indeed, but yet bathed in all the glory of a tropical sun and enriched by all kinds of luxuriant fruit, the production of his genial rays. This is California's Summer reception of her visitors. But even in Winter the surprise to the incoming stranger is not less agreeable. Then all her peaks and hills, and rugged mountains, and deep ravines, and valleys are clothed in the most beautiful verdure, while her plains and arable lands are enrobed in a vestiture of flowers of the most variegated colors and delightful fragrance. California, like a rich empress, has a magnificent reception at all seasons of the year for those who visit her charming borders. And in keeping with her pleasing climate are the richness and variety of the productions of her soil. Fruits of all varieties—oranges, lemons, apricots, olives, grapes, as well as peaches, apples, plums, cherries, etc., grow often in the same field, such as in the valley of the Sacramento; while there are counties and districts of the State peculiarly suited to each species, such as lemons, grapes and apricots. There is one species of fruit, the grape, which grows more productively and with less care in its cultivation than in any country in the world. The largest vine in the world, probably, is the one at Montecito, near Monterey, which was planted by a Spanish woman, from a cutting, in 1795, and the trunk of which is about fifty feet in circumference, and used to produce over four hundred gallons of wine. This famous vine is now decayed. There is seldom a failure of the grape crop. The vines that are cultivated were introduced by the Spanish or Mexican missionaries a little over one hundred years ago, though there certainly were wild grapes, indigenous to the soil, before the introduction of the foreign varieties. The varieties that are cultivated now are very numerous, though the cultivation of the grape may be said to be, as yet, only in its infancy. The statistics of grape cultivation are not very reliable, from the fact that new vineyards are being yearly planted. There are several large vineyards, however, the most productive, probably, that at Buena Vista, near the village of Sonoma, containing about 500,000 vines, being the largest. There are also some at or near Los Angeles of as large area. Those of Mr. Wilson, at San Gabriel, and Mr. Rose, of the same place, approach near to the vineyard at Buena Vista, which is the property of an association. John O'Brien, of Sonoma, has a large vineyard, the produce of which, about one hundred acres, he makes into wine. Lynch, of Cherokee, also manufactures the very best article of that beverage. There are many distinguished Irishmen who own large vineyards in Los Angeles County, among others, Governor Downey; Matthew Keller, who owns an extensive vinyard; David W. Alexander, a soldier who fought in the conquest of California; Doctor Den, son of the late lamented Doctor Nicholas Den, and many others. There are many Irish farmers engaged in wine culture, stock and sheep-raising, in the county of Los Angeles, all well to do, and a credit to the land of their nativity and race. The Irish-American farmers and settlers in the southern tier of counties have had little or no difficulty in making settlements, from the fact that the Spanish always treated them with great hospitality and kindness on account of religion and ancient national affinities of the two races.

The average quantity of grapes which an acre will produce is estimated at 8,000 pounds, which, at five cents a pound, yield, when the grapes are sold, $400 to the acre, and deducting expenses, leaves the cultivator at least $200 per acre. In France and other grape-producing countries the vines are supported by poles or stakes, whereas in this State the vines stand alone, without support, and the nearer the ground the grapes are allowed to mature the richer and better they yield. The greatest number of stocks or plants to an acre is 1,000, but 680 plants only are cultivated in Sonoma and in more northern parts of the State. It is remarkable that the fruit grows on the NEW twigs, or sprouts, in California, whereas in older countries, in Europe, the *wood* of *last season only* bears fruit on the next year. In round numbers, it may be said that California produces 10,000,000 gallons of wine at present, and the production is continually on the increase. It is strange that with this large produce of the "blood of the grape" annually, Californians, as a general rule, are not a wine-drinking people, and of those who do use wine at the table, foreign and French brands are preferred to the native article. Advocates of temperance in the old country recommend the use of wines in preference to that of malt or distilled liquors, and point to the natives of wine-growing countries as being little addicted to drunkenness. It is to be regretted that the people of California do not support such theories or give examples in favor of temperance. But the result is owing, probably, to the fact that wine is not a popular beverage here, and that, owing to the facilities enjoyed by men to adulterate liquors, even the native wines, from defective revenue regulations, that the evils of intemperance are so very lamentable in this glorious State. Even in some large country towns, if a man called for a bottle of wine to use at dinner he would get, instead of the native article, a villainous compound called "port wine," not one drop of which was ever expressed from the grape. Some of the wines, too, which are in the market, like the "Angelica," are manufactured and mixed with brandy and granulated sugars instead of owing their flavor to the *glucose* of the grape; and this "doctoring" of wines, otherwise pure and genuine, is what brings discredit on the California wines in eastern and foreign markets.*

Next to the grape in importance are the pears and plums, which, as well as the grapes, attain extraordinary size and delicious flavor in California. These fruits, when shipped to the Eastern States, generally lose their flavor, and are in a damaged condition, from the fact that they are picked off the trees before being ripe, in order that they may stand the transportation without loss to the shipper. California orange culture is only in its infancy, and farmers do not like to invest in this business,

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*It is to be regretted that the people of California do not pay more attention than they do to the cultivation of the grape and to the wine-producing industry. If the money which is spent in advertising and developing unproductive mines, and in advertising and compounding bad liquors, or the one-tenth of it, were devoted to the encouragement of the culture of the grape, California would be a much wealthier country than it is and its population ten times greater. Look at France, a country much less favorable in point of soil and climate than California, with her six millions of farmers, and her comfortable people always employed, because they are mostly all engaged in agriculture, of which the production of wine forms the most important part. See her wonderful energy, after having paid the unheard-of war fine of five thousand millions of francs, rising up again to the rank of being the leading financial nation in Europe, with no foreign debt, because of the revenues brought

by her wines. It is true, France is covered over with manufactures, and excels in the production of articles of elegance, and having relation to the "fine arts." But it is to her wines, principally, that she owes her wonderful recuperative energy and prosperous financial condition. The appearance of a parasitic insect, or "phylloxera," on one of the grape vines, causes more alarm in France than would an invading army of one hundred thousand uncouth Germans. Wine culture, unquestionably, and the division of the land into small farms of an average of six acres each, are what makes France what she is to-day—the richest and most prosperous nation in Europe. Yet this great lesson seems to be lost on people who think they cannot be respectable unless their farms are listed in the class of from ten to one hundred thousand acres, which they let run barren and waste rather than have it worked by the thousands of idle and hungry men who are daily seen everywhere.

for the reason that it takes from seven to ten years before they get a profitable return. But there can be no crop more profitable if properly cultivated. It is estimated that in the latitude of Los Angeles ten acres of oranges will yield $15,000 a year; whereas cultivation, irrigation and other labor, only costs about $3,000 per annum. Besides these and other tropical fruits, the strawberry yields very abundantly, and this delicious fruit ripens, under proper care and irrigation, all the year round. In a word, all the fruits of the earth, the pomegranate, even, seem to do well in California, and in all parts of the entire State. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that if all the land in California—not far from 100,000,000 of acres—should be cultivated, like France or Italy, or the German Rhenish Provinces, and irrigated, 20,000,000 of people could be supported from the produce of the soil; and yet, with far less than a million of inhabitants, there are at least to-day forty thousand people without employment or a certain means of obtaining a living. The emigrant, when he lands, gets nothing to do, and hence all the advantages of the State have no attractions for him.

This is certainly an anomalous condition of affairs. The Golden State sends its wheat in millions of bushels to feed the poor half-starved operatives of

Great Britain. She allows as much of her fruit to rot as would support thousands; the people are generous, hospitable, and proud of their country, and of her wealth in mines, in treasure, in agriculture, and in undeveloped resources. All that she appears to need to make her greater than France or any of the older empires of Germany, is population. And yet, of those who come to make their home in this second Holy Land, if we regard her natural advantages, *the one-third* of the poor immigrants, if not more, return back again to the East to end their existence in the condition of poverty and misery, in which they were born, in the attics of tenement houses. This state of things cannot be denied, and certainly is not what one would expect in this land so rich in minerals, so luxuriant in soil, and so blessed by God, beyond almost any part of the globe. Whether our Irish race in California has been instrumental in bringing about this strange state of affairs, we shall enquire subsequently. For the present, we shall continue briefly to enumerate further some of the leading advantages and resources of the State, and what our countrymen have done to improve and develop them.

The mining interests of California occupy a leading feature in the wealth, not only of the

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State, but of the country, and it may be said, of the whole civilized world.*

It would be out of the question to enter into a detailed account of the mines of this State and

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*That is, of the precious metals. This is the question asked by the *Engineering and Mining Journal,* which furnish the answer to its own interrogatory. The *Journal* presents figures giving the results of mining in the West for twenty-seven years, and finds that the investments in all mines and mills now in operation are $360,000,000; investment in labor, $324,000,000; personal assets, $25,000,000; total investments, $709,000,000. Return in bullion, $1,850,000,000; created values of mines and mills, $350,000,000; total, $2,200,000,000. Profit for twenty-seven years, $1,491,000,000, representing an income of $50,000,000 per annum on an investment of $709,000,000.

BULLION YIELD FOR AUGUST.—Although this State has produced $1,150,000,000, and Nevada but $350,000,000, the latter has completely overshadowed the former in the minds of the people who deal on 'Change. The gold yield of California has been coming in from innumerable sources in small but steady streams, from mines owned and worked chiefly by individuals for what they of Nevada since the discovery of gold in 1848, to the present time. But certainly, it is within the mark to state, that in the first quarter of century, since the first gold was found, California and

are worth, and with few attempts at speculation This is not because of any local prejudice or any scruples at gambling in gold mines, but it is due to the fact that placer claims and gravel beds do not require so much capital as deep mining, and do not afford as good opportunities for speculation through the medium of the Stock Boards. The mines listed at the Exchange have actually yielded only about $300,000,000 out of the $1,670,000,000 which have been added to the circulation of the world by the mines of the United States since 1849—or less than twenty per cent. of the total.

The *Bulletin* gives the following as an official statement of the bullion produced, for the fiscal month of August, of the leading mines in California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona:

Belcher	$ 25,200
Black Bear (Siskiyou county)	18,600
California	1,403,300
Chollar-Potosi	25,100
Comanche	20,800
Consolidated Virginia	1,445,800

her dependencies—if we may use the expression—yielded over a thousand eight hundred millions of dollars. It may be that one-half that sum was expended in mining and preparing the treasure

Empire (Grass Valley)	11,200
Empire (Howland Flat)	24,800
Endowment	16,700
Eureka Consolidated	232,000
Geneva Consolidated	9,100
Grand Prize (including July)	219,200
Idaho (Grass Valley)	35,600
Justice	202,300
K K Consolidated	50,000
Leopard	14,400
Leeds (Utah)	28,500
Martin White	10,700
McCrackin Consolidated (Arizona)	27,700
Manhattan	92,000
Minnietta Belle (Inyo county)	27,600
Northern Belle	105,700
Ontario (Utah)	160,000
Ophir	7,900
Rye Patch	4,000
Standard (Mono county)	104,700
Tybo Consolidated	54,200
Total	$4,370,100

for the market. But, making every allowance for the cost and labor of mining, it is certain that this was the principal attraction that brought population to the State. It was the discovery of gold that enticed people from all parts of the globe to steer for the shores of the Pacific and the "Golden State." The "*Sacra auri fames*"—this insatiable hunger for the precious metals, it was that brought us the stoutest men from the frozen North and the parched South; that brought thousands across oceans and continents, and from islands and mainlands, from Asia, Africa and Oceanica, as well as from refined Europe. Gold was the magnet that attracted them—the idol which they came to worship. This

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Of this amount the Comstock mines—the Belcher, California, Chollar-Potosi, Consolidated Virginia, Justice and Ophir—have yielded $3,109,600, and the others, usually termed the "outside mines," $1,267,500. This statement includes returns from nearly all the active incorporated companies, but does not include reports from the numerous placer mines. A complete record would give at least $2,000,000 more, and probably increase the figures for the month to $6,500,000. As it is, however, the exhibit is the best that has ever been made by the returns of any month for the present year.

pursuit brought us population, to build our railroads, dig our acqueducts, cut down our forests, drain our swamps, to man and manage our ships, to erect our cities, and cultivate and improve our "generous soil." All, all was a consequence of the discovery of gold and the precious metals in such abundance on the Pacific slope. It is true that gold was discovered in California by the pirate, Drake, in 1579, who reports that he "found the earth of the country to abound in rich veins of gold and silver;" but that buccaneer, licensed by Queen Elizabeth, did not delay to pick up much of the gold that abounded. He thought highway robbery or piracy a quicker road to wealth than mining. The first finding of gold, however, by Drake, like the discovery of the continent by the Irish and Scandinavians, was forgotten for about two centuries. Captain Smith, the first who came overland to California, discovered gold in the Sierra Nevadas in 1826. He exhibited the gold to the chief men of the American Fur Company, who ordered him back to prospect the country further, but as he was killed by the Indians the matter was not further prosecuted. Some of our progressive orators reproach the old padres with ignorance and blindness because they never *saw* the gold under their sandals. It is now well known that the missionaries *did know* of the existence of gold in California; but they knew well, also, that if the presence of gold in the earth was generally known their missionary labors would be useless. *Their* mission was not to reap a harvest of gold, but to gain souls. Not only would their mission be barren had they made known the existence of gold, but even their lives would be endangered. They would have starved to death for the want of cultivators of the soil, hence they kept their knowledge secret. Beside, we know that Francisco Lopez discovered gold on Pine Creek, Ventura County, near Santa Barbara, in 1842. In November, same year, Abel Stearns sent twenty ounces of this gold to Philadelphia. The mint assay was returned in August, 1843, from Philadelphia, and that paper is now in possession of the Pioneer Association of San Francisco. The mine produced $8,000 a year, worked rudely by Lopez, a Frenchman named Baree, and Yaqui Indians.*

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*There is a tradition among the tribe of Nicassian Indians, one of whom, Theogonis, is said to be 135 years old, that when Drake visited the coast there was no outlet to the ocean through the Golden Gate. They say that it was after Drake's visit that the Golden Gate was formed through

Before I enter into the history of the Irish race in California in detail, it becomes a duty to refer to a statement or two made by John Francis McGuire, in his popular book, entitled, "The Irish in America," which are entirely at variance with the facts in reference to the Irish of this State. In the XIIIth chapter of this book, he states, that "one-fourth the farming land in this State is in the hands of Irishmen." This exaggeration is flat-

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the action of an earthquake, and that the Sacramento River flowed into the ocean south of San Jose. Drake presented the Indians with some domestic animals—a dog and some young pigs, and seeds of several species of grain; some biscuits, also, which the aborigines planted, expecting to raise a crop of the same sort of bread. The Indians also state, that some of Drake's men having deserted, made their escape into the country, though pursued for several days, and finally became amalgamated with the aborigines. It would be no great stretch of fancy to suppose that these deserters were Irish seamen, pressed into the British service, and that the many strange Celtic words mixed with the native dialects, such as "Winnemucca," which is pure Irish, are of Celtic origin. Who knows?

tering to the Irish in California, but it is entirely erroneous. The Irish in this State do not own one-twentieth of the land; and if we take the entire State, which contains not far from one hundred millions of acres, the Irish do not occupy the one-twentieth part of the land. It may be stated without fear of contradiction, that the average of Irishmen on the land in California, is not greater than in the Eastern States, and far less than in Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota or any of the Western States. Certainly, large tracts of land are owned by Irishmen or their descendants, such as the Murpheys, McLoughlins, Moors, Glenns, Montgomerys, Logans, and others. But these are all owned by individuals. If the land of the 455 proprietors who own from 5,000 acres up to as high as 500,000 acres, like Lux & Miller, or 255,000 acres, like Charles McLoughlin, 44,000, Thomas Fowler, or 700,000 like E. T. Martin, was to be divided and sold to actual settlers, then would we see a large Irish agricultural population. As it is, however, many hundreds of Irish farmers own, not only 160 acres or even a thousand, but some of them—like James Miller Esq., of "Miller Hall," San Rafael, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Redmond, of the same neighborhood, and Alexander Logan, of Colusa, Montgomery, and others of the same county, Thos.

Fowler, of Tulare, 40,000—own from six, to 12 and 20,000 acres each. Another statement of the Member of Parliament's book is also objectionable, as it is devoid of correctness, namely, that a "township in Marin County is almost exclusively possessed by Irishmen, nearly all of whom a few years ago were *laborers*, working for monthly wages on the ranches of the old proprietors, or delving in the mines." If this were true, it would be no disgrace, but an honor to those who, by patient industry and honest labor advanced themselves to be owners of the soil. But it so happens that, a great many, if not most of the Irish-Americans of Marin County, purchased their lands from the old proprietors, or received them from the Mexican Government, in lieu of services rendered, like Don Timoteo Murphy, the Alcalde for some time of San Rafael. What is true of our countrymen in the Eastern States, and what has been characteristic of them for centuries, is, namely, that they prefer settling in cities rather than on land. This is the case also in California. There are more Irishmen in *San Francisco—three to one—than there are in the rest of the State and in Nevada and Oregon added. Whether this happens from their social habits or family connections, or that they prefer the cities on account of the opportunities they afford for the education of their children, in science and in religion, people may differ in opinion, though we regard the last as the true cause of the love for the cities. But

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*It is estimated that there are over 150,000 Irish-Americans in San Francisco, or in other words, that they form one-half, or at least one-third of the

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population. This estimate is based on the number of voters of Irish birth, who are 12,500, and allowing that only one out of eight votes, this would leave citizens of Irish birth 100,000. But when it is remembered that there are thousands of Irishmen who do not register or vote, and that many of the young voters are of Irish parentage, it would not be a rash assertion to state that one-half of the white population of this great city is Irish-Americans. A like conclusion is arrived at by a computation of the numbers who attend churches, although this is not so reliable, for there are many thousand Irish and Irish-Americans, who never go to any church, Catholic or secterian. In all the great Eastern cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, the Irish element forms a very important portion of the population. But it is probable that in San Francisco the Irish race the fact remains, that the Irish race in America are generally located in cities and villages, notwithstanding all the advice they receive gratis, and efforts made by so-called emigration societies, to induce them to settle on lands. In their native land, no such disposition exists among the Irish. At home they prefer the country to the city, and cling to the land with the tenacity of the

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are more numerous on an average, as they certainly are more independent, than in any city on the continent. And when it is remembered that this large body of Irishmen, from 150,000 to 200,000 persons came to California at their own expense, without aid from immigration or any other societies whatever, at a cost of about twenty millions of dollars in the aggregate, it proves that the old energy of the *race* is still inexhausted, and speaks volumes in favor of their industry, enterprise, and perseverance. They were the first who landed here while the country was under Mexican rule, which they took a leading part in, happily subverting under Graham, Fremont, and Stevenson, and to-day they stand first, too, as miners, capitalists, merchants, and all other industries constituting the progress and prosperity of this great city.

ivy to the old ruined abbey wall. This is easily accounted for. At home they have the church and the school, now, thank God, at their very doors, even in the country, and the convent vesper bell is often heard by them from the neighboring [illegible] under the roof of their snug thatched cottages. Hence, they love to occupy and till the soil. But here, aye, even in California, the farmer is in most cases out on the plains, or in the secluded valleys, a mile or two, or even six from a school, and fifteen, twenty, or even forty miles from a church, which he can only visit once or twice in the year. His children grow up under a training he cannot approve. He may not be rich enough to send them into the cities to college, and even if he should do so a year or two, these make but a feeble impression, compared with the rough habits of a rude neighborhood. Perhaps, before his son or daughter is of age, he is disobeyed, or insulted and disgraced. Is it any wonder that the old man and his wife Mary try to sell out the place and come into the city to get a lot and a home, where he can be near the "House of God, anyhow?" Of course, wealthy farmers, as we are happy to know many of the California Irishmen to be, have not these difficulties to contend with. There are many farmers in the vicinity of San Francisco, who, not content with sending their children to the excellent educational establishments of Santa Clara, under the Jesuits, and San Jose, under the pious and learned sisters of Notre Dame, but even send them all the way to Ireland to be educated. There is a gentleman in Oakland named Allen, who sent his daughter, after she graduated at the convent, all the way to Cork, to learn to *read*, *write* and *speak* the sweet old Irish tongue. And I am told she is prouder of her knowledge of the language of her forefathers, than of all her American accomplishments, and they are not a few. I met in farmers' houses in California young ladies, whose education could not be excelled, and who in their manners and accomplishments, such as music and singing, could rank with ladies of the highest class in Europe. But, no "160 acres, nor even 1,000 acres" of the best land could enable a farmer to give such a first-class education to his children. Those to whom I allude own from six to 12,000 acres of the best lands in the State.

These lands were purchased by the pioneer Irishmen, who crossed the plains before the discovery of gold, and whose trials and sufferings, and perseverance—to be referred to hereafter—prepared them and pointed them out as men destined to succeed. The memories of such men deserve to be handed down to posterity, and if they lived in the old classic days of Greece or Rome, they would have monuments erected in their honor, if for nothing but for having attempted to have crossed the plains, and thus individually to have earned a right to a higher niche in the temple of fame, by marching a distance greater than the *ten thousand* Greeks did under Zenophon, over the plains of Asia. We have never known an Irishman who crossed the plains, who was not, if not rich, at least in the possession of all the necessaries of life. The reason for this may be found in the fact, that none but those who have ability to succeed anywhere, would have risked the severe trial of travelling two thousand five hundred miles over a dreary desert, in order to found a homestead under the smiling skies of California. This has been done by many, and if we cannot give an account of them all in this book, it is not a lack of good will and intentions, but a lack of space that prevents us from doing so.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THE IRISH RACE. HOW THEY ARRIVED, AND WHENCE AND WHEN THEY CAME. THE SMITHS, READS, MURPHYS, DENS, BURKES, MOORES AND OTHERS. THE LAW-ABIDING CHARACTER OF IRISH SETTLERS. THEIR SUCCESS AND INSTANCES OF THEIR HUMANITY AND CHARITY. THEIR HORROR OF MURDER AND RESISTANCE TO THE VIOLENT MEASURES OF "LYNCH LAW." FEWNESS OF THE IRISH IN VIGILANCE COMMITTEES. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER A VICTIM OF VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

The first Irish settlers in California are unknown, and will probably always remain in oblivion, with their names "unknown, unhonored and unsung," like those of their forefathers in "Ireland it Mickla," whose memory and history have perished from the records of history. It is certain that American whaling ships made voyages to the Pacific coast at an early date, after the Revolution, and as equally certain that many of the crews were Irishmen, not a few of whom deserted, especially when insulted, as was afterwards the case—*then* as well as *now*—in reference to country or religion. A tradition exists, that a man named Logue, in 1800, was on board a whaler, who, on being offended by the mate for putting a piece of pork to his mouth on

Good Friday, stabbed the latter to the heart, and leaping overboard, escaped to the main land in the neighborhood of Mendocino. But the first record which we have of a man who made the overland trip, was of one Captain J. Smith, who reached this coast with a party of immigrants, or rather trappers, in 1826. Captain Smith's presence alarmed the Spanish inhabitants somewhat, seeing that himself and men were well armed, and hence, Father Zuran, of San Jose, sent an embassy to him to enquire of his prospects and intentions. Smith, who was a native of Kings County, Ireland, wrote to the missionary, stating that his object was trapping and his intentions pacific, and signing himself, "your stranger but real friend and *Christian Brother*, J. Smith."

This party, under Smith—forty in number—were mostly all murdered by Indians. Few only escaped, and among them, one Fallan—and two other Irishmen—a native of Galway, who settled in the country. Smith also escaped the massacre, and afterwards obtained a lucrative position as chief trader under the American Fur Company on the Green River. Having returned to California again a year or two afterwards, Smith was also killed by Indians.

Though there were several other Irishmen, who, as officers on board sailing vessels, visited the coasts of California, and not a few of whom took up permanent residences here, yet, having married Spanish wives and learned to speak the "lingos di deos," they became completely Mexicanized, and have transmitted nothing save their names to prove their origin and descent. But, one of the most remarkable Irishman who came to California permanently to locate, at an early date, was

JOHN J. READ, ESQ.,

Of Marin Co., who was among the first, if not the first Irishman who came to this coast to settle permanently. He was born in Dublin in the year 1805, and left Ireland in 1820. His uncle, it appears, was a seafaring man or in the English navy, and took young Read from home on a voyage to Mexico. From Mexico he came to California, in a Mexican national vessel sailing from Acapulco, and arrived here in 1826, just after reaching his majority. His first halt was at Los Angeles, but, after a short time, came he north and settled at Saucelito, Marin County, of which he was the first *white* or English-speaking resident. He was the first who erected a mill in the county, on the grant of land comprising one league and one-half, which he received as early as 1834, from Governor

Figueroa. He was the first who surveyed and took soundings of the bay in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco and the neighboring islands, and probably established the first ferry boats across the bay from Saucelito to San Francisco. He made various improvements on his ranch, such as fencing, planting of orchards and fruit trees, and introducing some imported cattle.

All this was accomplished by this energetic young Irishman when he was no more than 30 years of age, and while he was a single man. Finally, in 1836, the energetic young rancher got married at the Mission Dolores church to Hilarita, youngest daughter of Don Jose Antonio Sanchez, commander of the Presidio of San Francisco. This event took place on the 13th of October, '36. During all this time the young Leinsterman did not forget his widowed mother in Ireland, but kept up a regular correspondence with her, and got her blessings and counsel, accompanied by some presents to grace his nuptials with Miss Sanchez. On the year of his marriage he was appointed Commissioner of the Mission of San Rafael, a position he no doubt owed to his matrimonial alliance. His marriage was a happy one, and he had four children, named respectively, John, Hilarita, Ynes, and Richard. Mr. Read died young—

38 years of age — in 1843, leaving the above named children survivors, who are all in prosperous circumstances. John Read, Esq., inherits the paternal ranch, and one of the daughters is wife of J. Boyle, Esq., another Irish-American of San Francisco. The remains of Mr. Read repose in San Rafael Cemetery, where his surviving relations often visit to pay the tribute of prayerful commemoration to the memory of a worthy man.

DON TIMOTEO MURPHY,

Who came by sea from South America, as early as 1828, was born in 1800, in the town of Coolaneck, parish of Edermine, barony of Ballaghkee, the patrimony of the Wexford Murphys, in the County of Wexford. His mother's maiden name was Miss Stafford, a lady remarkable for comeliness and character. Young Tim, as he was called, got a good commercial education—his father being in comfortable circumstances — and after having completed his schooling, he got a position in a commercial firm in Dublin, but soon exchanged it for a better one in a large concern under English control, in Lima. He remained in Lima, however, not entire two years, because of a duel with some Englishmen, most likely, who are ever ready to taunt "Paddy" with some defect, especially if, by his talents, he throws themselves into the shade. The young Wexford man was not dismissed the service of the English firm of Hartnell & Co., but sent out to superintend an establishment of theirs in Monterey for packing and exporting beef. Accordingly, in 1828, he started for the land of flowers. Murphy was a man of commanding appearance, stood six feet two and one half inches high, muscular and straight, with a fair, florid complexion and an aquiline nose. He was a famous "shot." Even up to the day of his death, he could kill a deer or antelope at a distance of one-fourth of a mile, with his rifle. He also kept a large kennel of beagles and greyhounds, thirty-five of which he had at one time sent to him, by sea, by his cousins, the Conroys of Callao. Besides hunting for sport, he used to pursue other game, such as otters, which abounded in Marin County at that early time, and whose pelts he used to sell for forty dollars each. He must have had letters of introduction to the governing Spanish authorities of Mexico, for, soon after his locating in California, he received from Don Micheltorena a grant of land of three leagues at "Point San Pedro," "Santa Margarita," and "Las Galinas," near San Rafael. After the plunder of the Missions and their secularization, Don Murphy was made Indian Agent and Commissioner of the Tribe of Nicassians. When Fremont invaded the State, with his Bear-flag followers, in 1846, on his way north, he paid Don Timoteo a sudden visit, and robbed him of some sixty animals, horses and mules. Don Timoteo lived and died a bachelor. He was of a very liberal mind, and his charitable donations were large. He donated some 1,000 or 1,200 acres to the orphan institution near San Rafael, and deeded large and valuable lots of ground, in the City of San Francisco, for church purposes. The site of the present Palace Hotel was once his property — a hundred vara lots of which he gave a free gift for a church. He died in 1853, in union with the Church, attended by Father Jno. Scanlon, after having devised his large estate to his nephews, Mathew Murphy's sons, and John Lucas, Esq., also a nephew of his, who is at present proprietor of the splendid ranch Santa Margarita, near San Rafael. The old gentleman's remains lie interred in the San Rafael Catholic Cemetery. The memoirs of this representative of the Irish race are necessarily scant, from the fact that writers of books in California generally make it a point to ignore altogether, if they do not misrepresent, the lives and actions of distinguished Irishmen. If, for instance, we peruse, from cover to cover, that badly-written and notoriously-prejudiced book called "The History of California and Annals of San Francisco," we find no notice of Don Timothy Murphy, and those few Irish-Americans like Kearney, Riley, O'Farrell and Coppinger, whose names the editors could not well omit, are put down as English or British. But it is not only in the suppression of important facts regarding events in California that "The Annals" are defective and unreliable. The writers, from the beginning, show their prejudice as well as ignorance by talking of a "*priest-class*, who *rivetted the chains of Christianity* on poor heathens." Who, "the sooner they are already weeded out, (viz., the aborigines) the better. Yet the fathers would retain them; *then sweep the fathers away, too.*" These sentiments are ferocious and disgraceful. It is thus that these three editors, worthy to be disciples of Cromwell, coolly, in their "Annals," recommend wholesale massacre of the aboriginal race. Again, the "Annals" men, in page 70, call the fathers "ignorant and unlettered men, knowing little more than the mechanical rites of their church, though they seem to have been personally devout, self-denying and beneficent. They *thought* they did God a service in catching, taming and converting the Indians to Christianity," instead of hunting them to death, starving and shooting them, as the authors of "The Annals" recommend as the most expeditious way to enlighten them. Do the "Society of California Pioneers" really approve of those "Annals," with all the prejudice, bigotry and bad taste they display? If they do not, as many of them cannot, then they should not accept the dedication made to them as a body, of a stupid book so unworthy of its title as "The Annals of San Francisco." In its report of immigrants for one year, when the arrivals were numerous, the Irish are omitted altogether, though Poles, Swedes, Welsh, and almost all other nationalities are mentioned. They give ample evidence of their prejudices against the Irish, yet the book is read by Irishmen! And where "The Annals" record the names of talented actors such as Kirby, McCloskey, Catherine Hayes, Matilda Heron, Dennin and others, they are recorded as *English!* In a word, it is to be regretted, that "The Annals of San Francisco" are of any authority, and it is certainly not an evidence of taste or judgment of those few Irish families, we hope, in whose book-shelves it is to be found. A more ignorant, unfair, or unreliable book was never written than these "Annals of San Francisco."

Returning to the names of settlers of Irish birth or origin under the old Spanish or the Mexican rule, the name of Daniel Hill, Esq., must not be omitted. He was probably an earlier settler than Don Murphy, having arrived by sea about the year 1823. He married with the Ortega family, of Castilian descent, and his children are thoroughly Spanish. One of Hill's daughters, Signora Donna Rosa, became the wife of the distinguished Dr. Nicholas Den, a native of Waterford, who made California his home long before Fremont and his followers raided under the "Bear-flag," or scaled the Sierras. *Dr. Den owns a large quantity of land near Santa Barbara, and stands deservedly high in the community, both Spanish and American. He settled there, probably, in 1842, if not before, and is blessed with a charming family, all educated in first-class style. The doctor, from mere sympathy and compassion, interposed be-

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*The writer of this knew a student named Den, a Waterford man, in 1838, after having graduated in Edinburgh. If the Dr. Den is not the same as the medical student of Edinburgh, he certainly must be his brother. We learn since the above was written, that Dr. Nicholas Den died a few years ago, leaving ten children—all living—and one of whom is a leading surgeon in Los Angeles.

tween the famous Ned McGowan and his persecutors, by secreting the fugitive in his mansion for several weeks. It was finally through Dr. Den's influence and recommendation that McGowan surrendered himself when the reign of terror ceased, was tried and acquitted, and proved by law and public opinion, to have been entirely guiltless of the crimes laid to his charge, but, for which on mere suspicion, he would have been hanged, but for Providence, and the interference of such noble men as Dr. Nicholas Den, and his Spanish neighbors and connections.

JAMES W. BURKE, ESQ.,

Was another gentleman of our race, who has made California his home nearly fifty years, having arrived from Lima in 1830. He too formed marriage connections with the Spaniards, who, of all foreigners, come nearest the Irish in disposition. Capt. Burke was a seaman from his boyhood, and circumnavigated the globe, ere he settled down in Santa Barbara. He was native of Galway, Ireland, and has left a family, his offspring, in good circumstances. The jovial old seacaptain was hale and hearty at the age of 80 years. He died last Winter, universally regretted, 1877, and his remains were attended to their last resting-place by all the citizens of Santa Barbara and vicinity.

CAPT. MOORE

Is another gallant Irishman, some time in the British naval service, who came to California in 1851. It was on the vessel commanded by him, that Thomas D. McGee escaped in 1848 to the United States. He got married soon after his arrival, and is located on a rancho called "Sal si puades," near Santa Barbara. Thomas Hope, a native of Galway, came at an early day to the vicinity of Santa Barbara, where he resides.

F. J. MAGUIRE, ESQ.,

A brother to the late John Francis, of honorable memory, is one of the Irish-American hidalgos of Santa Barbara, and a Judge of the County Court. Mr. Maguire is nobly connected in Ireland with the Murphys of Cork, and others of the aristocracy, and though educated to one of the learned professions, preferred to follow for a time commercial pursuits, in which he was very successful. He became involved in the young Ireland politics of the year '48, and had to seek the protection of the "stars and stripes" against the convict's life which England had in store for those who are guilty of the crime of loving Ireland.

A gentleman named Reid also adds another name to this group of distinguished Irishmen who occupy an independent station in this fairest portion of California, and have occupied the same many years before the discovery of gold (except Mr. Maguire alone), or there was any talk or need of "vigilance committees," "hounds," "hoodlums" or halters, or other such kindred and constant accompaniments of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is a fact remarkable and creditable to the humanity of the Irish race, and evidence of their love of law and order, that out of 200 names of vigilance committeemen there are not a dozen names of Irishmen among them. On the other hand, representative Irishmen, such as the Donahoes, the Casserlys, Sullivans, Downeys, Brodericks, Hayes and others, kept clear of that organization, and used their influence to have the reign of law and order restored. Thomas Francis Meagher, of Montana, also set his face, like a globe of steel, against the vigilancemen of that Territory, having declared in public that, while he held supreme authority, no man should be condemned unheard or suffer death until after a legal trial. And for this plain but stern declaration his own life was threatened by a murderous banditti. And it is the general opinion now, formed from reliable data, that poor Meagher was dogged day and night by the agents of the vigilants, who, in the dark hour of midnight, assissinated the hero of a score of battles by stabbing him and flinging his body into the muddy waters of the Missouri. The Irish, our countrymen, will kill a tyrant or shoot a landlord who has exterminated a people and depopulated a district (which some maintain they have a right to do), but they will not murder a man in cold blood or commit the outrage of taking the life of a human being for a violation of law, which, when compared with the acts of the vigilance people, cannot be regarded in any other light than as trivial or venial. And this is one of the proofs they give us of the superiority, forsooth, of the Anglo-Saxon race over the Spanish. No doubt the rope, the revolver and the mob are important factors in that civilization which is yclept Anglo-Saxon.*

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*As illustrating the liberality of the Spanish and even Mexican rulers, when contrasted even with our own Republic, it must not be forgotten that the former never sold land to the people. They believed in the old Christian ethics that the land belonged directly to the people, and hence they never sold it, but always gave it to them as a *free gift*. Even this good old Spanish custom of giving

JOHN LUCAS, ESQ.,

Of Santa Margarita ranch, near San Rafael, consisting of about 10,000 acres, inherited from his uncle Don Timoteo Murphy, came directly to this country from Ireland in 1852. He is a native of Wexford County, Ireland, and is the son of a hero of ninety-eight—Harry Lucas, who was born in 1775, and fought for his country in most of the actions between the military and peasantry in the county of Wexford. Young Lucas was as brave a young man as ever wielded a pike, and many a black-hearted militiaman bit the dust before the point of his weapon. He fought under Father Murphy at "Oulart Hill," and got severely wounded from a musket ball, which struck him on the jaw-bone, which was fractured, and severed the lower maxilary artery, from which he narrowly escaped bleeding to death. Having no surgical aid, his sufferings were intense,

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grants of land was continued up to the conquest of California by the United States, William Welsh having, in Alameda County, received a grant from Micheltorena as late as 1843, as Murphy, Black and others got them some years before. And these grants were on a liberal scale—from a league, 4,488 acres, to eleven leagues, or 48,820 acres.

and for three weeks he lay in a ditch under a covering of briars, which shielded him from the fury of the yeomanry, who gave no quarter, but murdered in cold blood all they suspected of disaffection or sympathy for the national cause. His food and drink were brought to him by night, by an old woman, who was so decrepid as not to attract the suspicion of the loyalists. He finally recovered his health and strength, and even his jawbone united naturally, without leaving but little signs of deformity. Harry Lucas lived to a ripe old age, leaving several children, the principal one of which is the subject of this brief sketch. John Lucas, Esq., inherits no small share of the character of his ancesters on both sides, and is a most prosperous farmer. He is the father of an interesting family—three daughters and two boys—some of whom are married, and all educated in the very best schools in the State. His wife, however, not content with the home education of California, has sent one of her sons to Ireland to get him thoroughly instructed in the celebrated classical institutions of that country. Mrs. Lucas' family maiden name was Sweetman, and has exercised a marked influence in the refined manners which distinguish her children. Whether Lucas is derived from the old family name Lugardh, or of the English Lucas patromymic, is not evident to the writer. Certain it is, however, that the proprietor of the Santa Margarita ranch is a genuine Irishman of no common stamp, distinguished by the prominent characteristics of his countrymen.

CHAPTER X.

LANDS AND FARMS, AND THE WAY TO OBTAIN THEM. MISREPRESENTATION OF RINGS AND CORPORATIONS INJURIOUS TO IMMIGRANTS. DISAPPOINTMENT OF THOUSANDS AND INJURY TO THE STATE FROM THIS CAUSE. THE IRISH FARMERS ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL. THEIR PROSPERITY IN SANTA CLARA COUNTY. THE MURPHY FAMILY A MODEL FOR IMITATION FOR ALL. THEIR SUCCESS, VIRTUE, PRUDENCE, PATRIOTISM. WEXFORD, THE MOTHER OF HEROES, ETC.

There are at least four methods by which a man can get possession of land, ordinarily, in the United States; namely, by purchase from the Government of the lands in the market at $1.25 an acre; by title under the homestead law; by pre-emption, and by purchase from private individuals. In California all these ways to obtain title to lands prevail, but most, if not all, of the public lands are already taken up, those that remain unsold being either arid deserts, parched mountains, out-of-the-way valleys, or swamps difficult of reclamation. Emigrants from the East in search of homes do not consider this distinction regarding lands, because the character or proper description of the lands are not explained to them. For instance, he reads in a book or pamphlet got up by some interested parties here—such as Nordhoff's book, written in the interest of rings and land-grabbers, railroad monopolists, or land speculators—that California, besides "27,000,000 of surveyed lands, has over 80,000,000 of unsurveyed lands." And thinking that all these lands are alike in fertility, he sells out his small farm in the East, packs up his goods, pays the price of a snug farm to the railroadmen for bringing him and his family to the Golden State. But, when he comes to San Francisco, he finds, when too late, that all the valuable lands are in the hands of great land-grabbers, who would not sell an acre of their princely domains for less than $200, and some of it would sell for $500 an acre. The immigrant becomes discouraged, packs up his things again after having travelled around for two months, his wife and children staying at a hotel in the mean time. He returns to the East "dead broke," dispirited and deceived, cursing his folly and his fate, and the soulless railroad corporation, which, after having run him out very rapidly on first-class trains, now sends him back on emigrant cars, over the dreary, tedious, slow route to the East again, where he came from. This is an every-day occurrence of immigrant life among us, and such heartless treatment of that useful class of our population is doing more to retard the progress of California than any other circumstance. Our Irish race, however, though badly used by those corporations, manage to surmount all the obstacles thrown in their way toward advancement and success. The railroad monopolists seldom impose on them a *second time.* They seldom or never return to the East after having pitched their tents under the glorious skies of California. They do not all become millionaires, like the more fortunate of their countrymen, but if there is any life in the labor market, they are the soul of it. They succeed pretty well in the cities, where, unhappily for themselves, too many of them locate, notwithstanding the cosmopolitan competition which they have to encounter. But in the country, on the land, they never fail. There is scarcely an instance, either in the East or West, of an Irishman getting a farm of land ever becoming bankrupt. An Eastern example will illustrate what we here state. In Washington County, in the State of New York, there were two or three poor Irish farmers, deeply in debt, about 25 years ago. But after the breaking out of the late war, many, if not most of the American farmers put all their property into Government bonds, purchased at 25 cents on the dollar, and paying no taxes. They sold their farms on time to Irish laborers, at an average of $100 an acre, thinking that the latter would not be able to pay the purchase money, for few of them could pay one-fourth down, and that they would have their farms back again. All predicted the ruin and the folly of the Irish farmers in purchasing the land at such high figures. But out of five hundred Irishmen who purchased such lands, not one of them but paid up the purchase money and interest. They are all now independent, among others, Patrick Buckly, Michael Conway, H. Duggan, Thomas McGowan, Daniel Deleury, the Bane Brothers, and five hundred others.

They may talk of scientific farming and of the splendid farming of some of our great land-grabbers, but for successful farming, we maintain the Irish can't be beaten. Is it any wonder that those who made a living, aye, and made money, at farming in Ireland, under the most grasping landlords in the world, often at a rent per acre sufficient to purchase forty acres in the United States, that is, $50 a year per acre—is it any wonder that the Irish farmer, trained in this hard school of landlord tyrranny, should succeed and get rich on a farm which is his own in fee simple forever? There are many localities in California where our Irish farmers have become independent and rich. Some in Colusa County, like the Logan Brothers, Pat. O'Brien, Peter Dolan, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Casey, John McConnell, P. Begley, Mrs. Campbell, etc. Some in Yuba and Sutter counties, as the O'Briens, Talant, Bunce, Corkeran, O'Connor, Slattery, etc. It is in Santa Clara County, however, that we find Irish farmers and Irishmen generally in the most prosperous condition. The actual number of Irish and Irish-Americans in Santa Clara County could not be easily obtained by the writer. But taking the number of voters as the basis of population, we may safely put down the number of our race as one in four, or at least one-fifth of the inhabitants. The number of registered voters is about nine thousand, and of these ten per cent., or nine hundred, are given as of Irish nativity. But upon counting over the names upon the great register we found many well-known Irishmen who are credited to Canada, Pennsylvania or other states, for the reason, perhaps, that, when asked where they came from, they mentioned the places from which they emigrated. We could not suppose that men whom we knew to be born in Ireland would call themselves Canadians or Pennslyvanians to avoid the odium and unpopularity of being considered Irishmen. This would be disgraceful; and there is not among the gallant and thriving Irish-Americans of Santa Clara one whom it would be possible to suspect of such meanness. Instead of only nine hundred voters' names on the great register of Santa Clara their number ought to be, including the sons of Irishmen, of course, *two thousand four hundred*, or about the one-fourth of the entire number. This is the result of a more careful study of the names of the voters on the great register, and certainly the one-fourth of them are of Irish origin. The same is true of the voters of San Francisco. It is a fair calculation that if there are 12,500 names whose native place is Ireland, there are at least one-half, if not more, of persons of Irish descent who are credited, but do not really belong to, any other than the Irish race.

Luckily for themselves, the Irish pioneers of Santa Clara settled in a most favorable situation for their previous education and customs. There the climate is healthy and delightful, while the soil is rich and suited to the production of the greatest variety of crops. Here, also, are located the colleges of the Jesuits and the academies of the "Sisters of Notre Dame," thus affording them every opportunity of having their children splendidly and safely educated. The Academy and University of Notre Dame in San Jose cannot be surpassed in America in all the appointments and conveniences of a first-class education. And as for the Jesuit colleges, to mention them is enough to recommend them. Many of our Irish people, no doubt, were attracted to this pleasant valley by the fame of those celebrated institutions of learning, and all their children have profited by the opportunities presented to them. This is, and was from the beginning, the home of the distinguished Murphy family, who were among the first, the most successful, and the most popular that ever crossed the Atlantic to ennoble the land of their adoption by their public and private virtues.

Martin Murphy, the head of this distinguished family, was a native of the County of Wexford, Ireland, and emigrated from the land of his nativity with other members of his family, in or about 1820. Their destination was Canada, where the Murphys and their connections resided for several years, and prospered by farming on an extensive scale. In 1840, getting tired of the climate, or possibly disgusted with British rule, Martin and his children immigrated to Missouri, where they settled on land also. Finding after a trial that the district in Missouri where they settled was plagued by malarious diseases of a malignant character, through which Mr. Murphy, Sen., lost his amiable wife—Mary Foley, aunt of Bishop Foley, now of Chicago—the old man, now about sixty years, determined "to pull up stakes" and steer for the far West, toward the setting sun. He had heard glowing accounts of the climate, soil and salubrity of the country from trappers and returning hunters, and he determined to reach it, though he knew it would take six months' continual travelling to do so. The old man's plan having been laid before his family and friends—consisting of about twenty-five individuals—they all assented to the seemingly desperate undertaking of crossing a desert 3,000 miles wide, infested with hostile Indians, in order to reach a country under a foreign government, and which looked with suspicion on immigrants from the United States. Such an undertaking, certainly, at that early day, when California was a Mexican Territory, required wonderful faith, energy, perseverance and resolution in no small scale, and point out the men who conceived and carried it out as heroes of no common stamp. Martin Murphy was accompanied by his five sons and four daughters. His oldest son, Martin "the II.," as he was called, was married, and was accompanied by his wife and children. James, also, his second son, was a married man, and was accompanied by his family. Daniel, John and Bryan —who afterwards perished on board the Jenny Lind steamer, on San Francisco Bay—were the three sons who were bachelors and were the least encumbered of the party. The daughters were all unmarried but Mary, the wife of James Miller, Esq., one of the party. John Sullivan, Esq., at present a wealthy capitalist of San Francisco, formed one of the party. The party having provided themselves with the necessary outfit, in teams of horses, oxen, cows, and also with plenty of food in the shape of flour, meat and vegetables, crossed the Missouri River at Council Bluffs, in July, 1844. After having entered on the western pilgrimage to the land of promise, and prayed devoutly to God to guide them, they started on their six months', but what they afterwards found to be eight months' journey.

The incidents, accidents and providential escapes which the party experienced shall be omitted here, but described in the memoirs of James Miller, Esq., in the next chapter. Suffice it to say, here, that Martin Murphy carried out successfully the enterprise he conceived and planned. He reached California in safety, without losing one of his party. Settled down in Santa Clara County. Purchased miles and leagues of land, and lived to a good old age, about twenty years, in his magnificent homestead, Bay View ranch, near San Jose, where he saw his children, and I believe his great-grand-children, grow up around him, in honor, in virtue, and in health. The old patriarch's remains lie the Santa Clara Cemetery. His son and successor, Martin, owns the magnificent Bay View ranch, and his accomplished eldest son, Bernard, is at present Mayor of San Jose, for the *third or fourth term in succession.* The Mayor is a lawyer by profession, and a banker also, in which institution a younger brother represents him as cashier. All the Murphys were educated in Santa Clara, and unlike some degenerate Irishmen who try to change their names by cutting off some superfluous letter, or chiseling them to Anglo-Saxon euphony, the Murphys have not only preserved their old Irish names, handed down from Irish princes, but the younger members of the family have kept up their principles and traditional training, so as to equal if not excel the virtues of their ancestors. One of the family, Patrick, son of Martin the 2d, is settled near San Louis Obispo, on a ranch of some 60,000 acres or so. Bernard and Patrick W. were also for several years members of the Legislature and in the Convention which formed the State Constitution. The example of the Murphys of San Jose, and their connections, refutes the opinion of some obscure people, who imagine if they divest themselves of all sympathy for their native land, or that of their ancestors, that they will become popular and have better success, than if they retained all their Irish predilections. The very reverse is the case. Men who change their name or deny their country, will be apt to deny their God and become callous to all noble impulses. Whereas, the men who honestly confess their faith, and live up to the patriotic principles of their fathers, are generally honored and respected by honest men of all races and nationalities.

The Murphys—and indeed most Wexford men—are distinguished by the same love of country which actuated their forefathers in '98, when, unaided and unarmed—save by rude weapons—they rose up against all the power of England and cut off 30,000 of her best soldiers. The cause of the patriots failed and the blood of the sons of Wexford was shed without mercy or stint. Yet, from that crushed people who fought and fell, has sprung up a race of the noblest peasantry in Europe. God seems to have blessed the sons of the patriots, to reward the bravery of their fathers, for in all Ireland, to-day, there is not to be found a more independent people than in Wexford.

It was there that Father John Murphy died at the head of a column of Pikemen, assailing the hireling and ruffian soldiery of England. It was in Wexford, that Father Roche gained several pitched battles against the same hereditary foe. It is from Wexford that some of our earliest revolutionary heroes, such as Commodore Barry came. In a word, it was from Wexford that the Murphys of San Jose and San Rafael came, and this is saying a great deal for that small county, the mother of heroes and patriots, both in the old world and the new.*

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*The descendants and family connections of Martin Murphy—called Martin the 1st—at present, number not far from one hundred, including the Miller family. The correct census of this distinguished family, we are unable to give individually. They seem to be of a long-lived family, as well as prolific, unerring proofs of temperance and virtue. The only member of the family who was cut off in the prime of life, was Bryan,

CHAPTER XI.

Santa Clara County. The Irishmen Well Represented There in all the Pursuits of Life. Successful as Farmers, Merchants, Physicians, Journalists, Capitalists, Miners, etc. "Mountain Charley," John Cooney, and other Successful Pioneers.

It has been stated that land can be owned but by four methods, in the United States: 1st, by purchase from the Government, at $1.25 acre, without limit as to amount; 2d, by homestead title, which can be obtained by any citizen of the United States, or any foreigner, having declared his intentions to become a citizen, and only one hundred and sixty acres can be obtained in this way; 3d, by pre-emption, that is, by taking the land before it comes into the market, and improving the same, and this establishes the right of the

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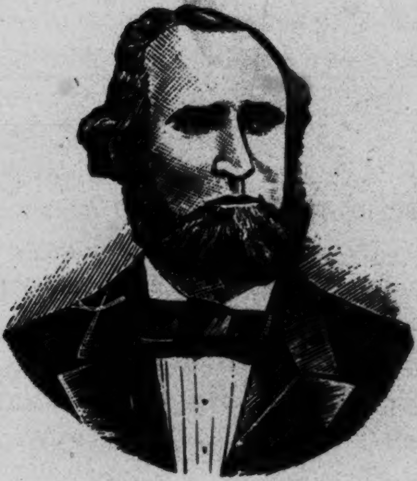
the youngest son of Martin the 1st, who was scalded to death on the illfated steamer Jenny Lind. His only son, Martin H., a young gentleman of great promise, died in Washington in '72, while attending college. Bryan's widow, now Mrs. Dunn, resides in San Jose, and is in wealthy circumstances.

possessor to that land, by his paying the market price for it when it is advertised for sale; and 4th, by private purchase from an individual, which can be always done by a man who has plenty of money, in any part of the United States.

In Santa Clara County, there can be no land acquired, of any account, except by this last manner, that is, private sale, so that any new-comers wishing to settle in that pleasant region, about 35 miles South from San Francisco, can get plenty of land, at from *two hundred to five hundred dollars an acre.* Events happen to develop, and changes take place pretty fast in California. Those who, ten or fifteen years ago, purchased their lands at from three to five dollars an acre, could now, if they were disposed, sell the same lands, for from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre.

More wonderful things than this have happened. In the vicinity of Oakland, on the San Pablo road, Irishmen, such as Mr. Matthews, who purchased their lands, hundreds of acres, for from ten to fifteen dollars an acre, in 1854, could now sell the same to-day for *one thousand dollars an acre!* And near San Jose, in its suburbs, Thomas Leahy, Esq., purchased a small tract of land for $4,000 within ten years. Already he sold $6,000 dollars



T. L. SMITH, ESQ., MILPITAS.

worth of the property, and could sell the balance with improvements for $35,000 or $40,000.

Mr. Leahy is a Tipperary man, a cousin of the late Archbishop of Cashel, and became a capitalist in mining before he acquired real estate. A volume could not contain the records of such men as Mr. Leahy, who have become wealthy in Santa Clara County by their industry and good management.

Thomas Leahy, Esq., has a large family of children, who have and are acquiring a first-class education at Santa Clara and San Jose.

San Jose and Santa Clara were the sites of missions, the remains of which stand to this day, the one at Santa Clara being incorporated with the University there, under the care of the Jesuit Fathers; and the San Jose being situated about eighteen miles north of the city of San Jose, at present the parish church of the district and the residence of the clergymen in charge of the congregation.

The climate of Santa Clara is healthy, whether in the valleys or the hills, and the atmosphere is clear and seldom burdened with the disagreeable fogs which prevail at San Francisco and in most towns situated near the ocean. The crops grow generally without irrigation, except, indeed, strawberries, which are produced all the year round, and some other small fruits, which must have irrigation to thrive well or become profitable to the cultivator. In most parts of the county, however, water can be procured in sufficient quanties for irrigation by artesian wells, which, when sunk two or three hundred feet, yield a most abundant supply of pure, clear water. On the farm of Thomas L. Smith, Esq., of the town of Milpitas, who has a ranch of about one thousand acres, there is an artesian well the water from which flows continually, and forms a little creek after it leaves the shaft near his farm-house; afterwards, dividing into little rivulets, it covers the entire of his pasture-land, which is always green, and on which his fine drove of dairy cattle feed and get fat.

Mr. Smith, also, besides his dairy cattle of thoroughbreds, has several studs of fine horses and same full-blooded dogs and greyhounds, one of which is likely to become as noted for his speed as the famous "McGrath" was in Ireland.

Mr. Smith is a native of Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, and came to America in 1853, and to California about eighteen years ago. In the same town of Milpitas are several wealthy Irish farmers, some of whom, like the Synnotts and O'Tooles, enjoyed no small share of historic fame, even in Ireland.

John Synnott left gallant Wexford in 1831 and came to California in 1851. He is a native of Ballaghkeene, where his ancestors lived for centuries. He is at present seventy-seven years old, and is the father of a large and well-educated family. One of his relatives was for many years parish priest of Wexford town. Mr. Synnott's father, and all of his immediate relatives, took part in all the actions against the English in the rebellion of '98, where some of them sacrificed their lives and shed their blood for old Ireland.

William O'Toole and his brother also own large tracts of land in Milpitas, and their brother, Lawrence O'Toole, in the township of Gilroy.

This family came from one of the oldest and the noblest in Ireland, where they were princes and chiefs for centuries. The original Celtic form of spelling the name was "Ua Tuathail," anglicized O'Toole. The clan O'Toole were princes "in Mureadhaigh" (pronounced Murragha). St. Laurence was named Lorcan ua Tuathil, son of Murcherta, Lord of "in Murcherta," in Leinster, and died in 1180, in France. Some pro-English historians tried to make out that our St. Laurence was in favor of the Saxon domination in Ireland. But that is refuted by the actions of the Saint, as shown by the illustrious Dr. Lanigan, who, educated in

Italy and a professor of Pavia, condemned the unprecedented action of Pope Adrian IV. in consigning the government of Ireland to his countryman, King Henry II.

All classes of Irishmen are well represented in Santa Clara County. Bankers, by McLaughlin and Murphy; physicians, by Abraham McMahon, Riley and others; journalists, by Judge Twohy, editor of the *Herald;* merchants, by Divine & Lorigan, Captain Welsh, N. B. Edwards, Mark Bradley, Corkery and others; clergymen, by Father Dowling, a pious and popular young priest, Father Hudson, of Gilroy, a man of sterling worth, and the learned Dr. Cassidy, of Mission of San Jose; capitalists, James McMahon, Esq., C. W. Wilson, Esq., and several others. In fact, in all parts of the whole county Irishmen stand in the most prominent positions in society, finance, commerce and education, leaving religion out altogether, for that sacred topic does not come within the scope of the writer of this work in the present instance. It is true, the educational institution at Santa Clara was in existence before the Irish came to the State, and owes its foundation to the Spanish. But the college and the convents, too, are patronized and principally supported by the Irish people and their children. The Irish farmers of the county send their sons to Santa

Clara and their daughters to San Jose to receive a thorough and finished education.

Want of space will compel us to omit the names of hundreds of subscribers to this book in Santa Clara County and elsewhere, such as Michael Hughes, a Meath man, at Milpitas since '49, a large landowner; Mr. S. Scully, of Santa Clara, a pioneer of '49, too, a native of Borris in Ossory, Queen's County, and a Mr. Mullen, born in America, but of Irish parents, who owns a large sheep ranch south of San Jose.

There are a few men, however, who, from peculiar circumstances, could not have their names omitted from these pages without detracting from the interest which the reader would expect to find in them.

One of these is Edward Fox, Esq., a native of Dublin or its vicinity, who arrived in California in '52. Mr. Fox is one of the most extensive and best educated gardeners in the country. He has about 130 acres under young fruit and ornamental trees, and every variety of flowers. Mr. Fox exports his plants to all parts of the country, even to Europe, and has introduced several new varieties of seedling and grafted fruits and flowers by his scientific system of *hybridization*. Perhaps his countryman's great nursery of Barry & Elwanger, near Rochester, N. Y., is more famous than that of Mr. Fox. But most likely he stands at the head of the business in the United States, as he certainly does in California.

William O'Donnell, Esq., too, is a professional gardener, but, of late years, has, we understand, paid more attention to landscape gardening than to the raising of fruits. His recreation gardens at San Jose are resorted to by the public on holidays and on occasions of excursions, and are kept under excellent management. Mr. O'Donnell, as he deserves, derives a large income from his popular place of amusement.

The exploits of "Mountain Charley," or Charles McKernan, demand a limited notice in this place. Mr. McKernan is a native of the County of Leitrim, in Ireland, and emigrated from that country in '48. He came directly to California, without making unnecessary delays in the Eastern States, and at once took to mining and soon after to trapping or hunting, after securing a large tract of land on the elevated regions between San Jose and Santa Cruz, not far from Watsonville. Mr. McKernan had to fight, not only Indians, who once stampeded his cattle and horses, as he and party were crossing the Sierras, but he pursued and compelled the savages to return the plunder, after an engagement of some hours. After the defeat of the Indians he had to fight wild beasts, after he got settled on his ranch. One evening, on the Santa Cruz foothills, he saw a large grizzly bear across a small ravine from where he was about to encamp. "Charley," though he had only a single-barrel gun, could not resist the inclination to fire. He did accordingly fire, but the bear, instead of falling dead in the ravine, as "Charley" expected, leaped across it and in a few minutes attacked the hunter.

Not having time to reload he had to club the gun, which, though it stunned the beast, left "Charley" without a weapon. The enraged animal soon had him under, and seizing him by the frontal bone of the skull, literally tore it out, from the eyes to the sutures, and crunched it beneath his teeth. As the bear was about to make a second mouthful of the remaining part of the skull, a companion of Mr. McKernan shot the brute dead. Of course "Mountain Charley" was given up for dead, even by the physician who attended him in a couple of days afterwards. But, contrary to all experience of surgery, "Charley" survived and still lives, without a forehead and with his eyes distorted and apparently out of their ordinary orbits. "Mountain Charley" lives in good health has a valuable cultivated ranch of over two thousand acres, and is the father of an interesting and large family. He has an elegant mansion in the city of San Jose, besides the residence on the farm, where his family rusticate during the "heated term."

John Cooney, another Irishman farmer, in the vicinity of San Jose, is one of those men whose lives are considerably shaped and directed by adventure before they settle down to the quiet habits of a tiller of the soil. Mr. Cooney was born in Greenhall, in the County of Tipperary. He emigrated from the old country before '48, and having "come out West" to northern Illinois, commenced his career at mining, at Galena, a town which derives its name from the lead (or Galena, in Greek), found in that vicinity. Mr. Cooney was chiefly instrumental in 1849, in rescuing an Irishman named White, who was arrested by two Irish government detectives, and claimed under the Ashburton treaty. White was in Cooney's company when arrested by the "peelers," in colored clothes. It seems they had a wagon or carriage, and invited White and Cooney to take a ride into town, which the latter accepted. But, after proceeding about a mile, the detectives put White under arrest, and warned Cooney at the muzzle of the pistol to return home to the country. He did return home, but when he did, he mounted a horse and alarmed all the neighborhood, and caused them to go in pursuit of the "peelers" and their victim. The detectives thought they had their victim in safety when they reached the city, and securing him in irons, they were waiting for the next steamboat to carry him off. The crowd of Irishmen and sympathizers, however, grew from hundreds to thousands, and instantly an attack was made on the hotel where the "peelers" and their victim were lodged. They searched the whole edifice and could not find the prisoner, and such was the indignation at their conduct, that a Mrs. Ryan, whose property the hotel was, told them to burn it to ashes, rather than to allow an Irishman be taken back by the British Government, for the laudable action of defending his homestead against the tyrrany of landlords. Finally the "peelers" were seized on by the crowd, and told to prepare for instant death, if the prisoner was not produced. Whereupon, trembling and begging for their lives, they brought White forth from where they stowed him. And without any personal injury done to them, they were ordered out of town on foot, and the warrant of the British Government was torn into little bits before their faces. The Mayor of the city was afterward tried for allowing this rescue to take place, at a time when he had one hundred men in arms at his command. But he was acquitted, when it was proved, that with one thousand men, it would be imprudent for him to act under the circumstances. The truth was, that the Mayor, like all true-hearted Americans, thought it beneath his dignity to risk his life or the lives of his men in carrying out the designs of the British Government. General Grant was then a resident of Galena, and luckily was not in power to aid his "mother country's" officials. The memory of the war of independence and the cruelties England inflicted on the colonists were too recent in the minds of the Eastern people to allow them to interest themselves much in maintaining the laws of that country, which called in the Indians to scalp their revolutionary fathers.

Mr. Cooney, himself perhaps the victim of landlord tyranny, retained a vivid recollection of the power of the "peelers" in Ireland, and on this account he exerted himself to save a fellow countryman from the clutches of the merciless landlord law. And he rejoices to reflect that his interference succeeded, and that he was instrumental in saving one more victim from the gallows. For, guilty or not guilty of the charge against him, poor White would surely hang but for the interference of John Cooney and his neighbors. John has a large ranch and a large family, and he expends a large amount of his income in keeping his children at Santa Clara College. For, like his countryman, Thomas Leahy, he believes that the best inheritance he can leave his sons is to give them a good education, a sentiment universal among Irish-Americans, and practically acted on by the Irish-American population of Santa Clara County.

CHAPTER XII.

OVERLAND IMMIGRANTS. THE ADVENTURES AND TRIALS OF THE CANADIAN-MISSOURI PARTY, UNDER MARTIN MURPHY AND JAMES MILLER IN 1844. THE DANGERS THEY PROVIDENTIALLY SURMOUNTED. BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES MILLER, ESQ., OF "MILLER HALL," NEAR SAN RAFAEL. HIS SUCCESS IN LIFE. DESCRIPTION OF MILLER HALL. ACCOUNT OF AN EARTHQUAKE AND PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION FROM ASSASSINATION.

In this chapter, it is our pleasing duty to relate the incidents which the party under guidance of Martin Murphy and James Miller, his son-in-law, encountered in the hazardous undertaking of reaching California overland, as early as the year of grace, 1844. Three years afterward, the Donner party attempted to accomplish what the Miller-Murphy party did, and the most heartrending misfortunes befell them. In fact, one-half, or nearly one-half of them, perished by famine or canabalism! But, by the Providence of God, and the resolution of the hardy Irish immigrants, the Murphy-Miller party reached their destination under similar difficulties, without the loss of a single soul. This wonderful success was due, under God, in a great measure, to the indomitable energy and prudence of James Miller. James Miller, like his relatives, the Murphys, is a Wexford man, and born in 1813, in the townland of Upton, Parish of Littermore, in the County of Wexford, and immigrated to Canada as early as 1821, in company with his parents, William Miller and Catherine Duff, his wife. He had six children, the old gentleman, all of whom are living in Canada, save the subject of this sketch and one who died young. Mr. Miller married in 1837, his wife being the third daughter of Martin Murphy, Esq., and is at present in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Miller is a lady of the most amiable disposition, with a heart ever ready to sympathize with suffering, and the orphans and the poor have reason to bless her for her charities. In her countenance she exhibits the dignity of a Roman matron, inherited from her ancestors, mingled with the sweetness of a saint of the middle ages. And her children inherit her sterling virtues. This lady, being, as already stated, the daughter of Martin Murphy, projector of the expedition, and wife of the principal and most active member of the party, must have assuredly have borne more than her share of the cares and perils of the tedious journey. The other female members of the party must have looked up to her as to a mother, in their moments of trouble. Nor did they look to her in vain. She had that in her countenance which indicated great firmness, blended with kindness, and her cheerfulness and resignation encouraged the despondent and stimulated the courageous to new exertions, and cast a gleam of hope like a ray of light over the spirits of the entire party, consisting, in all, of about sixty individuals, one-half of whom were Americans who joined them on the way. Every day had its tedious routine of duties; to unharness and water the horses; to corral the vehicles for shelter and defense; to feed the animals and lead them to pasturage; to cook and prepare food for the party, and finally, to keep watch over the the camp and enjoy the rest of sleep.

To be able to endure this routine of duties, not to speak of crossing rivers and mountains, and sliding down the [illegible] of precipices; to do these things for a week, or a month, would seem at present to be a most difficult undertaking. But, to continue a labor of which the above is only a brief and imperfect summary for six or eight, would seem to be a herculean task indeed. Yet this was accomplished without the loss of a man, or, as far as we could learn, of an animal, during eight dreary months, under the guidance, we may say, of James Miller, for he was younger than his father-in-law, and bóre the heaviest duties on his shoulders. Let anybody think, who has ever crossed the plains, of having to face the red sun every day, whose rays were dazzling; of having to encounter the breath of these sometimes hot and sometimes cold, rainy winds; of having to suffer that almost continual thirst from the blinding alkali, drifting in ridges like snow-banks; of having to lay down under the poor shelter of a clumsy tent; of having to rise in the morning without fires to warm the numbed limbs; of having to go miles, perhaps, in search of chips, or the dried drippings of the buffalo, to burn for fuel; of having to endure heat, cold, hunger, fatigue and sadness every single day during the long, long period of eight months that it took to accomplish this terrible retreat through the wilderness, and that before the discovery of gold to elevate the spirit. Who can realize these, and a thousand other trials the overland passenger had to undergo, must acknowledge that the undertaking was truly heroic and sufficient to immortalize those who succeeded in its accomplishment? At length there is a change in the monotony of the dreary plains. The hill and snow-capped mountains are reached, which in their solemn grandeur inspire the mind by their sublimity, and by their friendly shadows protect the wayfarers from the scorching rays of the sun.

For a few days the change of scene encourages the despairing and kindles within the sinking breast a hope that from the summit of the highest pass through the mountains all could get a view of the land which they were seeking to possess. But this brief imagination, inspired by hope, was soon dispelled when it was found that the mountains, if they cheered their spirits, also retarded their progress to their destination.

There was a not unfounded fear, too, that at any moment, while defiling through the narrow passages of the mountains, they may be attacked and scalped by the savage tribes which made their homes in the sombre valleys of the "snowy range." But this danger the brave Wexford man Miller dissembled, for fear of alarming the women and the weaker members of the party. But the Providence which protected them and almost miraculously saved them afterward, in the defiles of the [illegible] Sierras, shielded them, while passing at the base of the Rocky Mountains, from the [illegible] of hostile Indians. At length, after a tedious travel of about five months, the plains and mountains are passed and the "divide" reached, where the streams, rivers and creeks change their courses, all flowing toward the west and southwest, instead of the opposite direction, which they took in the East. This change of scene, too, had had a cheerful effect on the party, who began to imagine that, as the face of nature seemed to be turned smilingly toward the West, and as their journey henceforth would be on an inclined plane toward the Pacific, they would soon get a glimpse, if not a full view, of California.

Here, then, by the banks of the Humboldt River, when they reached what is called "its Sink," on the 10th of November, '44, the party resolved to rest themselves for about ten days, to gather strength and provide for the remainder of the journey. The cattle were let out to grass, the horses unharnessed, while the men and women, too, busied themselves with repairing outfits, mending damaged vehicles, washing soiled clothing, and the younger members busied themselves in shooting game, which, in the shape of wild ducks, geese, sage hens, as well as antelopes and deer, were very abundant, and scarcely heeded the presence of their pursuers.

Refreshed and renewed though they all were, men and animals, after ten days' rest and recreation, yet this delay possibly occasioned most of the sufferings which the party were soon to undergo in the defiles of the Sierras, near Truckee Lake.

The sun withdrew his pleasant face from where they camped a day or two, ere they renewed their journey. The sky became clouded, and the first fall of mountain snow warned them to make haste and depart. They did set out, but their progress was very much slower than before, through the alkaline and sandy drifts of the mountains. Before it was the glare of the red, angry sun that annoyed them, or the blowing blasts of the dusty plains that almost suffocated them. But now it was the snow, the snow that blew into their eyes, like fine sand, or gathered into high ridges to stop them, or treacherously filled deep ravines and pits, as it were, in order to lure them on to destruction. This was a dreadful journey to pursue for about a month, when, as the cattle and teams were on the point of starvation, and the entire party wearied and almost frozen, they came to the resolution of building some cabins to protect the weaker members of the party from the weather, and thus save them from inevitable dustruction.

Accordingly, log-cabins were built, all of the cattle that was not needed for work around the camp or used by the men to go in search of relief, were killed, and the flesh carefully preserved for the subsistence of those in camp. It was in December, '44, when the party was secure in their shelter of rude log houses, roofed by poles extended across the walls and covered by the hides of cattle that had been butchered, that the men were prepared to depart in search of some settlements.

After having confided the women and children to the care of Mr. Miller, the brave men who volunteered to go in search of settlements or other evidence of civilization, departed. The men who departed, after many days' travel, reached "Fort Helvetia," the residence of Captain Sutter.

When they reached Fort Helvetia, the residence of Captain Sutter, they found the country in a state of war, a rebellion having broken out against Micheltorena's authority, in which many of the Mexicans joined, and most of the Americans, aided by Captain McKenley. The party of emigrants joined in this uprising or were probably compelled to do so, as they marched as far as San Jose, as a part of the revolutionary forces. They were soon, however, allowed to return to the Sierras, but several weeks elapsed before they got back. In the mean time provisions were scarce among the inmates of the log cabins. All their flour, which consisted of only three barrels when they entered camp, was now consumed. And no wonder, when about fifty persons had to subsist on that limited supply. The starvation stage of their existence now commenced, and dire destruction began to stare them when they were obliged to cook and try to eat the hides that protected them from the weather, on the roofs of the cabins. And no doubt the fate of the Donner party would have been theirs, but for the presence of mind and cool deliberation of James Miller, the true guardian of the whole party, who, rather than see his people die of starvation, resolved himself to go in search of relief. Accordingly, with his gun, a blanket and an ax, and a small supply of meat, he started almost in spite of the advice of the inmates of the camp, who felt, when he was gone, that they had no protector. Accompanied by his little son William, a child of only a dozen years, he set out with the tardy consent of his affectionate wife, who, with the heroism worthy of epic renown, was satisfied that her husband should sacrifice his life—like the good Shepherd—for the flock committed to his charge. He traveled on for four or five days with his son, like Iülus, following at a distance in his father's tracks. Finally, the little hero who volunteered to go with his father, became entirely exhausted, and lying down on the snow at the brow of a precipice, he flung the cup which he carried to drink out of, and his blanket, over the cliff, after which he slept soundly. When he woke from his slumbers he felt thirsty, and finding he had not his cup, he seized on one of his father's boots, who also was taking a needed rest, and drank copiously from a snowy rivulet. Their small supply of food was already spent, and death by starvation should be their inevitable fate, had not the intrepid and active pioneer providentially encountered some game, which he shot, and had soon prepared for food. Supplying his empty haversack with some of this food, he was preparing to continue his journey toward the southwest, when the boy William, who was a little way ahead of his father, and whose hearing was most acute, ran back to report that he heard the jingling of bells. In a few moments afterward, horses appeared, and a party of men, whom the good man recognized as his companions who went in search of and brought relief. The journey back to the camp was made in the course of one day, where the famishing inmates of the cabins were soon rejoiced and refreshed by the plentiful supply of food sent by the benevolent Col. Sutter. The colonel was a native of Holland, who, after great trials and wandering, settled in California, and finally erected a fort and permanently settled down near the site of the present city of Sacramento, where he had received a grant of a large tract of land from the Mexican Government. His name has been historical, a synonym for kindness and benevolence to all, and they were thousands, who visited his place during the years of the coming of the emigrants, from '44 to '50, and before or afterward.

Being a resident of Switzerland, though a Batavian by birth, and probably educated in the vicinity of the celebrated St. Bernard's Hospice, it was natural to him to know how to relieve the destitute, and save hundreds from perishing in the defiles of the rugged Sierras.

James Miller, Esq., who is justly entitled to the merit of having saved what is called the Murphy immigration party, in '44, from the terrible fate of the Donner Lake party in '47, has resided near the village of San Rafael, Marin County, on his farm, formerly called Las Galinas, consisting of several thousand acres, 10,000 or 12,000, at least, purchased by him from the Alcalde, Timothy Murphy, already mentioned in this work.

The residence of Mr. Miller, known as "Miller Hall," occupies a most charming site, about four miles north of San Rafael, on the Petaluma mail road, about a quarter of a mile from the highway. The mansion is a square, massive edifice, with a veranda all around and an observatory on top, very commodiously divided into apartments, and tastefully, if not splendidly furnished. The house stands on a knoll in a pretty vale of about a mile in width, and surrounded on three sides by a ridge of hills, which, like walls, shelter it from the chilling blasts of the ocean, as well as protect it from the scorching sirocoes of the north. The building faces eastward, and there is a view in that direction of the bay and the ever-changing hue of its waters, disturbed almost continually by the paddles of steamers or keels of sailing vessels, interrupting the natural changes of its surface. In the same direction, but beyond the bay, stand Mount Diavolo and the bronzed and weather-beaten hills of Contra Costa, looking down upon the bay with heads parched and burned, reminding one of the Titans of mythology begging a drop of water to moisten their burning brows.

In a word, to complete the charms of this lovely spot where Miller Hall stands, there are several springs of water, having their sources in the surrounding hills, which is conveyed in pipes to the mansion and distributed in each of its many apartments through metallic tubes, and also supplying a pond and a "jette de l'eau" with refreshing showers of cooling water.

This elegant mansion is the home of Mr. Miller and family, consisting of his faithful wife, with five accomplished daughters and two sons, three others, two daughters and a son, William Miller, Jr., having been married some years ago.

The incidents herein recorded of the trials and sufferings of what we shall call the Murphy-Miller party of immigrants, are only few and unimportant compared with occurences such as the following, which were overlooked: After the departure of Mr. Miller from the log-camp in search of the party that left previously, a terrible earthquake occurred in the Sierras, which precipitated mountains into the valley, caused the very ground upon which the huts were erected to dance and reel, so that the inmates could hardly stand erect. The very logs in the fireplace were hurled against the sides of the huts, while immense rocks, trees and masses of frozen earth rushed down the sides of precipices, like pebbles driven before a cataract. This was the condition of things around them on all sides, while overhead the lightning dazzled, the thunder roared with ten thousand reverberating echoes, the hail descended destructfully; torrents of water rushed down in streams from the black clouds, all presaging impending destruction. But nature soon, like a raving maniac, became exhausted, and the violence of the storm was succeeded by a delightful serenity.

Even after having settled on land at that early day all danger to our farmer was not at an end. One day, while Mr. Miller and his hired help were preparing the soil for a crop, in the spring of '45, he was interrupted by a visit from a band of irregular soldiers, under command of De La Torres, who was in pursuit of other marauders under De Castro and Micheltorena. The band of armed assassins, for they were no better, levelled their muskets at Mr. Miller and ordered him to prepare for instant death. He was stationed about twelve yards distance, and the whole troop ordered to prepare at the word of command to fire. Just as the word was about to be uttered two voices at once cried "hold, hold!" And then two young Frenchmen who had influence with the commander demanded that the man should be tried before execution—a thing which these Mexican ruffians thought too slow a process to go through. The trial was, of course, short, and led to the immediate release of the victim.

From the above account of the difficulties which one party encountered in procuring themselves homes in California, an opinion may be formed of the courage and perseverence which were needed by others who successfully accomplished the journey across the plains at that early day. But, though multitudes succeeded in making the overland journey successfully, many failed in the attempt, and the many shallow graves all along from Omaha to Sacramento prove that hundreds, if not thousands, sacrificed their lives in their greed to grasp the golden sands of California.

"The Mountain Meadow massacre" has horrified the civilized world by the atrocity of its perpetrators, and the "Donner Lake" horrors shock the feelings of our common humanity. No doubt there were several of our race murdered at Mountain Meadows, as there were many among the Donner party of eighty individuals, nearly one-half of whom perished by hunger and cold, many of them having eaten the flesh of their nearest and dearest friends to save themselves from the horrors of starvation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DONNER LAKE CATASTROPHE. MISTAKES MADE BY THOSE UNDER WHOSE CONDUCT IT SET OUT. CANIBALISM SUCCEEDS MURDER. SEVERAL SUCCESSIVE TRIPS ACROSS THE PLAINS. INSTANCES OF IRISHMEN WHO MADE THE TRIP FREQUENTLY, ETC. APOCRYPHAL STORY ABOUT AN IRISH CATHOLIC COLONY.

Though it comes not within the scope which the writer of this volume proposed to himself, in undertaking to relate any events not having any connection with the Irish race in California, yet, because there were several Irish families among the sufferers at Donner Lake, and these the most deserving and undespairing of the whole party, it seems not to be out of place to give a brief account of that dreadful occurrence in this volume. The Donner party were principally from Tennessee, from counties bordering on the Cumberland River, and though ostensibly a party of native Americans, had at least one-third of its members of Irish birth or origin. For instance, there were the Murphys, most of whom who survived, and the Breens, the Dolans, Hallorins, who did most of the praying and kept the only daily journal of those terrible days, always ending his entries in his little log-book with a prayer that the merciful God would soon come to their relief. One of the Murphys—a Mary—who survived, gave the name Marysville to the metropolis of Yuba County, and her brother William is City Attorney, and a distinguished lawyer of said burgh. In the organization of the Donner party, a serious mistake was made in the election of a brute like Reed as captain, who was so unfeeling as to murder one of the party, named Snyder, for a slight disobedience of rules. After this instance of barbarous cruelty, the so-called captain ought either to have been executed as a murderer, or at least degraded from his position. He was driven off or left the party soon after the murder of Snyder. Then again, when the party ran short of food, the two Indian guides who volunteered to extricate them from their predicament, were murdered and devoured by the entire party. The survivors plundered their dead companions' property, and seemed more anxious to save it than their lives. So accustomed did the wretches become to the use of human flesh, that when relief came, they preferred the flesh of their fellowmen to that of beef or mutton. There was even one named Keisburgh, who, it was suspected, murdered several of his companions to devour them. For over three months the whole party suffered from cold, and hunger, and sickness. When a death occurred, the flesh was instantly torn from the skeleton and devoured by the survivors.

The following is an extract from one of the newspapers of that date, 10th April, 1847:

"The bones of those who had died and been miserably devoured by those who survived were lying around their tents and cabins. The bodies of men, women and children, with one-half the flesh torn from them, lay on every side. A woman sat by the side of the body of her husband, who had just died, cutting out his tongue to eat it. The heart she had already cut out of his breast and broiled and eat it. The daughter was seen eating the flesh of her father, which she smoked to preserve it for future use; the mother that of her children; the children that of their parents. The emaciated, wild and ghastly appearance of the survivors added horror to the scene. Language cannot describe the awful change that a few weeks of dire suffering had wrought in the minds of the wretched beings. Those who, but one month before, would have shuddered at the thought of eating human flesh or of killing their relatives or companions to preserve their own lives, now looked upon the opportunity by these acts afforded them of escaping the most dreadful of deaths as a Providential interference on their behalf! Calculations were coldly made, as they sat gloomily around their fires in camps, for the next meals of human flesh! Various expedients were devised to prevent the dreadful crime of murder, but they finally resolved to kill those who had the least claims to longer existence. * * * Some sunk into the arms of death cursing God for their miserable fate, brought on by themselves, while the last whisperings of others were prayers and praise to the Almighty. After the few first days but one, the all-absorbing thought prevailed of self-preservation. The fountains of all natural affection were dried up. Even the wild Indians, having visited their camp with hostile intentions, pitied them, and instead of destroying them, as they could have easily done, divided their own scanty food with them. When the party sent to relieve them with ordinary food arrived, so barbarous had those wretches become that they preferred the putrid human meat to that of cereals and animal food sent to relieve them. The day before relief arrived one of the party took a child, four years old, to bed with him, and eat it before morning. The next day another child was devoured in the same manner."

Some clung to their property till death, which, it is thought, many of them could have escaped, had they not clung to it with desperation.

Let us contrast the conduct of the Donner party with that of the Murphy-Miller party, caught in the selfsame predicament, three years before, and the reader will see how superior the organization, how indomitable the courage and how confiding and trustful in God's mercies was the character of the latter when compared with the former. Instead of cursing and blaspheming God's providence, as happened by the majority, but not all, in the Donner party, there was the most perfect resignation and confidence in the Divine assistance, that not one, for a moment, in the darkest hour, despaired. Instead of plotting the murder of their fellowmen, as was done in the instance of the two Indian guides, and most probably in several other instances, all the men of the Murphy-Miller party went off in search of supplies, exposing themselves to the danger of perishing of want in order that those in the camp should not run short of provisions. In a word, there was no discord, no idleness, no blasphemous reproaches among the Murphy-Miller party, as was evidently the case among the Donner immigrants. Hence, though situated in exactly the same circumstances, the former were saved and reached their destination in good order, while the latter were demoralized and well nigh entirely destroyed. After the Donner calamity became known and published it was feared that immigration to the country would be retarded at the recital of such unnatural occurrences. But no; for in less than a year after the discovery of gold in fabulous quantities in California was circulated on the wings of the press, from all parts of the United States, and, it may be said, from all over the civilized earth, a stream of immigration set in so continuous, so large and so irresistible that not a hundred Donner Lake misfortunes could check its onward course. There were other accidents on a smaller scale than the Donner, many were massacred by Indians and disguised robbers, and along the whole route there were evidences of suffering, disease, murder and treachery. But such was the hurry people were in to reach the "gold diggings" and to become rich that they scarce looked at the horrors before their eyes, so blind were they to every other pursuit or dead to every feeling save that of getting gold. Soon the journey across the plains on foot or with cattle being an affair of some six months' travel lost all its dangers and adventures, and some men, like John McGrath, of Colusa, made the journey both ways [illegible] with large herds of cattle. And another man, [illegible] Leyden, who afterwards settled in Marysville, traveled over the plains probably some fifteen to twenty times, for he followed the occupation of bringing parties and freight by contract across the plains. The good old man died about a year since, regretted by all who knew him during his honest career in business, and was followed to the grave by a large cortege of his townsmen in Marysville. He died in peace and happiness, and has left a large family of well-educated children to perpetuate his memory. His son, John F. Leyden, Esq., carries on his father's business in Marysville, and inherits all the virtues of his pious father. He is an instance of what a careful, pious education can effect with the youth of California.

There is an account of one of our countrymen named Clark, who, in '49, crossed the plains alone; and though he carried no weapons, not even a shot-gun, reached the golden land in safety, carrying his supplies on a wheelbarrow and being protected from attacks by Indians simply by his being alone, the dusky Arabs of the wilderness thinking it dishonorable to attack a solitary individual. There were two other Irishmen, Kelly and Conway, who crossed the plains without even a wheelbarrow, and no more supplies than they carried in a haversack. They were armed, however, by means of which they secured themselves plenty of animal food. The only vegetables they had were berries and roots of herbs. They were healthy and vigorous, though they made the journey from Kansas to Sacramento in little over three months. We understand they are now settled in Oregon.

In or about the year '46, we read in some of the *veracious* histories of California, which, though not old, are already to be found among dusty old books, that there was an Irish priest named McNamara, who got a grant of large tracts of land, in or near the San Joaquin Valley, which the Mexicans more readily granted him, the priest, because he engaged to settle Roman Catholic Irishmen on the lands granted. And that the plan would have succeeded, only that the priest died, and that the "Path-finder Fremont" and his fillibusters anticipated and frustrated the plans of the Irish priest.

This story may be true in part at least. It may be true that McNamara made some such proposition to the Mexican authorities, and that they were willing to grant the lands. But it is not likely that the Mexican Government, which granted its lands so liberally to Col. Sutter, Jas. Black, of Marin County, and to numerous other men who were not Catholics, would concern itself about the religion of the immigrants, whether they were Catholics, Protestants, or atheists. The Mexicans wanted but inhabitants for their lands, not enquiring about their religion. It is certain that before the revolution, or rather conquest of California by the United States, more grants of lands were made to Protestants than to Catholics, as it is equally well known that in Peru, and other South American republics who invite immigration, the vast majority of those who get the lands *free*, and other advantages, are German Protestants and atheists, who receive the same liberal treatment as if they were the most orthodox Catholics. And this is another evidence, is it not, of the illiberality of the Latin races? If a colony of Catholics applied for the like encouragement to any liberal Protestant government, would they be successful?

The story of McNamara and his Irish colony, then, needs confirmation, for its narrators adduce no proof beyond rumor to corroborate their statements. It is certain, however, that England was negotiating for the possession of California, in lieu of heavy sums of money which Mexico owed her. It is known that an English fleet was on its way to take and keep forcible possession of the country and reached the port of Monterey a few hours after the territory was annexed by proclamation, by Commodore Sloat. But if England had succeeded in planting the "union jack," where the stars and stripes then floated proudly, she could not have held the country for a month, for the veteran Kearney had arrived, and his 1,600 boys, mostly all Irishmen, together with Col. Stevenson's volunteers, 1,000 strong, would have had made short work of the "red-coats," had they succeeded in landing in California, with a view of conquest.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MILITARY MEN OF OUR RACE. COPPINGER AND GRAHAM, LEADERS IN REVOLUTION OF 1836. GRAHAM AND MCGINLY REBEL AGAINST MEXICAN TYRANNY. COL. STEVENSON'S REGIMENT AND THE BRAVE IRISH OF HIS COMMAND. RESCUE OF PRISONERS AT SAN ANTONIO, AND RELIEF OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT LOS ANGELES. BRAVERY BELONGS TO NO CLASS, BUT FOUND MOST AMONG PEASANTS.

Though no great or brilliant battles decided the conquest of California from the Mexican Government, yet there was some fighting to be done under difficulties, and of this, no small share fell to the lot of our countrymen. The revolt of the people in 1836 against Gutierrez, was headed by two

Irishmen, Coppinger and Graham, the former of whom, by the way, the *veracious* compilers of the "Annals of San Francisco," call an *Englishman*. This Col. Coppinger was not only an Irishman, but a native of Cork, a near relative of a bishop of that name, of Cloyne diocese, and of the medical profession. Graham, also, though an American by choice, was of Irish birth or parentage. These men rallied all the American and foreign population, and by the co-operation of the most spirited of the Spanish and Mexicans, declared the country a free and independent republic. General Vallejo favored this revolution, and as the reward of what the Mexicans called his treachery, but what Americans named his patriotism, he was made commander of the army, and his nephew, Alvarado, Civil Governor. This state of things lasted for six years, until the arrival of Micheltorena, in 1842. Micheltorena, sent by Santa Anna, was no improvement in his manner of government on the system of his predecessors, who nine or ten in number, since the departure of the last Spanish Governor, Sola, in 1823, had all continued the same system of arbitrary rule and public plunder, which has been, from that day to this, the leading characteristics of their period in power.

Bands of licensed plunderers scoured the country

North and South, and under the pretense of detecting treasonable designs, or catering for the necessities of the State, pillaged the country without mercy, and frequently assassinated those who were tardy in yielding to their demands. Mr. Miller, of San Rafael, as already stated, had a most miraculous escape from a troop of those emissaries of Micheltorena, and was barely saved from instant murder by the interposition of some French gentlemen, who held command in the marauding party. But, as violence always produces revolution, and in the government of the State or the Church has generally a reaction, the very reverse of what is expected by its blinded advocates, so Micheltorena lost his hold of the sword of State and was again in his turn compelled to give way, in 1846, the rebellion against his brief authority having been successful, through the bravery of Capt. McGinly, another Irish-American.

Col. Fremont, too, when after having crossed over the plains and found the most accessible passes through the mountains, when he raised the "bear flag," had at least one-fourth, if not more, of his trusty sharpshooters to defend it—Irishmen. But if the conquest of California produced no generals to vie with Caesar or Napoleon, it produced men whose bravery the history of no country can eclipse, from Horatius Cocles, Mucius Scevola, the Fabii, or the three hundred that guarded the pass of Thermopylae. Among Col. Stevenson's volunteers were men as brave as ever unsheathed a sword or fired a musket. A detachment of Stevenson's volunteers were at La Paz, a distance of sixty miles from San Antonio, the headquarters of the Mexicans.

Finding that the enemy in his vicinity at La Paz was gone, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, in command, ordered a detail of his men to go out in search of cattle or something that would supply them with fresh animal food, the men being threatened with scurvy from the use of inferior diet. They succeeded in driving some half-starved cattle into camp, but on their way back they encountered three American sailors, who had run away from a whaler ship in Magdalena Bay. The sailors informed the foraging party that they saw eight American prisoners in the Mexican camp at San Antonio, who expected to be shot every day. The prisoners, the major part of whom were Irish, as the sailors probably were, too, urged the latter to run with the news of their situation to La Paz, for that no time was to be lost, as every hour might be their last.

Upon being interrogated as to the number of

Mexican soldiers in San Antonio they answered that they did not know, but the town was full of them. Finally, the twenty men who brought in the cattle all volunteered to go to rescue the condemned Americans in San Antonio. They told Colonel Burton what the sailors said, but he would not listen to the mad undertaking, and ordered them back to their quarters. The matter was discussed all over the camp, and thirty men were determined to make the attempt. After using all the arguments he could to dissuade this small division from going on such a perilous undertaking, Colonel Burton said, "If you are determined on going, boys, you can go, though it leaves me in a bad fix, for one of you I never expect to see again alive. Observe great silence in your march, and if you meet any persons on the road drive them back of you, for your only chance of success is to surprise the enemy's garrison." On they marched until near daylight, when they surprised the guards at San Antonio, broke their arms, and forbid them, under pain of death, to move or speak. When the detachment rode into town they sounded their bugles and raised the wild Irish cheer, that woke up the Mexicans and sent their troops in double-quick out of town.

In the dusk and twilight mist of the early dawn the Mexicans imagined and magnified the thirty into a thousand men. In fine, the six hundred Mexicans took to the hills. The seven or eight prisoners, one of them named John Scollin and another Duncan, lieutenant of the navy, were rescued in safety, and all the volunteers, except one named Hipwood, who fell mortally wounded, returned back in safety to Colonel Burton, at La Paz, the next day after the victory! He was really astonished and delighted at the success of their apparently hopeless enterprise.

There is not on record, we assert, anything that beats this in boldness, in valour, or in the singular exemption from casualties. The old Romans would have erected monuments to the memory of such heroes. For to save the life of one citizen deserved the public thanks of the Senate and a mural crown. And by whom were these deeds performed ? The heroes who rescued those seven or eight citizens were one-third of them Irishmen, without including Dennison, who was certainly of Irish descent. This would give thirty per cent., or about three hundred of Colonel Stevenson's thousand men, as Irishmen.

We here give a list of the names of the heroes: JOHN GALLAGHER, JOSEPH McDONAGH, PATRICK LYNCH, JAMES DRENNAN, MARTIN CAHILL, JOHN

MURPHY, JAMES MELVIN and JAMES O'SULLIVAN. John Scollin and Lieutenant Duncan were among the rescued. When Colonel Stevenson enlisted his volunteers in New York he picked out the men himself, and it seems he made a good selection. The Colonel must have Irish blood in his veins,* if he was not born in Ireland, as most of his Irish troops regarded him as a countryman, for he was very kind and courteous to them, and always called them "his boys." Not a line records these events in the "complete" history of California and "Annals of San Francisco." Oh no, it would not do to give the Irish their proper place in a book written under the inspiration of Know-nothingism, and whose object appears to be to whitewash the worst doings of mobs and vigilantes, when they ruled the country by the worst sort of despotism—that of a mob.

There is nothing in the whole book, or in the history of California, to compare with this episode of the rescue of eight prisoners, guarded by six hundred soldiers, by a detachment of only 30 cavalrymen.

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*Since writing the above, we spoke with Colonel Stevenson, who stated we were correct in putting him down as of Irish descent. He declined, however, to give us any information about his celebrated regiment of picked men, because he is about to publish a work himself, soon, on the subject

We give a few paragraphs in reference to the nativity and history of these brave men:

John Gallagher, born in Raphoe, Co. Donegal, Ireland, left home when 15 years, and landed in New York in 1840, where he learned the useful trade of blacksmithing. In '46, he laid down the hammer, relinquished the music of the anvil, and took up the sword and carbine in Colonel Stevenson's regiment, which got to San Francisco Feb. 5th, 1847. Served during the war, and was in many actions, until he was honorably discharged, in '48, since which time he has been a resident of California, except while he was going to see his parents, in 1852. He follows farming, including dairying and stock-raising, and lives at Sebastopol, in the county of Sonoma.

Equally brilliant was the action of the other thirty men, who volunteered at Santa Barbara, in April, '47,

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of his command, and of the services rendered by them in the conquest and pacification of the country. He corroborated, however, what we state about the bravery of his Irish-American soldiers.

AUTHOR.

to take ammunition to the American forces shut up within Los Angeles, and consisting of Kearney dragoons, mostly all wounded, and some Mormon soldiers.

Colonel Burton, after parade, announced to his battalions at Santa Barbara, the desperate situation at Los Angeles. The colonel said he would not order any of his men to go, but if they volunteered, he would give his consent to their departure.

Thirty men was all he could spare from his small force. The thirty men stood out to the front, and here again the Irishmen were among the first who volunteered. They were told it was a most perilous undertaking to travel 120 miles through the enemy's country, and carry relief to the beleagured. The ammunition was carefully stowed on a large cart, and the boys went into line in quick march, through a country where the sand was knee-deep, guided by two friendly Indians and a white teamster. The little forlorn hope was scarcely gone ten miles, when Col. Burton received a note from some officer whose name is not given, requesting him to recall the men, for none of them could ever reach their destination alive, and the ammunition should certainly be captured. Burton remarked to the courier that he would not recall the men, for he felt assured that they would not part with their ammunition without a hard fight. On they went, the thirty heroes, through sandy deserts and parched plains, and on the second day after their departure they arrived at Los Angeles, relieved the beleaguered, and after driving the enemy to the hills, returned sorefooted and fatigued, but yet victorious, without the loss of a man, to Santa Barbara. The names of the Irishmen who participated in this remarkable action, were: 1st, Charles McMullen, James Lynch, Pat. Lynch, Joseph McDonagh and Nicholas McDonagh, brothers, John Brady, Michael Conolly, John Gallagher, Thomas Gorman and O'Grady.

The particulars of this action is given in the following brief statement from one of the men engaged in it:

"The march through the burning sands, knee-deep, was continued by our band of Spartan heroes for about twenty-four hours. At last the Mexicans appeared, stationed on a hill, determined to dispute the advance of such an insignificent body as the thirty United States soldiers who faced them. A halt was ordered, and it w is proposed to the men either to retreat, after blowing up the ammunition, and return to Santa Barbara, or to advance and fight a body of men at least seven times their number. Every man of the ten

Irishmen who formed the soul of that little army gave his voice 'to advance.' 'It was better,' they remarked, 'to die fighting like men than to perish of thirst on the scorching plains.' The thirty advanced at a double-quick pace, and were soon face to face with at least three hundred of the enemy. Several volleys fired against them did not seem to obstruct their approach to the mountain's brow. Nicholas McDonough was the first who gained the crest of the hill, and being charged upon by a Mexican officer with a spear, he shot him dead and put his four companions to flight. Finally, turning round to his companions, whom he distanced in the race, he threw up his cap, raised the Irish cheer, well known on all the battle-fields of Europe, from Fontenoy to Ballaclava and Inkerman, and, as soon as his twenty-nine companions came up, having reached the hill, the Mexicans were retreating. The ammunition was safely delivered, and the beleaguered garrison of Los Angeles relieved!"

Nor can it be objected to our history that the most remarkable of our heroes of Irish birth or descent are of humble origin. As the celebrated Dr. Brownson once objected to the author of the "Cross and the Shamrock," that all his characters were taken from the peasant class. And yet this was the very circumstance that contributed to the immense popularity of that most popular of Irish-American tales. So here we give the history of men of our race, without distinction of position, origin or grade. No matter whether he crossed the plains behind a wheelbarrow, like Patrick Clark, or traveled in a silver-mounted parlor railroad carriage, like the modern Dives, all must stand on the same level and rise or fall beneath the searching scrutiny of history, in proportion as the merit they approbation or censure of posterity. Some of those men enumerated above in the first rank of Irish military glory have risen even in civil life to distinction, and all to comfort and competency.

John Gallagher, as already stated, is a comfortable farmer in Sonoma. Nicholas McDonagh, the hero of "Todos Angeles," is a wholesale merchant in the city of San Francisco. He was also distinguished in the late war of the Rebellion as a captain or higher command in Meagher's Irish Brigade. It seems the McDonaghs came of an old brave stock of Irishmen remakable for valor and patriotism; and as blood is apt to tell, it is no wonder that the martial ardor of the race still glows, unaffected by distance or time. James Lynch, another of the heroes of Stevenson's Brigade, is engaged in sheep-farming on an extensive scale, in the vicinity of San Louis Obispo.

Martin Cahill is in business in the city of Stockton, and all those brave men, if not millionaires, are at least in prosperous circumstances, and happy at the reflection, that by their bravery they helped to shape the destinies of this great country, freeing it of the harpies of Mexican cupidity, and opening it up to the enterprise and industry of the inhabitants of the whole globe.

Men talk of great leaders, and look to persons of rank or fortune, as the most likely to lead nations to victory or glory. But we know from history that some of the greatest heroes rose from the rank of peasants. Caius Marius was a plebeian, Spartacus a slave, and several of the marshals of Napoleon—like Bernadotte, the King of Sweden—were taken from the ranks of private soldiers, and the bravest man in all the thousands engaged in the siege of Sebastopol, was a Sergeant Crowley, with whom Marshall Canrobert declared he would divide one-half of his honors, if he could exchange them for the moiety of the bravery which distinguished the brave Corkonian. Education, wealth, or aristocratic birth, do not confer bravery. No, it is a gift of Heaven impressed on the soul, and is inherited or conferred on the peasant class infinitely more oft than on any other class whatever of the people.

We append the following eloquent remarks of Gen. Butler on the Irish soldier, and the sentiments, while they do but justice to the Irish soldiers, are most creditable to the head and heart of the general himself, who is not unworthy of the noble race from which he is descended:

"THE IRISH SOLDIER—GENERAL B. F. BUTLER'S LECTURE IN BOSTON ON THE "IRISH SOLDIER IN WAR AND PEACE—A THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF BATTLE SCENES AT MALVERN HILL.—General B. F. Butler delivered a lecture on Sunday evening last at the Boston Theatre, on 'The Irish soldier in War and Peace,' it being in aid of the family of the late Colonel B. F. Finan. In the course of it he said:

While Irish names, great and illustrious, will maintain a large place in the history of our country, we must not forget that many, nay, most of them, won their laurels leading troops made up of officers and men of the same race with themselves, organized into distinctive bodies, known in our army as the Irish regiments and brigades, and how much of their success and honor is due to the fact that the men they commanded were so well fitted by nationality, aptness for discipline, capability of taking care of themselves, elasticity of temperament, capacity for endurance, carelessness of danger, heedlessness of self-sacrifice, and courage in battle, that they soon became the finest soldiers the world ever saw.

As a rule, an Irish regiment never breaks. They always stand or retreat together; therefore they seem to possess naturally the first element which it is the office of discipline to supply to the army. Whether it is that, finding themselves in foreign lands, either as exiles, enforced or voluntary, each man looks upon each comrade as a brother, yet true it is, whether in peace or war, they are rarely known to desert each other, but each gives to each of substance, of labor, of sympathy—all that a man can receive from brother man. This trait of character is nowhere more conspicuously displayed, and to the reflecting mind there can be no more touching sight, than when we see long lines of stalwart men leaving their occupations, laying aside all their business, to follow to their grave their dead, or the private grief of the majority of whom there is no other claim save that of nationality.

A THRILLING BATTLE SCENE.

After reciting the services of the Massachusetts Ninth in glowing terms, the General alluded to the scene at Malvern Hill in 1862, where Porter's Corps was acting as rear guard, as follows:

It is wonderful, then, that men of the same religious faith, with such examples of heroism and self-sacrifice before them, went to do battle for their country, regardless of perils and dangers of the battle-field, and met death as calmly as they would lay down to a night's repose, like flowers at set of sun?

The Ninth, with two supports of regiments, are ordered to take position to hold in check the advancing enemy and gain time for the rest of the army. The Ninth advance to their position as ordered. By some mistake or misconception of orders, the other two regiments do not go forward. It is now midday. The advance of Jackson's corps is seen winding out of the wood which had concealed his brigades. He turns the head of his column to 'sweep away,' as he sees the green flag which meets his eye as the noonday sun gilds the sunburst. Looking around them, the soldiers of the Ninth see the whole of our army in retreat, and they are consequently left alone, their support not having come up, to stand the shock of the fighting corps of Lee's army.

Not a long time have they to wait. A volley pours into them from the advancing lines of the foe. That terrific yell we know so well follows. To retreat is capture to ourselves, with the destruction of our army. To stand, as we are under this plunging fire, will indeed sweep us from earth. They charge! Let us meet the enemy half way! Forward, now! Charge! with such a cheer as only Irishmen can give. The foe give back. That glistening line of steel, over which proudly floats the green flag of Erin, is too much for him. He seeks shelter in the wood from whence he came. Back, now, the Ninth. Give ground slowly, as if on parade. We must get a position where they cannot flank us, and where, if it is possible, our support may come up. Again the rebels charge. They think we are retreating, do they? They'll find out! About face, the Ninth! At them again! Another sight of the sunburst advancing, and they take to the woods again, but our loss of officers and men is fearful. Again and again was this repeated, from noon till four o'clock in the afternoon. Our commander now knows that he can rely on no support, and that the safety of the army depends upon his regiment alone. It is now four o'clock. The Confederate General Cobb takes the field, with his own legion at the head of Jackson's column, and with him the Nineteenth North Carolina and the Fourteenth Virginia, in the language of Count Estvan, a Prussian officer serving on his staff, 'foaming at the mouth' to see the best troops of the Confederate army foiled by a single regiment. Cobb drives his brigade forward to crush that small line of blue over which waves in defiance, though torn with shot and shell, the green flag and the Stars and Stripes together. He comes out of the wood with his brigade deployed in two lines.

COLONEL GUINEY AND HIS MEN.

One would think the very appearance of those charging lines of gray would cause the blue to vanish from the field. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, the cool but daring Guiney, makes his disposition to meet them by a counter charge. 'Steady, now, boys!' he shouts. 'Color-bearers, forward! Men, follow your colors!'

Now the cheer, and our blue line cuts through the charging column as if it were a Damascus blade of shining steel. The tide of battle is stayed—nay, is turned back. But what a loss of our officers and men! Our blue line is shorter now as we close our ranks. The flag of the golden harp is saved, but bathed in the blood of its heroic defenders. O God! the green is red now, as it will be again and again before dear old Ireland gets her place once more among the nations of the earth."

The man that could give expression to such just sentiments, and that in a community where the subject of his oration created but little interest, must be a man of no ordinary ability and moral courage. General Butler, though of Irish origin himself, of which he is proud, yet living in a State where the old Anglo-Saxon prejudices against the Irish still lingers in a condition of vicious impotency, it would be no wonder, if like others of his race, he kept himself so far aloof from his kindred people as to escape the censure of his constituents and neighbors. But no; he has ever advocated boldly the cause of Ireland and the Irish race, and never shrinks from an opportunity to advocate their rights. He has been the subject of repeated censure and ridicule, during and since the late war. There can be but little doubt, however, that his advocacy of all measures tending to the amelioration of Irish interests, is the principal source of the assaults so persistently and undeservedly made on him by men who could never come up to him in genius, or rival him in statesmanship. He is deservedly popular, however, with the Irish-Americans, and that he is worthy of their admiration is proved by the extract given above.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR MILITARY MEN CONTINUED. GEN. STEPHEN KEARNEY, GEN. PHILIP K., GEN. RILEY, GEN. CONNOR. THE IRISH-AMERICANS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY. THE STATE NATIONAL GUARDS. THE IRISH IN OLD AND MODERN TIMES. CULTIVATORS OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND DISCIPLINE.

General Stephen Kearney was a native of Ireland, born in 1794, and entered the United States army in 1812. He soon became distinguished for his bravery in battle, and rose through the various grades of lieutenant, captain, colonel, until he became major-general in 1846, during the war with Mexico.

He commanded the "Army of the West," as it was called, and made the celebrated march across the Continent, from the Missouri to the Pacific, an achievement which rivals the retreat of Zenophon, and eclipses, altogether, the march of Sherman from Tennessee to Charleston during the late Rebellion.

Though Kearney's troops were only a few in number — 1,600 men — in comparison with the legions of Sherman, and but scantily provided, he conquered New Mexico, and established a Civil Government, favorable to the United States, in Santa Fe. He fought the battle of San Pascual, with a small force of about 150 men, which was all he retained with him upon hearing that the conquest of California was completed. The principal part of his force he ordered back to New Mexico, to support the Civil Government established by him in Santa Fe.

At San Pascual, therefore, he was in imminent danger of being cut to pieces with his small force, and received two severe wounds in action, in which he lost eighteen of his men. Comprehending his perilous situation, he retreated and took up his position on an eminence resembling a fort, and in the night time he dispatched a messenger to report his danger at the next American camp, at San Diego. Commodore Stockton dispatched one Lieut. Gray with 200 men to assist Kearney, but before their arrival, the wily old soldier managed to elude the forces of the enemy, and escaped without any greater loss than two field pieces, which he was obliged to abandon, but afterward recovered from the enemy.

He also commanded the United States forces made up of marines and sailors from ship Congress, with a small force of cavalry, at San Gabriel, where he subdued, the 29th of Jan., 1846, a force of 1,500 Mexicans, by his mixed army of about 500 men, though the enemy were strongly fortified on heights difficult of access.

'Tis true that Commodore Stockton claimed that he was Commander-in-Chief, but Kearney, though with a self-denial uncommon among military men, while he acquiesced in Stockton's pretentions, did most of the fighting, and claimed his right to command ere the action began at San Gabriel.

A Lieut. Rowan, another brave Irishman, commanded under Kearney. The battle was fought and won, and the enemy's forces completely scattered, two days afterward, on the plains of Mesa.

Commodore Stockton soon after retired from the country, having been superceded or replaced by Commodore Shubrick; but before his departure, he appointed Fremont, Governor. Gen. Kearney protested againt this appointment, for he had instructions from Washington to conquer California, and set up a Civil Government therein, as he had done in New Mexico. Hence, he courtmartialed Fremont, and suspended him from the service—a proof that he understood the character of the Pathfinder. Gen. Kearney then became the first military Governor of California, which office he judiciously exercised for about four months, after which he returned to St. Louis, where he died calmly in 1848.

Gen. Stephen Kearney, besides being a soldier of true valor, was endowed with no common civil administrative pow ers of mind. He published a work on the "Maneuvering of Dragoons," and a book of "Laws for the Government of New Mexico." It was in honor of him that our greatest thoroughfare, Kearny Street, was called.

General Philip Kearney was a nephew of Stephen's. He was a graduate of West Point and of the Cavalry Military Academy of Saumeur, in France. He was in the Mexican war, where he displayed prodigious valor, and had many hairbreadth escapes from capture and death. It was in the Mexican war that he lost his arm, while leading a charge against a large force of Mexican cavalry. He was called the one-handed devil by the Mexicans, when he rode furiously against their ranks, with the reins in his mouth.

After the restoration of his health and the end of the Mexican campaign he set out for France, and joined the French army in Algeria, as a captain of cavalry; and on the breaking out of the war between Austria and France and Italy he volunteered to fight against the former power. He fought at Solferino and Magenta.

After the peace between Austria, Italy and

France, he traveled extensively on the Continent. But when the country was threatened with division and rebellion, he made no delay, but came home at the breaking out of the Rebellion, and distinguished himself, as he did in Mexico, at Manasses, Fair Oaks, Yorktown, and other battlefields, at the head of a brigade raised at his own expense.

He was finally killed at Chantilly, in Virginia, while leading a charge against the Confederates. There was no man in the army who could manage a horse with greater skill, though he had but one arm, in which he carried his naked sword, with the bridle in his mouth. Such were the men of our race, without stain or reproach, whose bravery and genius helped to create and mould our state into form. California and the United States, as well as Erin, must have a deep interest in handing down their memories to the latest generations for imitation for all who would aspire to military fame.

General Riley succeeded Kearney as Governor of California. It was during his administration that the constitution of the state was formed, on the 13th of October, 1849, in the town of Monterey. It was he, the "Hero of Contreras," where he defeated the forces of Santa Anna, on August

10th, 1847, who issued the proclamation, on June 3d, 1849, ordering an election of delegates to be held to frame a state constitution, afterwards to be submitted to the votes of the people for approval. Of the fifty delegates chosen about one-third were of our race, without including the General, who laid down his sceptre of authority as soon as the civil Governor, C. H. Burnett, was inaugurated, and finally took his farewell of the country and the coast in 1851, after a public reception and a gold medal presented to him by the people of Monterey. General Riley lived up to his income, and his hospitality kept him poor. The military men of his day, though well versed in the art of war, did not seem, like the modern heroes of the army, to know much about making money or getting rich. Hence, they were all poor, especially those of the Irish race—Jacksons, Kearneys, Rileys, Sheilds and others. And this unselfishness characterizes the bravery of the Irish soldier in humble as well as in higher rank. It has been remarked by General McClelland and others that, in the late war of the Rebellion, the Irish-American soldiers never plundered or took a dollar's worth of property from the people or country over which their valor triumphed.

General Butler and all who commanded Irish regiments declare that the Irish soldiers never "break" in retreating. No matter how few they are, they retire in order and together. It is [illegible] honorable to say of them that they *never plunder the conquered*, as experience has proved in many hundreds of instances. This could not be said of the soldiers of any other nationality during the late Rebellion.

General Sherman is of the Irish race, though of the second generation back. The Shermans were certainly numerous in the north of Ireland, and though probably of Norman descent, yet have been long enough in Ireland to make good their claim to be of Irish race. The General came here in 1853, after having resigned his position in the army. He was a broker in San Francisco for some time after his arrival here. We next find him in Kansas, practising law. From that profession he passed again to the School of Military Science, and was president of the Military Academy of Louisiana. In 1861 he returned to the army, and now occupies the highest rank in the service.

It is a singular fact that the two most successful generals which the late war developed—Grant and Sherman—resigned their positions in the service in disgust and rose into distinction and fame through the accident of the Rebellion. Grant might have continued a leather-currier and Sherman a schoolmaster to the end of their lives but for the secession debates of the Southern slaveholders. So much are some of the greatest men dependent *on circumstances* for their celebrity and fame!

GEN. P. E. CONNER is also an Irishman. It was he who commanded the forces sent out in 1862 by the United States, to keep the Mormons in order when the the imposter, Brigham Young, threatened to make war on the "Gentiles," after having induced the various Indian tribes of the northwest to co-operate in conspiracy to drive them away from the limits of the Territory. Gen. Conner, after a severe march, retarded by early snows, pushed his columns over the desert, and never halted till he reached Salt Lake City, where ten thousand Mormons in arms were ready to give him battle. No way intimidated, however, the General sent his order to the Mormon Prophet, with the alternate to surrender or disperse his men, or to submit to the laws of the United States.

The old sinner, finding that the Irish-American was not to be humbugged, bribed, or cajoled, gave in, and from that day to this the barbarous institution of polygamy retrogrades and declines. Gen. Conner was backed by an army principally made up of his own countrymen, so that the glory belongs to them as the sons of Erin and Saint Patrick, of striking the first blow, and the most stunning, on this monstrous barbarism of Anglo-Saxon origin, which grew up in the midst of our luxuriant civilization, and of planting in its midst the seeds of the pure old Celtico-Roman morality.

Gen. P. E. Conner has retired from the army since his bloodless victory over the Mormons, and practices the profession of law, we understand, in San Francisco.

Major Collins is a soldier of high character and tried bravery, and has chief command at Fort Boise, in Idaho. The Major has been a long time in the army, and was promoted from the ranks. He entered the army at an early day, and, having chosen it as a profession, has persevered and advanced himself to his present important position.

Lieut. Riley, son of the second military Governor of California, "the hero of Contreras," is stationed at Fort Boise, also, and is a gentleman of high honor and dignified bearing.

In looking over the army register for several years past, though a respectable minority of the officers of all ranks, from general to second lieutenant, are of our race, and are graduates of military academies, yet where it is stated that they were promoted from "the army" or the ranks, the vast majority are Irish.

Out of one hundred and sixty who were promoted from the ranks, on looking over the register for one year, one hundred and twenty of them are Irish. And the same proportion holds good through the registers for the several years which we examined.

We could here give a long list of Irish officers who served on this coast, from the highest grade, from Gen. Phil Sheridan, down to the lowest grade of commissioned officers, such as Colonels Scully, Martin, Burns; Majors Tully, Hawkins, Sullivan, McGuire, Eagan, Gerin, Moylan, Doherty, Madden, Callinan, Hamilton, Nolan, Geary, O'Connell, and hundreds of others, distinguished for bravery, and belonging to the infantry.

In the cavalry are Colonels Blake, Grier, Oaks, Greg, Graham, Devin, Duncan. Majors Morris, Lane, Telford, Brisbin, and a host of others, a barren list of whose names would not be interesting.

Even in West Point Military Academy, the Irish race is well and favorably represented. Besides Gen. Smith, the hero of Fort Donaldson, who for twenty years occupied a leading position there, we find at present Dennis Mahon, professor of civil and military engineering; John C. Molloy, assistant; James O'Hara and Major Dennison, teachers of theoretical and practical artillery; Carr and Griffiths, professors of mathematics, and McParlin, surgeon to the institution. So that in all branches of the service, men of the Irish race are distinguished, from the common soldier to the highest grade of scientific military science.

Ed. J. Reynolds, now of this city, served five years in the United States cavalry, Third Regiment, under command of Captain Monahan, in New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and California. Mr. Reynolds is in business here and a leading officer in the Father Mathew Temperance Society.

In this work we cannot give the exact numbers of the Irish-American element in the army of the United States, but it is estimated that at least one-third, if not one-half, of the active force of the army are Irish-Americans—that is, of Irish birth or descent.

THE STATE MILITIA of California, comprising the National Guard of California, three regiments of infantry, and several battalions of cavalry, shows that our race is also well represented. Out of twenty-one companies of infantry, ten of them, or about one-half, are Irish-Americans. The same is the case with the cavalry companies of this city.

The Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard is his Excellency Governor Irwin, a gentleman universally esteemed by even his political opponents, and whose name will go down to posterity as one of the best men who ever occupied the highest office in the gift of the people.

Brigadier-General P. F. Walsh is Adjutant and Commissary-General and Chief of Staff under the Governor; Colonel Scott, Chief Engineer; Colonel Harney, Paymaster; Bernard D. Murphy, Judge-Advocate-General; Colonel Shorb, Surgeon; Lieutenant-Colonels Livermore, Travers, Smith, Newman, Budd, Logan, Aiken, Assistant Aids-de-Camp.

On General Vernon's staff are Colonels Black, Division Inspector; John I. Tobin, Paymaster; Charles M. Gilmore, Judge Advocate, and J. Skelly and W. J. Chamberlain, Aids.

Under General McComb are Major Smith, Dr. A. A. O'Neil, Surgeon; Major McLennen, Engineer, and Major Byrne.

In First Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Colonel Grannis, are Rev. John Hemphill, Chaplain; Captains Thomas O'Keefe, Hughes, Henry Burns, Joseph Butler and others.

In Union Guard are B. P. Quinlan, M. J. McDermott, Lieutenants.

The Third Regiment is commanded by Colonel Wason, Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel; J. J. Conlin, Major; John T. McGeogehan, Paymaster; J. C. McGuire, Commissary; Thomas Green, Surgeon; Rev. Thomas Larkin, Chaplain; Cornelius Donahoe and Joseph Wallace, Lieutenants.

Montgomery Guard—Captain, Charles Quin; John McCully and Jas. Pryor, Lieutenants.

Shields Guard—M. J. Wren, Captain; Joseph Monaghan and P. McAleer, Lieutenants.

Meagher Guard—Captain, D. J. Sullivan; T. Sullivan and Ed. Supple, Lieutenants.

Emmet Guard—Robert Cleary, Captain; F. J. O'Keeffe and William Mannix, Lieutenants.

McMahon Guard—John H. McMenomy, Captain; Edward F. Gleeson and J. H. Gilmore, Lieutenants.

First Battalion of Cavalry—Major P. R. O'Brien, commanding; Lieutenants, William Corcoran, A. G. Fitzpatrick, J. W. Collins; Alexander Steward, Surgeon; Thomas McGinnis, Quartermaster.

Jackson Dragoons—Captain Greany; Edward McPhillips, J. Kennelly, and P. F. McGrath, Lieutenants.

Sarsfield Guard—Charles C. O'Donnell, Captain;

J. C. Brown and Jas. J. Doyle, Lieutenants; Wm. Dolan, First Sergeant.

Independent McMahon Guard—Thomas Bryan, Captain; John E. Green and J. J. Hughes, Lieutenants.

Besides these companies—almost exclusively Irish-Americans—there are among the companies not here enumerated, a respectable minority of the officers and rank and file, who are of Irish birth or descent. From these brief memoirs it is evident that our countrymen, after their sacrifices and labors in other departments of life in this extreme but favorable region of the earth, have not neglected that noble profession of military science, which has been their distinguishing trait in all the nations of the earth in which their lot has been cast, from the earliest ages to the present time. In the words of Donatus, they are to-day as they were 3,000 years ago.

"Inclyta gens hominum Milite, Pace, fide."

"A race of men renowned in war, peace and faith."

CHAPTER XVI.

San Francisco. Its Growth. Its Situation as a Commercial Centre. Its Population, Wealth, and Enterprising Inhabitants. Its Future Prospects, Etc. City Government, Institutions, Etc., Etc.

San Francisco is one of the most remarkable cities on the globe. Thirty years ago, it was unknown on the map of the earth, and but a village of a few rude cabins, with little more than three hundred inhabitants, occupied a patch within a space which now contains 27,000 houses, inhabited by 300,000 people!

We are told that poets have uttered imaginary descriptions which were afterwards found to be verified by discoveries, and Dante and Shakespeare are given as instances of such vaticinations. But no poet that ever lived could or did imagine anything like the wonders of "Yerba Buena," of 1847, developing into San Francisco of 1877. Even the prince of poets, Virgil, expressed astonishment at the growth of Carthage, but it took three centuries for the city of Dido to grow into an equal size with our city in thirty years! Chicago is the only city in modern times that approaches to anything like a comparison with San Francisco in the rapidity of her growth. But the former never came up to the latter in increase of population or of wealth in a period of twenty years.

Chicago is the great market of lumber and grain in the United States, but San Francisco, besides her grain which she exports to Europe, China, Australia and South America, sends her fruits and wines to the East, and the inexhaustible products of her gold and silver mines all over the world! New York, Boston, and the Atlantic cities control the commerce of Western Europe, and of the Southern Atlantic maritime States; but San Francisco makes tributary to her commerce, not only all of the United States West of the Missouri, but Mexico, Australia, South America, and the vast empires of China and Japan.

Born in poverty, and covered with the swathing clothes of aboriginal indigence, like the monkish habit of the saint whose name she adopted, San Francisco has lifted her head so high above her sand-hills, as to astonish the world, and rival the oldest cities of the Continent, in her wealth, enterprise, and splendor. Her origin was nothing; her growth magical, her end, who can foretell? She may exceed Babylon, Rome, or London in population, or any of the cities of the Middle Ages, in arts, and tastes, and luxury. Her splendid progress has not been the result of ages or years, but almost the spontaneous effect of her wonderful advantages from situation, climate, and the resources which surround her on every side.

Her site was chosen and she received her name from men who profess to know nothing about the world, but to despise it. And in the absence of all human wisdom or sagacity we may fairly conclude that the name was providentially bestowed by the disciples of the poorest of men, who renounced even his paternal inheritance in order that he may be able more cordially to pray to his "Father in Heaven." *

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* It is stated that Father Junipero Serra, superior of the Franciscan missions in California, represented to the Governor of Mexico, Marquis De La Croix, that it was disgraceful that none of the missions already established in California, at Monterey and elsewhere, were dedicated to Saint Francis of Asisium, the great founder of their order. The Viceroy answered the remonstrance of Junipero Serra by saying: "Well, if our Father, Saint Francis, wants a mission dedicated to him, let him show us a good port beyond Monterey and we will

San Francisco holds the same relation to the State of California that Paris does to France. It forms the head and heart of, and is the miniature of, the commonwealth. The Romans had an expression which showed the importance of their city —“ urbis et orbis ”—implying that the world was ruled from Rome. The same may be said of San Francisco in regard to the State of California. The city rules the state; and though topographically its site is not pleasant, the uneven surface of the country being a succession of hills and valleys, swamps and sandy plains; yet geographically the site of San Francisco is unequalled in any part of the globe. The peninsula on the north end of which the city is built is about thirty miles long

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built him a mission there.” The bay was soon discovered, and by the overland expedition from Monterey, in 1776, and the first solemn service for the inauguration of the founding of the mission of San Francisco took place on 29th June, 1776. This event took place on the very day, and, probably, the very hour, that Jefferson’s Declaration of Independence was sent back to him from the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, for revision! Was this a coincidence, or was it not rather a design of Providence, which rules over the destinies by fifteen wide, and if the growth of the city continues at the same rate as since its incorporation, in 1850, in seventy-five years the city will embrace the entire peninsula.

The assessed value of the real and personal property of the citizens of San Francisco is over three hundred millions of dollars. But no correct idea of the wealth of the city can be formed from the published reports of assessors, who can be influenced by various considerations to diminish or increase their estimates of the value of property.

A man must visit this city and make his own calculations to obtain an idea of its wealth. A stranger coming to San Francisco will see more specie, money and bullion in a day than he could

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of nations and states as well as shapes the designs and fortunes of individuals. Singular consideration, that a monk, Abbot of La Babida, should be instrumental in the discovery of America, and that a monk of the same order, Serra, should discover the bay and give a name to San Francisco, and that on the very day when the flag of persecuting England was being torn down and forever forbidden to wave over this free and hospitable land, the patrimony of the oppressed of all nations. Surely the finger of God was here!

imagine to exist in the world. Not only are men in scores every day seen groaning under sacks of money carried as coal is carried in other countries, but he will see large four-horsed drays loaded with gold and silver bricks, moving along the streets *without a guard* or one to watch the treasure save the driver who guides the vehicle. This could not happen in any city of Europe, without a platoon of soldiers to intimidate robbers, and even in some Eastern cities, there would be some danger that some of the smaller bricks would be purloined. This speaks well for the honesty and honor of the majority of the people of San Francisco, notwithstanding their cosmopolitan character.

Rome prided herself on her seven hills, which were all embraced within her walls. All those hills are now denuded of their grand architectural structures, except two, and those hills, the highest of them could not compare in altitude with any of the hills of San Francisco, which certainly are threefold more numerous than those of Rome, and which might, without impropriety, be called "the city of the many hills."

Rincon Hill is as high, if not higher, than any of the hills of the Eternal City, while it would take three or four of such hills as the Quirinal, Viminal or Capitoline, heaped on top of one another, to make such a hill as Telegraph, Russian or Nob hills.

Situated as she is, with her back to the ocean and an inland sea at her feet, large enough to give room to all the navies of the world to shelter in, San Francisco seems certainly destined to become the mistress of the oceans The salubrity of her atmosphere is wonderful, and she can accommodate the natives of all parts of the globe, by sending them a few hours' journey into the country, with the same climate they were used to at home, from ten degrees below zero to a temperature of one hundred degrees in the shade; and though the city is almost surrounded by water, which ensures her destined supremacy in commerce, the only fear she apprehends in the remote future, however, is a scarcity of water to drink! Such is San Francisco, a city built by the people, and not founded by kings or despotic rulers, and which rivals in her palaces of private citizens, in her broad streets and elegant stores, and splendid banks and depositories of treasure many of the oldest cities of the earth. She contains more inhabitants to-day, after only twenty-seven years of her existence, and ten times more wealth in money than Rome, a city of twenty-seven centuries existence. If we judge the future from the past, then what will San Francisco be in two hundred years from now? It may be thought extravagant to say that the Sierras and the ocean will form the eastern and western boundaries of this city of St. Francis.

San Francisco has many public buildings, such as the Post Office, Custom House, Mint, and Sub-Treasury. But, except the Mint, where the money is coined, and the New City Hall and Custom House, they are not worthy of notice in these pages.

There are some elegant bank buildings, such as the Nevada, and the Stock Exchange, on Pine St., California Bank Building on Sansome Street. But most of the banking business is carried on in plain buildings, such as the Hibernia, Donahoe & Kelly's banking houses.

The number of banks in the city is twenty-nine, with a capital of $34,000,000. In those banks are deposited 100,000,000 in specie! And the banking capital of the city is estimated—including savings, private institutions—at 150,000,000.

The number of depositors in the Savings is about 71,000, averaging for each depositor $840; and dividing the entire sum of money in the banks among all the population, would give each individual in the city a sum of $500.

At the head of all the banking institutions of the city and State, stands the Nevada Bank, which has a capital of $10,000,000, and has correspondents in all parts of the world. This bank belonging to Flood, O'Brien & Co., is an evidence of the financial ability of the Irish race, which, in this difficult department of industry, has given birth to men of incorruptible integrity, and of the most sterling ability.

The Hibernia Bank—among the savings institutions in the city—is classed deservedly as the first of its kind in the State, or even in the United States. This bank is conducted by men, plain and simple in their manners, but whom all the people regard as honest men, in whose guardianship the millions committed to their charge are as safe as it is possible for hnman prudence to secure them. It is creditable to the managers of this institution to hear men say to those who were plundered by the fraudulent concerns—so many of which have lately burst—"oh, why did you not deposit your money in the Hibernia Bank ? that's the only safe institution ?"

Our countrymen have been distinguished at home and abroad by many virtues and accomplishments in military, and civil, and domestic life. There is one thing in which they have made but poor progress, namely, the art of acquiring riches by fraud. Mooney, who left his creditors ninety cents on the dollar when he absconded, was only a bungler, when compared with the "smart" Duncan, who robbed his creditors of every cent of their deposits, and though he was a habitual perjurer and a forger, yet he managed to have himself regarded as a "pious Christian" during twenty years of his fraudulent existence.

The bank of Donohoe, Kelly & Co., a solid institution of many years standing, is controlled by men of our race.

There are other smaller institutions, such as the Dime Savings Bank, under direction of W. McMahon O'Brien, Esq., which deserves notice, as having stood under a severe run in October, '77, after the failure of the Pioneer and other fraudulent concerns, too numerous to mention.

San Francisco has twenty-two public parks, varying in size from a few hundred feet square to the great Ocean Park of one thousand and eighty acres. In the course of time this great park will be a delightful place for recreation. At present, however, it is too remote from the populous part of the city to be reached by any except those who can hire or drive their own vehicles to enjoy its scenery. The other smaller parks are not at all, it seems, intended for the recreation of the people, for there are but few of them provided with benches to rest on or water to drink, and none of them with water-closets. It is strange that those who like to be dubbed "City Fathers" should neglect to provide for these and other necessary conveniences of those who visit the parks purchased by the people's money!

The public schools of San Francisco are fifty-six in number, and are frequented by about thirty-four thousand pupils. Of these eighteen thousand are boys and sixteen thousand girls. The schools of San Francisco appear to be well conducted, and children are treated with perfect equality, no distinction being made for or against those of the different religious sects.

Besides the public schools there are many flourishing schools connected with the churches and convents, in which many thousand children are taught, at least ten thousand, and also Episcopalian, Jewish, Lutheran, Methodist and Presbyterian, with private schools, all of which will aggregate nearly as many as the public schools, which cost the city about one million dollars annually, and the entire state $2,749,129.49—not far from three millions.

There are several hospitals in the city, such as the German, French, Jewish, Episcopalian, Italian, the County Hospital and St. Mary's, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. All these hospitals are conducted well; but it seems that most of them, except the County Hospital, are beyond the reach of the poor.

In most of the denominational and national hospitals, like the French, twenty dollars a week is charged for the accommodation in a separate room. What chance has a poor laborer of getting into such hospitals? Could not an institution be made to pay expenses at twenty dollars a month, instead of eighty dollars, as is the case in all the eastern cities?

It is to her Mining Stock Boards that San Francisco owes her commercial life and attracts the capital of the state and of the coast to her coffers. There are four of these boards, which, like the four chambers of the heart in the human body, propel the yellow stream of circulation through all her countless channels of trade. The miner, from his subterranean abyss, the sailor, from the ocean, the farmer, from his parched ranch, the laborer, from his pickax, the operative and mechanic, from their workshops—all come to this city in hopes, through the Stock Boards, to increase their wealth or savings.

Hence, over $500,000,000 of money annually passes through the four stock boards for investment. What matter to those noisy worshippers of Mammon, if most of the money invested is lost to the simple people who risk it in stocks? The city's trade is stimulated, the money is put into circulation, while those who were duped have either to bear their losses patiently or to commit suicide. In this business, even men of the Irish race have displayed the usual energy. Many of the brokers like E. Cahill & Co., men of standing and character, are Irish, as are about 100 of the 450 mining stock brokers of the city.

The City Municipal Government has a large number of its officials of the Irish race.

The Board of Supervisors, consisting of twelve members, has eight members of them Irish-Americans, viz.: John Foley, Mangles, Roundtree, Smith, Farran, Hayes, Bryan and Shine.*

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*There are no Aldermen in the City Government of San Francisco since '58, when a law was passed substituting Supervisors for Aldermen. This was done with a view to economy where all officers are paid high salaries, judges of Probate and County Courts getting $6,000 per annum, and District Judges $5,000 each. The whole amount paid in

The Board of Education has two out of its four secretaries, namely: Charles A. Clinton, Esq., and James Duffy, Irishmen.

In the Judiciary, we have McKee, Blake, Ferrall, Burnett, and Daniel J. Murphy, while the clerks of the Municipal Courts, including Thomas J. Reynolds, are mostly all Irish, such as Carroll, Quirk, Whalen, McCaulley, Barry, Loughlin, O'Neil, McGrath, Tracy, Farran, Devany, Harney, Stevenson, etc.

The Sheriff, Matthew Nunan, Esq., and his aids and assistants—about thirty in number—are mostly all Irish, and the satisfactory manner in which Mr. Nunan has discharged his onerous duties has been the cause why he has been re-elected by a handsome majority, notwithstanding a vigorous opposition to him from political opponents. Sheriff Nunan is a native of Limerick, of the same family with Hon. E. Nunan, State Sena-

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salaries for the eleven hundred employees of the City Government exceeds $1,200,000 annually, and the expenditures for the year 1876 were $4,481,187. The funded debt of the city, however, is only $3,893,802. No wonder that the battle at the ballot-box to secure these spoils is carried on with the spirit and energy of unscrupulous warfare.

tor, and a man whose sterling qualities of head and heart, could not fail to insure him popularity in any community. He gained the confidence of all parties during his first term in office, and hence occurred his re-nomination and re-election for a second term. Mr. Nunan, we believe, did not seek the office for the sake of its emoluments, for he is independent in circumstances; but when he saw that there was a principle at stake, and that he was put forward to represent that principle in opposition to a narrow-minded ring, he did not hesitate, but promptly responded, to the call of his fellow-citizens, though it has involved him in great annoyance and no small expense.

The Sheriff is one of those few men whom a long residence in the United States has not caused all traces of his native land to be ignored or obliterated.

Though an American citizen from choice, he is as proud of his origin as if he still cultivated his father's farm at the foot of the sunny hills of Palasgrany or Caherconlish. He has several brothers, one a distinguished clergyman, who all retain the distinguishing characteristics of the family, namely, honesty, integrity, and a becoming modesty of conduct and deportment, together with sentiments of an enlightened liberality.

There are one hundred and five newspapers and periodicals published in this city, from the daily morning and evening journals—the *Chronicle*, *Call*, *Alta*, *Examiner*, and *Evening Post*, to the *Wine Dealers' Advocate*. This shows that the people of San Francisco are given to reading. It is doubtful if there be a city on this continent so well provided with newspapers. Here we have a paper to every 3,000 souls of our city. The inhabitants of San Francisco, supposed to be 300,000, have more papers published for their instruction than the people of Denmark, a nation of 2,000,000 inhabitants, or Turkey, an empire of 30,000,000; while Russia, an empire of 66,000,000, has only a few more than three times the number of journals published in San Francisco. It is not alone, therefore, in riches, climate, luxury and hospitality, that San Francisco bears off the palm from the "world and the rest of mankind." But in newspapers and periodical literature—and this without including the *Jolly Giant* or the "Dance of Death"—we are pleased to find that, connected with the most respectable newspapers, namely, the dailies and several weeklies, Irishmen hold important, if not the leading, positions.

There is John Timmins of the *Chronicle*, Creighton and Mahony of the *Post*, Dan O'Connell, Cosgrove and Flyn, of the *Mail*. Connected with the *Chronicle*, also, are O'Brien, Lynch and Ballinger—able men at their different departments—who are all of Irish birth or descent.

The profit and popular approbation may accrue, as they generally do, to men who know little more than the art to count the money, and squander or hoard it. But the genius to conceive, and the judgment to express the idea in proper and forcible language, are sure to belong to some well educated but badly paid son of the Emerald Isle.

And this is their lot, not only in California, but in the Eastern cities, and not only in America, but even in England and all over the British Empire. So that the vulgar reproach so often uttered by unthinking men, that the Irish are only useful for digging canals and grading railroads, is only *partially* true. It should be added by way of appendix, that the Irish genius and brains conceived and originated, Irish eloquence gave expression to, and Irish pens have written some of the most faultless compositions that ever appeared in the English language, either in the "old country" or here. Without going back to the days of Sheridan, Burke, Grattan, Goldsmith, Moore or Curran, or giving the history of Berkeley, the first founder of an American college, or Robert Fulton, the inventor of successful steam navigation—confining ourselves to men of our day, will we not find the most famed of them of Irish birth or descent? Drs. Kane, Hays and McClure were Irish; so is McCormick, the inventor of the reaper; so is Phil Sheridan of cavalry fame; so is Marshal McMahon by descent, of which he is proud; so was Stewart the rich merchant; so are our leading capitalists and miners, Flood, O'Brien, Fair and Mackay. In a word, if the Irish element by descent and birth was taken suddenly away from the organization of society, commercial and moral, it would be like taking one of the main wheels out of a watch. The machine would look well enough, but the motion would be slow and irregular.

The mines would not be developed, the railroads would not be built, the newspapers would not be *readable* for dullness, and the churches would not be filled.

America would find herself in the same predicament that ancient Rome was in without a "Menenius Agrippa," when her working citizens retired in a body to the "Mons Sacer." The proud and rich had their lands and their treasures, but those were unproductive for the want of the people, the plebes, whose labor increased their value. The lessons of history are all repetition. It is the same to-day as it was 3,000 years ago. Caius Graccus and Kearney, Coriolanus and Crocker, Nob Hill and the Capitoline, are analogous in the lessons of history.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICIALS CONTINUED. POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE DEPARTMENTS. FEDERAL OFFICERS. FIRE DEPARTMENT. THE RAILROADS, CITY AND STATE. THEIR MANAGEMENT, OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES. CHURCHES AND ASSOCIATIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO, ETC. RONAYNE, O'FARRELL, ETC.

The Post-office of San Francisco is under the supervision of the Hon. James Coey, Postmaster. He is certainly of Irish origin, and fills the office with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the public. Faults have been found with the management of the Mint and some other federal offices, but none with the Post-office or the Custom House, both under the control of Irish-Americans, namely, General Coey and Thomas B. Shannon. The Deputy-Postmaster is William C. Dougherty, and in both Federal institutions there is a fair number of the subordinate officials of our race.

In the Post-office, beside the principals, are—Jackson, Owen, Crowley, Cassin, Mitchel, Butler, Hunt, White and others, all men of character. And in the Custom House are—Florence McCarthy, Redington, Ford, Clarke, Coey, Naughton, Laughlin, Mahony, O'Neil, Bulkley, O'Donnell, Moran, Kelley, Reynolds, and many others whose ability and character reflect honor on the Collector to whose judgment their appointment is owing. Had the Mint been presided over by such men as the Collector and Postmaster the disgraceful developments recently exposed, under the neglectful or criminal connivance of La Grange, could not have taken place.

As a general thing the Federal officers of this State are men of character and integrity, from General McDowell, Commander of the United States army, Commissioner O'Bierne and John M. Coughlan, to the humblest officer in the department.

THE MINT alone appears to be mismanaged, but this has happened unknown to, and without any concurrence of, the numerous subordinates employed in it, numbering over three hundred, a fair proportion of whom are Irish. Federal appointments seem to be at fault in this respect, that men are placed in responsible positions from their potitical influence, without any consideration as to their private character for honesty and morality. Men who could never get into power or position by the votes of their fellow-citizens by reason of their loose manners, such as having repudiated their lawful wives or being notorious libertines, get appointed through the influence of some Senator or Congressman or place-holder as corrupt as themselves. Surely men that are dishonest in their private lives cannot be expected to be trustworthy in their public official stations. Hence, strict enquiry should be made into a man's antecedent life ere he would be elevated into a position of trust under the government. This is not the case, however, for it is notorious that men who are divorced from their wives, aye, and even men who served a term in the State Prison,* are trusted with confidential positions under the government and under corporations, when honest men are refused employment or a chance to earn an honest livelihood. This state of things will always lead to fraud, peculation, plunder and disgrace, and, if not reformed, will lead to further evil. If President Hayes, who is an Irish-American, changes this manner of chronic abuse in the civil and military service of the country he will render himself honored and respected by all decent people, at the same time that his reformation of civil service abuses will add another proof the incorruptible integrity of our old Irish race in all parts of the world, as well as on the Pacific Coast!

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*We know a scoundrel who served a term in San Quentin for fraud and perjury to be employed by a firm doing a large business, though the same firm is well aware of his rascalities. Those who employ him think that as he had "smartness" to defraud the community, when in a public office,

Of the Legislative delegation, more than one-half of the members elected and holding over in the State Senate are Irish-Americans. Five of the Murphys are in the Legislature—three in the Senate and two in the Assembly—B. D., P. W., and John C. Murphy in the Senate, and J. E. and R. W. Murphy in the Assembly, all men of ability and high social position and education; while we have McCarthy, Nunan, McKoppin, Dean, Coleman and

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that he will be "smart" enough to forward their interests under the influence of a large salary which they pay him. This is, of course, offering a premium for rascality and dishonesty. We know more than one instance of the like fraudulent dealing with rogues.

Donovan, and other names of unmistakable Irish orthography among the Senators, and Conway, Tobin, Gildea, Gough, Swift, Conolly, Hart, Dixon and a host of others of Irish descent, in more popular branch of the Legislature. It must be borne in mind that the members of the Legislature, of Irish birth or descent, are not all elected in districts where their countrymen are in the majority as happens to be the case in some electoral districts in San Francisco.

Hon. Bernard Murphy has been elected from San Jose, and his brother, P. W. Murphy, from San Luis Obispo, and J. E. Murphy from Del Norte, where the Irish element is far from being in the ascendant, and the majority of the constituents of those gentlemen were citizens of different nationalities, and neither by birth nor descent of Celtic stock.

This is the case certainly in Del Norte, where Irish settlers are few indeed; and the Hon. J. C. Murphy's chief elements of success were his talents, his education and his honesty.

These facts are highly creditable to our countrymen, as they are also evidence of the enlightened liberality of the people of California, who are apt most generally to give their suffrages to the most worthy. Prejudices there exist, deep and widespread, against our people, especially among those whose ideas are inspired by sectarian rancor; but among the commercial and educated portion of the community distinctions of creed and country become every day more obsolete and discreditable.

It is no wonder that the Irish should be envied for the conspicuous position they occupy as statesmen, merchants, capitalists, legislators, miners, bankers, farmers and owners of real estate, and this in the face of very great opposition. Our countrymen had the press, the sectarian pulpit and the nativist movement—legitimate offspring of Anglo-Saxon hate—against them. Yet, without secret societies or aid associations, and with nothing but their stout arms and a simple but confiding faith, they own not far from one-half the real estate of the city, control, in a marked degree, the legislation of the State, are most successful in business, and last, though not least, fill the churches. If in its youth—in its cradle, as it were—our immortal race, like another Hercules, strangled so many venomous reptiles, intent on its destruction, including bigotry, the hostility of a hireling press and Know-nothing conspiracies, and all this in twenty-five years, what triumphs of our people will those see who will live for fifty years hence on these Pacific coasts!

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT of San Francisco, organized in 1866, is an active and efficient institution. They have a force of two hundred and fifty men, eleven fire steamers, and fifty horses. The men are paid salaries and are ready at a moment's notice to run off to any part of the city where a fire alarm calls them. They use eleven hundred and forty hydrants, over twenty thousand feet of hose, and draw water from fifty cisterns besides the hydrants.

Among the Fire Commissioners are—William Ford and Edward Flaherty, and the officers are—David Scannell, Chief Engineer; Matthew Brady, James Riley, John E. Ross and W. Corbell, Assistants; Samuel Rainy, Jas. Stoddart, Peter Burns, Wm. Smith, Chas. Lyons, John McCarthy and John Wills.

The expense of the entire force, including salaries, stationery, offices, running expenses, and hydrants, is about $242,000 a year—a moderate sum comparatively when it is considered how much the very existence of the city depends on the Fire Department.

It is remarkable that most of the men are Irish-Americans, perhaps nine-tenths of them. And the reason is obvious, for firemen have to be vigilant, laborious and brave, and always ready for emergencies; besides their pay is moderate and the employment is not without danger. Indeed, the fire companies occupy as honorable a position as the army, if not a more useful one, for the object of their services is to save and not to destroy, and their discipline is as exact and the dangers they encounter are often as great as those which soldiers undergo in campaigns and sieges. The disgraceful notice, "No Irish need apply," which in civil service is often flaunted in the face of our countrymen, is of no avail with officers of the Fire Department, no more than in the United States army.

THE POLICE FORCE of San Francisco is limited to one hundred and fifty men, officered by a chief and five captains, whose salary is $1,800 a year, while the men are paid $1,500 each. They are a respectable body of men, who discharge their duties faithfully. The one-third, if not the one-half, of the force are Irish-Americans, and if their salaries are high in comparison with those of eastern cities, their labors are correspondingly severe. It is allowed on all hands that the policemen of San Francisco perform the work of twice their numbers in any of the eastern cities.

THE STREET RAILROADS of San Francisco are many, and traverse the city in all directions. Some of these, like the Market Street, projected and partly built by Peter Donahoe and the late Thos. Hayes, were organized by Irishmen. Several of the superintendents, as Michael Skelly, Esq., P. H. Canavan, Esq., are Irishmen, as well as about one-half of the conductors and drivers, who receive but $2.50 a day, and who have to work from an early hour in the morning to late at night.

The inventive genius of our native artists have contrived many ingenious methods to compel their agents to be honest. "Lock and keys," and straps and registers, have been patented to keep the men from stealing, while all reliance on principles of honor, morality and religious responsibility are entirely ignored. A large capitalist has been heard by the writer to remark that he "would prefer a 'smart rogue' in his service to an 'honest fool.' He did not care what his principles were," he said, "he would keep him honest by means of lock and key and other *patented contrivances.*" What could be expected from this "lock and key" morality but what we see developed in the transactions of every day, namely, fraud, peculation, theft and dishonesty? If we have no confidence in a man's honesty but what is ensured by "lock and key" is it any wonder that he exercises all his ingenuity to demonstrate that his contrivance of "lock and key," though patented, is and shall prove a failure? This "lock and key" contrivance is worthy of the genius of what has been called soulless corporations, and demonstrates a low type of morality, in spite of schooling.

Five steam railroads terminate or have their starting points in San Francisco and Oakland.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC, from this city to Ogden, in Utah, which cost, with its branches, about sixty millions, and earns about eight millions net profit annually. The road is valued at one hundred and eighty millions. This is a vast corporation, and affects the prosperity of the state in a remarkable manner.

Next to this is the SOUTHERN PACIFIC, running to Los Angeles and eastward from there toward San Diego and Arizona, in all a distance of about seven hundred miles. This road cost about thirty millions of dollars, and it earns about two millions annual net profits.

There are, besides these two gigantic corporations, the California Pacific, the San Francisco and North Pacific, and the North Pacific Coast Narrow Gauge.

All these roads and their branches are under the management of the Central Pacific, except the North Pacific and the Narrow Gauge. The Central and Southern Pacific Railroad officials have caused numberless pamphlets and brochures to be printed and put in circulation, with a view to increase the traffic of their roads. But these pamphlets are unreliable and their statements made to deceive. They display an array of figures which "don't lie," as cant has it; but if figures don't lie they *steal* by subtraction and addition, and many poor immigrants find out when too late that the "figures" of these railroad corporations are the most barefaced offenders in their statements.

For instance, in page thirty-six of a pamphlet published by the C. Southern Railroad, the writer, one Madden, states that "wages are higher in California than in any part of the world," but he does not say a word about the tens of thousands of men who can get no work at any wages, and this state of things is owing principally to the heartless conduct of the railroad monopolists, who employ Chinamen to the exclusion of all the white men they can dispense with. It is true, the section men who oversee the Chinamen are all white men, and the vast majority of them Irishmen. But these would not be employed if the companies could get Chinamen or any other men as faithful and competent as Irishmen. These bloated corporations take care, also, to state, through their hireling scribe, that the "company do not give free transportation to men who have bought land, nor after purchase does the company transport themselves or their furniture free." Oh, not they, unless they be Chinamen who work for half wages, and whom "the company prefers," according to the sworn testimony of one Crocker, to Irishmen, and even to poor native Americans! Behold what a liberal return they make for the vast quantities of land which the people *presented to them to enable them* to build and equip their roads. As soon as the roads are built and in running order, they dismiss every white laborer that can be got rid of, and employ Chinamen in their place! Nay, they print and publish pamphlets calculated to impose on the poor Eastern farmer or laborer, by inducements held out to them to immigrate to the land of plenty and gold. But when they get the emigrant here, they refuse him a day's work, in order that they may thus compel him to return back again, and in this manner to get the last dollar he had, into their remorseless coffers.

These railroad corporations are unquestionably the greatest hindrance to the progress of the State, for they not only control traffic, but sap the very foundations of the independence of the State, by controlling the Legislature. All private enterprise is paralyzed, and a wholesome competition obstructed by the jealous cupidity of this vast monopoly. If a steamboat begins to run on the Sacramento or any of its tributaries or bays, the "Central Company" immediately purchases, or runs opposition to this craft, or runs it down. If a stage coach, or an express wagon, or any sort of vehicle dares to compete with their extensive network of transportion, these corporations run them off.

There is no such monopoly in the civilized world, and there is not a government on earth would tolerate for a day such an incubus on the property of the people as the "Central Pacific Railroad" and its dependencies. They want the money of white men to purchase their lands at prices one-half above their value, but they don't promise them a day's work on their roads even if they should starve, nor will they transport them or their baggage at reduced fares after they have pocketed the immigrant's money. It is really candid of them to tell this. If men will be humbugged, let them blame themselves. They may form an opinion of how they will be treated by the railroad people from the sworn testimony of their leading men, who declared that China heathens were *far better men and cleaner, and more* *truthful than any white poor trash.* They might have added—but they supressed this—that they found China men, and women, too, *more accommodating* than those despised people, who would sooner

> "Bleed for an age at the shrine of poverty
> Than sleep but a moment in chains,"

of the vice which renders Chinese service so useful in the eyes of railroad magnates.

If any one circumstance more than another could show the illiberality of the Central Pacific Railroad it is the well-known fact that during the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia its money-proud directors refused to make a reduction of one dollar from their usual rates of fare to those who were willing to witness that national celebration when all the railroads in the United States and Canada reduced their fares by one-half. Blinded by a gross avarice, possibly they did not see that their greed injured them financially, but with a contempt for public opinion, and a tyranny always the accompaniment of suddenly-acquired wealth, they obstinately refused to accommodate thousands who would have visited Philadelphia, had a reduction been made in the fare. Our candid advice, therefore, would be to our countrymen to settle *anywhere* in California, rather than on railroad lands, especially those sections under control of the Central Pacific and its branches.

The Northern Pacific—principally owned, we believe, by our countryman, Peter Donahue—is conducted on different principles. He could never rival the others in meanness, nor approve of their insulting distinctions in favor of Chinese in preference to other nationalities.

Let the conduct of the Northern Pacific Railroad of Minnesota and Dakota be compared with that of the Southern or Central Pacific corporations, and the difference in their treatment of their patrons, the immigrants, will be instructive. The Northern Pacific not only conduct purchasers of land from the Company free over the road, but brings lumber to build their houses, and their agricultural implements *free*, also. Not only this, but at every large station—say one hundred miles apart on their road—there are large houses erected with stoves and other furniture, where immigrants and their families can lodge *free*, and rest themselves for weeks if they wish. Fire-wood is also supplied them gratis, and all conveniences to wash clothing, and cook. This is the way that the Northern corporations are compelled to provide for the comfort of the people who granted them the privileges and franchises they enjoy. The

California railroads, how do they compare with the liberal treatment of immigrants by the northern corporations? Do they house, feed, or carry them *free* or give them work? No; all they covet is their money, and when that is spent they may go to the poor-house, if one is near, or die on the parched plains.

There are other railroad lines, such as the road from Oroville to Marysville, Yuba County, and the narrow-guage from San Jose to Santa Cruz, as well as the roads under the direction of Peter Donahue, to which the statements we are compelled to make in the interests of truth, do not apply.

If these things happen, and that they do is unquestionable, why is not the voice of the press heard loudly denouncing these monopolizing corporations? Why is it that at election times the railroad candidates are known, voted for, and recommended as worthy of confidence and elected? If any other corporations, such as churches or religious communities, or clergymen interfered in elections the entire press would be unanimous in denouncing such intermeddling as wrong and not to be tolerated. Why is it that the press, like a chained Cerberus, is silent, when irresponsible railroad corporations invade the province of free government, and attempt, Phæton-like, to sieze on the reins of the car of State, and run it to destruction? If a poor man steals a loaf of bread, or a miserable man gets drunk, the voice of the press is heard in harmony calling for his arrest, and some judicial Radamathus consigns him to a dungeon from which he emerges *ten times* more wicked and wretched than he was at first; but when railroad corporations plunder the people of millions' worth of property, and consign thousands to misery and suicide by circulating false reports, where is the newspaper bold enough to denounce such cruel conduct, and why is it that the press is silent? Some think it is explained by this mild word, SUBSIDY—not bribery—that would be too harsh a word. It is mere subsidy, which, more powerful than the waters of the Lethe, or the vapors of Hellebore, causes those vigilant public sentinels to sleep and be silent on the misdeeds of rich railroad corporations and other public plunderers.

Though reluctlantly compelled to condemn the policy of the Central railroad people in the treatment of the white laboring class, we acknowledge the courtesy of many of the officers of that corporation, who are by no means individually responsible for the action of the executive officers in their corporated capacity.

S. S. Montague, Esq., Major Redding, and others connected with the road as engineers, are cetainly men of refinement and humanity. A vast amount of the road-masters and foremen are Irish, for, as the Chief Engineer remarked, "wherever responsibility and danger are to be encountered *there* Irishmen are at home."

Road-masters have charge of one hundred and fifty miles of road, and must be steady, sober men, as well as skilful in the construction and repairs of the road. There are Flanagan, Griffin at Carlin, Gavan at Terrace, Casey, O'Gara at Tulare, Monaghan at Stockton, and the two Mullens, with Fitzgerald, near Yuma, Fogarty and Laws at Blue Cañon, Hare at Truckee, Mills at Winnemucca, Fitzgerald at Ogden, O'Gara at Caliente, J. J. Tracey at Los Angeles, John Mullen at Vallejo. McWade, Cooley, Stone, Heney and McFarland are assistant engineers, besides Downing, two Donahoes, Farron, Donovan, McNamara, Connor, Foye, Collins, Kenealy, Golley, Sullivan, Roche, Dorsey, Quin, Finnigan, Muldoon, McHugh, Hallihan, Gorman, Curran, Blake, McGuire, Dillon, Lynch, O'Neil, Hackett, Rabbit, Ryan, McCabe Brothers at Gibbs, and in all over three hundred Irishmen skilled in more or less engineering, and competent to keep the track in safe running order. We will venture to say that more responsibility attaches to those road-masters and overseers, and that the safety of trains and passengers are more within their keeping than of any other class of men employed by the corporations, and that it is this impression—that they are the *most reliable men* and the best for the important duties that they discharge with such fidelity—which *compels* the Central Company to employ them in preference to all other people. This is highly creditable to our people.

Many of the higher officers of these roads, such as Montague, Redding, Madden, and even the aristocratic Crocker himself, in spite of his prejudices, are Irish or of Irish descent. But we prefer to chronicle the merits of the humbler of our countrymen to offering incense to the vanity of men who, while accidentally prosperous, would ignore their origin or the land of their nativity.

There was one man, however, connected with the engineeering enterprise of this coast who was an ornament to his profession and of whom his country was and will ever be proud. That man was Joseph P. Ronayne, late Member of Parliament for the city of Cork. He was a native of Youghall or its suburbs, and his family were old and distinguished in the history of the island. He was a graduate of the Queen's University of Ireland, and spent several years in California, engaged principally in planning and constructing the Truckee Ditch, one of the masterpieces of practical engineering of this continent. After discharging his contract with the company of capitalists who sent him out to superintend the work, he returned to his native land, and was elected, almost without opposition, to Parliament on the national platform.

His eloquent speeches and bold sentiments created astonishment bordering on alarm in the British Parliament, and the people hailed him as a national leader, for he gave expression to sentiments calculated to inspire them with hopes for the speedy amelioration of their condition. But alas! in the spring of his career as a statesman, and at the moment that the national expectation was at its highest point, he died, after the amputation of a leg, deemed necessary on account of a hurt he received in California!

This name was famous in the earliest date of Irish history. There was a St. Ronan in the seventh century, and also a King of Leinster in the same century; another Lord of Airtheara, same date. The celebrated inscription on the tombstone of Mont Callan, County of Clare, bears testimony in regard to the antiquity of this old Irish name. It reads substantially—

"Fain lieg se sheinte,
Ta Kielti Mac Ronayne."

Translation—

"Under this stone, at full length, remain
The bones of Keiltey, the son of Ronayne."

THE CHURCHES AND MEETING-HOUSES of San Francisco, great and small, are about one hundred—eighty-six of all denominations (Jewish, Chinese, Russian, Spiritualist, Swedenborgian and other Protestant churches), and fourteen Catholic churches, exclusive of ten chapels. Some of the Catholic churches are crowded at from five to eight services every Sunday, and can thus accommodate from seventy-five to one hundred thousand worshippers, the services being always crowded, whereas the sectarian churches are seldom well attended, except where there are "smart preachers," like Drs. Kalloch, Scott, Guard, Hemphill or Platt, and the services are seldom but two on a Sunday, and always at hours to suit fashionable people.

The number of associations, local, religious, national, military, literary, temperance and nondescript, from the "Jannissaries of Light" to the Ivy and Oak Leaf Club, are hard to count.

The number of such clubs, circles, veriens, and other societies, are about six hundred !

Our principal Irish-American associations are the Father Mathew Societies; the Irish-American; Knights of St. Patrick; Knights of the Red Branch; Sons of the Emerald Isle.

In connection with civil engineering, we must not omit to give a conspicuous place to Jasper O'Farrell, Esq., the first City Surveyor and Engineer of San Francisco. Mr. O'Farrell was a native of Wexford, anciently Logh Carmain. The O'Farrells were a very old and respectable clan, and were chiefs of Conmaicne, which comprised formerly Longford Co. Jasper O'Farrell came to California long before the "Pioneers," and was employed by the Mexican authorities as a reliable surveyor, in whose maps and measurements great confidence were placed.

In 1839, Juan Voiget made a survey of the site of Buena Vista, but in 1847, O'Farrell, under Alcalde Bartlet, laid out the plan of the city as it is at present located.

In all disputes about lots, Mr. O'Farrell's decisions were final, and he was *the authority* in such cases up to the day of his death. He left a family of ten children, to whom he gave a good education and who are in good circumstances and one of whom, William, occupies his father's extensive estates in Sonoma County. Mr. O'Farrell was well known throughout the State, and filled several offices of public trust.

In 1862, he got the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor of the State, but was defeated by J. F. Chellis, by a small majority.

The following is from the public journals at the time of his death:

One by one the heroic and enterprising men who are identified with the foundation and growth of San Francisco are passing away and leaving behind them a memory which must endure as long as this city shall sit by the Golden Gate. The last to go was the Hon. Jasper O'Farrell, who expired suddenly of heart disease Tuesday evening. He had just bade good evening to a friend, with whom he had been conversing, and sat down in a chair, when it was observed that he had lost consciousness. Those who were present thought it was a mere fainting fit which would soon pass away, and the usual simple means to relieve him were hastily adopted, but most unfortunately without success. Insidious heart disease, which suddenly calls away into the shadow of death those who are apparently robust and in good health, had its merciless clutch upon him, and in a few moments he was a corpse. Kindly and courteous toward all, of irreproachable character and career, endowed with all the humor and geniality of his race, Jasper O'Farrell was a favorite with everyone who knew him. Had he been of a grasping or avaricious disposition he might have been one of the wealthiest men in the State; but money, as such, was scarcely an inducement to him, and he died possessed of no more than a moderate competence. Come of an ancient and honorable stock in the old country, he had all the virtues of which his native land is proudest. The grandest monument to him is the great and prosperous city of which he may truly be said to have been the founder. The following too brief notice of his life we take from the *Examiner*: R. I. P.

Mr. O'Farrell was a native of Ireland, fifty-eight years of age, and received a thorough education in Dublin, as a civil engineer. He was a pioneer of California, having arrived in this State Oct. 20th, 1843. He settled in Sonoma on a splendid ranch which he called Anally, the hereditary seat of the O'Farrells in Longford. In 1848 he, with W. M. Eddy and J. J. Hoff, extended the survey of the city of San Francisco, which was commenced in 1839 by Juan Voiget. The price allowed Mr. O'Farrell and his co-surveyors for their labor was one ounce, equal to sixteen dollars, for every fifty-vara. When their work was completed it was found that there was not money enough to pay for it, and that a sufficient number of lots could not be sold to meet the bill. Mr. O'Farrell followed his business for a number of years, and then took an active part in State politics, fighting under the Democratic standard. In 1858 he was elected to the Senate, to represent Sonoma County, and later was a candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, but was defeated before the people. During the administration of Gov. Haight, he was a member of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. O'Farrell Street was named after the deceased. He was a widower, and leaves several grown children. He leaves two brothers, Dr. John O'Farrell (who is one of the stockholders in Goodall & Nelson's line of steamers), Mr. George O'Farrell, of Sonoma, and two sisters, Mrs. Wesinger and Mrs. Roche.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR STATESMEN OF THE "INCLYTÆ GENTIS." SENATOR BRODERICK, GOVERNOR DOWNEY, BELLEW McMANUS, COLONEL THOMAS HAYES, ETC.

David C. Broderick was born in Ireland, though most of our historians (?) put him down as of Irish descent only, and came to California in 1849. It is a singular circumstance that compilers of biographies and memoirs of eminent men of Irish birth, during the past at least, try to make them out as native Americans, thinking, no doubt, that the subjects of their notices will be flattered by the honor of an American nativity. But every decent man will resent it as an insult to have his name and nativity divorced from "Erin, the mother of heroes and saints," in order that his adopted country should be credited with whatever honor he may have acquired by his talents or industry in this free country.

Broderick's ancestors were Leinster men, and were probably of Danish origin, like the McAuliffs and many other prominent Irish families. His education was neglected in his youth, but he had, under cover of an ordinary exterior, a genius of no common kind. He was for a time engaged in keeping a saloon or drinking bar-room in New York, where thirsty politicians used frequently to assemble and discuss state questions, and lay plans, or "pipes," as the slang has it, for the government of the Republic.

No doubt Broderick, while presiding in his "hall," was often disgusted with these inebriated "statesmen," who, over the foam of their beer or the steam of their punch, and under the clouds arising from their smoking tobacco pipes, regulated the politics of the hour or planned a successful political campaign. His genius soon became impatient to enter the political arena, and at the first opportunity he became a candidate for Congress from New York city. He was defeated, however, by a small majority, and soon after he determined to seek a home on the shores of the Pacific. After he resided little over a year in California he was a candidate for legislative honors again, and was elected to the State Senate. His parliamentary experience surprised everybody, and from his knowledge of legislative rules and customs he became President of the Senate. His next move was to get elected as United States Senator. His ample private fortune, acquired by the various industries which he successfully engaged in during the most prosperous period of California's development as a gold-producing State, enabled Broderick to shape the materials within his reach so as to contribute to the gratification of his ambition. Broderick was once defeated by a vote or two in obtaining the position he aspired to, but he returned to the political arena with renewed spirit and energy, and his numerous opponents soon found out that they had to deal with a master, instead of an apprentice. The more opposition he met with the more his talents and mental resources became developed, and those who imagined they could use him as a tool soon found out that a master hand guided every move he made on the political chessboard. Gwin, Foote and Terry—enemies of his from national prejudices—became his untiring opponents, and their rage, and that of their servile followers, became furious when they found Broderick elected to the United States Senate in 1856.

Upon the Senator's return from Washington, where his talents were highly esteemed and his principles were of the most disinterested quality, he was again assailed by the wretched clique, who could never hope to emulate his fame in

California, and one Terry made use of the most disrespectful language to provoke him. Broderick, though enthusiastic and impulsive, yet had a large stock of coolness and self-possession, and it was not until he was assailed on every side as pusilanimous, by friends and foes, that, in an evil hour, he consented to fight a duel with Terry.

The hostile meeting took place, and the noble-hearted man fell mortally wounded by a shot from the practised hand of his opponent.

His death was lamented all over the Republic, and the scorn as well as the execration of all men have pursued his persecutors, not one of whom has ever risen to distinction or honor since the day of his assassination.

After having written the above we saw the following paragraphs in reference to Senator Broderick, which we insert here in justice to his memory and to corroborate our own statements, except in reference to the native place of the statesman. We had it from the best authority, namely, his own lips, that he was a native of Kilkenny, Ireland. It is, however, now considered fashionable to claim every Irish-American of distinction as a "native of Irish or Scotch descent"—anything to rob Ireland of her glory when she has nothing else to lose:

"EDITORS ARGONAUT:—In your paper of the 28th ult. there appeared an interesting synopsis of the life and times of the late D. C. Broderick. The writer (unlike some others who revel in belittling and vilifying the dead) seems inclined to do Mr. Broderick and his memory no injustice. On the contrary, in plain, manly language he depicted many of the noble traits of the great commoner's true character. The statement of his chivalric, inflexible, indomitable will would indicate that he knows whereof he speaks. There are, however, other statements made which, to the writer of this, as friend to the departed Senator, it seems but simple justice, should be corrected. It is said he was 'born to humble life,' 'bred to lowly occupations,' 'without books,' 'with little education,' and that 'he kept a three-cent dram-shop,' etc., etc. Mr. Broderick was the son of a mechanic, it is true, but his father, when a young man in Ireland, had given evidence of such skill and ability in his trade that he, with a few others, was selected by an agent of the American government, on recommendation of Payne, an eminent architect of that day, to come to America to perform intricate and artistic work in the interior of the National Capitol. Our Senator was born in the year 1819 or 1820. Never will I forget the day nor the occasion when, in 1859, he arose in his place in the Senate Chamber, and, during a a speech, pointed with pride and pleasure to the magnificent capitals and massive columns as part of the handiwork of his departed sire. That day stamped him the orator—the peer of any—the people's champion—the brave, bold tribune, who exalted the insulted 'mudsill' above and beyond the dignity of the aristocrat. 'Without books?' This was not so. He had books, and few private gentlemen's shelves held a better selection. There were not many who were more thoroughly posted. His knowledge was not encyclopedical, but thorough and profound. Burke, Sheridan, Pitt and Fox, and their contemporaries, he studied and admired. From Macaulay's miscellaneous works he could recite more, and better, than any man we had in this city in his day. Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' and, indeed, all the English standard authors, he read and fully appreciated. In American history and of American statesmen, orators, and politicians no man was better informed. He was a student, gifted with splendid memory, and, where required, his conversational powers led captive all with whom he came in contact. His great general knowledge was stored in the 'book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter.'

The writer of this would not misrepresent either, for he loved and esteemed both Mr. Broderick and James A. McDougal. Of the latter it was said that he read everything from the Book of Genesis to Æsop's fables, and as a lawyer had few equals. On one of those happy occasions of the past, at the Magnolia in Sacramento, Senator James A. McDougal said that, as a student and critic of the works of Shakspeare, Mr. Broderick had no superior in the State of California. He was not like the

'Eaton stripling trained up to the law,
A dunce at syntax and a dab at taw.'

He was not born of low parents. He was not without books, nor of little education Loyola was a crippled soldier, and over thirty years of age when he took up his Latin grammar; yet no man did more for science and education than Ignatius. Broderick could mould men's minds, and with hooks of steel tie them to him. He had the wisdom to devise, and the courage to execute. Such men have saved nations. Even Jefferson Davis esteemed him; he, and those by whom he was surrounded, said that Broderick was made of stern stuff. Nor will Gwin, his ancient foe, who as bitterly opposed him as Scipio ever did Hannibal, deny but that he was a man of mind and intellect. We may ne'er see his like again. If he had been permitted to live, he, too, might have averted calamities which have since befallen our country. At all events, his high integrity would have tended to check the simony, malfeasance and corruption by which we have been dishonored as a people.

He sought place, position and power that he might fearlessly advocate man's natural rights. Take him as he was, with his high and laudable ambition and his noble attributes, he never in business conflicted with men whose aim was the acquisition of the glittering dross. Contrast him and his antecedents with your present Peter Funk banking magnates your present political swindling land grabbers, your peanut peddling leaders of society. Oh! what a contrast—'what a falling off is there, my countrymen.' He was the first and the last from the Empire State of the Pacific Coast who truly represented the chivalric heraldry of the race from which he sprung. Then let him rest in peace.

D. M."

GOVERNOR JOHN G. DOWNEY'S career as a statesman has been the most successful and brilliant that ever adorned the annals of California. The testimony of all parties, of whatever race or political complexion, is, almost without an exception, that Governor Downey was the most prudent, independent and talented man that ever held the reins of supreme power in this state. We shall presently adduce the evidence of different witnesses testifying to John G. Downey's public and private virtues, in order to put it out of any man's power to insinuate that flattery has had anything to do with the well-merited encomiums which the simple truth compels us to pronounce on his popular administration of the government of this great State. It is Governor Downey's fortune to stand at the head of all our Irish-American statesmen of the present day, and in history, without a doubt, his name will stand next to that of General Jackson, by reason of his unswerving firmness, his disinterestedness, his integrity, and the general appropriateness and popularity of his public acts and messages. He was called to supreme power in a critical time of the commonwealth, and by his firmness and prudence he contributed materially, not only to the prosperity of the State, but most probably to the salvation and integrity of the Republic.

It is a strange but not unusual occurrence in the history of our race that, in eventful times, when dangers threaten or difficulties stand in the way, there and then scions from that "old stock" are called to supreme authority to make sure that "the Republic should suffer no injury,"—*Ne quid detrimenti Republica capiat.* Then the real heroes are called forth by popular voice, like Hercules, to subdue monsters and conquer tyrants, like Jackson beating back the red-coats at New Orleans or rebuking lurking secession in the South, or Downey vetoing the infamous legislation of a bribed legislature at the bidding of a bloated corporation. Irishmen are always ready to stand in the breach when dangers threaten. They claimed the foremost posts in danger and they got them.

Before giving a brief biographical sketch of our statesman-Governor we give quotations from several journals of different political views, to show in what high estimation his gubernatorial acts were held by the people of California.

GOV. DOWNEY.—"In looking over the vast political sea that has stormed and raged around the interests of our State since its organization, not one of those who guided her helm stands *so pre-eminently before the people* as possessing all the virtues and requirements of a skillful pilot, as he whose name heads this article; for under his control and management, the noble ship of state has touched more closely the haven of peace and prosperity than ever before. Coming into the position he occupies un-

GOV. JOHN G. DOWNEY.

der circumstances of a peculiar nature, he has fulfilled the duties of his high office with such Jacksonian ability; has proven the reputation accorded to him by his personal friends for inflexible honesty and integrity; has shown his deep and abiding interest in all matters connected with the State, and in his public documents, on matters of policy and otherwise, such purity of thought and language intermingled with a moral expression so impressive, as to win for himself the admiration, respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. All admit his popularity and excellence, and express the belief that no political party can present a name in connection with the next election for Governor that will raise such a shout of approval throughout California, as that of John G. Downey."—*Spirit of the Times* of Nov. 17th, 1860.

Nothing that the most enthusiastic admirer of the Governor could write or say in his praise could exceed the foregoing testimony of an impartial and independent journal in his favor.

In reference to the Governor's political message of January 1861, and the sound views of policy which it recommended, the expression of the press is in unison regarding the principles and measures it proposed for legislative action. The *Evening Bulletin* of Jan. 18th said:

"We publish in another page the message of Gov. Downey. The style is unpretending and plain, while there are many sound common-sense recommendations compressed in into few words. It is, however, that portion of the Governor's address which treats of Federal relations, which we think the best feature of his document. His remarks in that connection are patriotic, sound, and truly Californian. We hope the Legislature will be governed by his counsels, for he undoubtedly speaks the minds of the people." This, coming from no friendly source, speaks for itself.

The Sacramento *Union* of same date, says:

"The Governor's message is a good state paper. Governor Downey speaks like a patriot and a lover of his country, and his whole country. In our judgment, the Governor is eminently sound in his expressed views."

"Taken altogether, the Governor's annual message is a creditable production."—Marysville *Appeal*.

The Weaverville, *Trinity Journal*, said: "California has reason to be proud of the man now filling the executive chair. Through all the conflict of public opinion, through the heat and beyond the influence of sectional political organizations, through the spirit of partisan feeling, and against the moneyed power and pressure at the capital, for the passage of fraudulent schemes of legislation, he has stood bold and firm like a skillful mariner guiding the helm of the ship of state. His record will be a moving power in the hearts of the people, and a monument to the man who has on every occasion rebuked the importunities of political tricksters and self-constituted party leaders, and who *dared to do right* in the honest discharge of his whole duty."

"The daily Stockton *Argus*, said: "The Governor's annual message to the Legislature is a clear, practical document. It comes direct to the gist of public affairs. His style is such as to elicit a desire for cool discussion—not angry debate."

The testimony of the editors of the press regardless of party politics, is entirely unanimous in esteeming Gov. Downey as the best executive that ever presided over this State of California. He was truly a man of the people, and the right man in the right place; and had he been influenced by ambition, or coveted political eminence, there is no office in the gift of the citizens that he might not have successfully aspired to.

But it was not on account of his elegantly written messages, overflowing with sound common sense and lucid with practical suggestions and classic phrases, that the Governor became popular; it was because of his *honesty*, *integrity* and *independence* that he became the idol of the people of California. His having so frequently refused to put his official signature to acts of hasty or vicious legislation, is what elevated him in the estimation of all men to the level of the greatest statesman of ancient or modern times.

Two disgraceful measures had passed both Houses of the Legislature through bribery of a majority of their members. The "Horace Smith Change of Venue Bill" and the "Bulkhead Bill." Both these bills were vetoed by Gov. Downey, when, if he went with the current of a corrupt popular Assembly, he could have put millions into his purse.

The Governor, with a sternness truly Catonian, refused all the overtures of corruption, and imprinted the indelible stigma of his *veto* on the enactments of a bribed Legislature. One Smith had murdered a young man named Newell, and, knowing that the citizens were justly incensed against him, he sought a change of venue, or wished to be tried elsewhere than in San Francisco, where he was known. The bill favoring this criminal's design passed the Legislature but was vetoed by the Governor, though it afterwards became a law by a two-thirds vote of the members. The following are the expressions of the press in reference to the Governor's action:

"As respects Governor Downey, there is no language we can command which will convey our exalted estimate of this *good and great man's character.* To have withstood the political supplications addressed to him touching this business, to have opposed, with his honest voice, a whole lobby and Senate House, full of his political friends, from honest convictions and impulses of simple justice, *ranks him with the noblest lawgivers of antiquity and the most disinterested and purest of modern times.* All honor to the people's protector and defender. All honor to the man that would see the laws equally administered to the rich and the poor, the high and the low."

The *Alta* said: "By this act Governor Downey shows that in the discharge of his duties he is influenced by no considerations but those of the *public good.* The conduct of Governor Downey in this and in many other cases affords a striking contrast to the weakness and wrong-doing of many of his predecessors."

Another paper, the *Tribune*, said: "The Governor has done himself *immortal honor* by his bold stand against an effort to override law and right, and his action will be sustained by the press and the people everywhere."

The *Morning Call* said: "Yesterday Governor Downey performed an act of grace in vetoing the bill ordering a change of venue in the case of Horace Smith, but the measure passed the Senate over the Governor's veto. We shall have it, then, on the records of California, that, in this boasted land of equality, republicanism and universal democracy, there are classes of men more highly favored than are any of the so-called privileged classes of absolute Russia or less absolute Britain. It will be on record that our law-making power will make one law for the poor and another for the rich. Hereafter it may be set down as a fact that *the poor man, without friends*, who may be accused of crime, is to be visited with all the rigors of the law, while *the rich man, with friends at court*, will be afforded every possible facility to clear himself of the charges against him. The indignation we feel at such outrages against justice and equality almost impels us to adopt the conviction that secession and the process of dissolving a state of government under which such abuses can be openly practiced and tolerated has not commenced a moment too soon. Certain it is that political corruption has attained a terrific magnitude, and, if not soon checked, the last vestiges of the pretence of order and of the protection of the people will be swept away."

This was the strong language uttered by the most influential, as well as by the most radical, press of the day, and will give a clearer idea of the difficulties which Governor Downey had to encounter and overcome than any amount of individual statements. The remarks of the *Morning Call*, the organ, at that date, of the most radical elements of the community, and the opponent of everything Irish, are valuable as the concessions of an enemy in regard to the course and conduct of the Governor.

In reference to the veto by the Governor of another measure of vicious legislation named the Bulkhead Bill and the Omnibus Wagon Road Bill, the voice of the people, through the press and their municipal assemblies, are loud in his praise. They wrote:

"He has been emphatically the people's Governor. If that bill had become a law, California would have been bankrupt long ago. In particular the people of this city owe a debt of gratitude to Gov. Downey which they will never refuse to liquidate. He has been our consistent, steadfast, and true friend. When some of our delegates in the Legislature proved untrue or lukewarm in regard to our best interests, the Governor came to our aid and saved us from plunder and spoliation. It was eminently fit and proper that our Board of Supervisors should take the method of publicly thanking him—which they did on Monday night. The following are the resolutions:

'Whereas, John G. Downey, Governor of the State of California, by his firm and fearless conduct, officially displayed during the last late session of the Legislature of the State, in opposition to acts of that body detrimental to the rights and interests of our city, has merited the approbation and gratitude of the people of San Francisco; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco, hereby tender our sincere and fervent thanks to his Excellency, and that the President of the Board of Supervisors be requested to transmit to him a copy of this resolution.'

No such tribute as that conveyed in this resolution was ever before paid by this city and county, or any other county in the State, to the executive head of the Government."

The next and the last testimony we shall introduce in proof of the universal popularity of our fortunate Governor, is the following document, signed by the principal men of business of San Francisco, most of whom had nothing whatever to do with party politics. Here we have the signatures of Irish and native Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, English, and Scotchmen. Men, also, of all religious creeds; Hebrews, Christians, Catholics, Protestants, as well as of men of no creed, and all coming forth voluntarily with their voice and vote in favor of the integrity and heroic fortitude of the young Governor who was scarcely out of his boyhood, like the shepherd prince of ecclesiastical history when he dared to encounter, and to conquor the monstrous giants of corruption which obstructed the peaceful paths of legislation. The following is the document we refer to:

"*To His Excellency, J. G. Downey, Governor of California:*

SIR—The undersigned members of the 'Anti-Bulkhead Committee' of this city, desire, on behalf of themselves and other citizens, to tender you their most respectful and sincere acknowledgements for the great service you have rendered to the entire State, and especially for the people of San Francisco, by your veto of the Senate bill No. 167, which authorized the 'Dock and Wharf Co.'

to erect a wall around our city. In common with the people of the whole State, we recognize in this act of your Excellency the proof of an inflexible determination to tread in the path of duty regardless alike of persuasions, temptations, and menaces; and when we reflect upon the audacity and power of that organization which has guided, if not controlled the legislation of our State, and realize that you have put a stop to its mad career, we are involuntarily reminded of that honest impulse and stern will which made Andrew Jackson the idol of the party to which he belonged, and embalmed his memory in the hearts of the people of the whole Union.

But very few of us have any more pecuniary interest in the defeat of this enormous unparalelled scheme than is common to all the citizens of California, who are proud of the State they have helped to build, and are resolved to live on her soil and expect to sleep on her bosom. Yet the danger this measure threatened, not only to commerce, but to the liberties of the people, and to the public virtue; the principles it involved so subversive of our institutions; the gloomy shadow which its gigantic dimensious flung far into the future, all aroused our fears and conspired to enlist us among its opponents.

Some of us are proud to claim our descent from the same 'Green Isle of the Ocean' that gave your Excellency birth, and our hearts warm anew to the memories of that storied land, while we reflect, in this free home of our adoption, that Americans have chosen for Governor a brother Irishman. We crave indulgence if our language is too personal.

Our joy and gladness are welling up from bosoms that are stirred to their inmost depths by that deliverance from great peril which we owe to to your official action.

We wish you could have seen our city, over which the shadow of this giant monopoly has for months been creeping like the chill and torpor of death, when your hand lifted the threatening cloud, and joy and sunshine lighted up every face. Business was suspended, cares forgotten, men went about congratulating their neighbors, friends embraced and even strangers shook hands. We venture to say that never was a whole community more jubilant. The booming of cannon from many points, the waving of flags, and the cheering of applauding crowds of men, evinced the gladness that beat in the popular heart. And when night came on, in the silence of many a chamber where full hearts were pouring out their joy, upon you and yours were invoked the choicest blessings of Providence which overrules all things for good.

That you may long occupy the place you have honored by your sterling integrity is the prayer of your sincere and attached friends,

Fred'k McCrellish, secretary; B. Davidson, John Sime, Fred'k Billings, Abbot Dibble, Maynard, Wm. F. Babcock, Wm. B. Johnston, Geo. H. Howard, Noble Sage, Jacob Deeth, N. G. Partridge, Wm. J. Shaw, Delos Lake, G. K. Fitch, John S. Ellis, H. E. Highton, J. B. Thomas, J. A. Banks, H. De La Montanya, C. J. Dempster, John Shirly, Cornelius D. O'Sullivan, John F. O'Connor, Myles D. Sweeny, James H. Cutter, Eugene Crowell, John H. Bosworth, Jos. S. Paxton, Thomas H. Selby, A. S. Gould, T. W. Macondray, R. E. Brewster, J. R. Robinson (of Coleman & Co.), J. C. Beideman, and several others.

Having transcribed the foregoing at random from copious eulogistic notices of the Governor and his official acts during his term in office, in order to avoid the suspicion of having given an exaggerated account of his merits, we now hasten to conclude our imperfect sketch by giving a brief account of him and his ancestors in the past.

John G. Downey was born in Castlesampson, in the County of Roscommon, Ireland, on the 24th of June, 1826. Castlesampson was the inheritance and home of the Downeys during many centuries. Their estates were confiscated under the English penal laws, for the Downeys remained faithful to the old creed, but, though disinherited, they were not dishonored, and the representatives of the family retained their influence among the people.

The Downeys, called, according to different styles of orthography, "o Dubhnaigh" or "ui Dubhnaigh," were distinguished and known to fame as early as the ninth and tenth centuries. Some were chiefs, others bishops and abbots, and were originally from the north, belonging to the "Kinel Eogan." There was one a celebrated Archbishop of Cashel in the eleventh century.

The Governor's maternal ancestors were the Gateleys, who were of Norman descent, and were distinguished in Ireland for their high position and many virtues. The Gateleys were distinguished as clergymen, lawyers and engineers, and loved the land of their nativity with an ardor equaling that of the original Irish. These were again connected by marriage with the Johnstons, a name distinguished for the high standing and wealth of many of its members. The Governor, we find, therefore, was no "novus homo," having a combined stream of Celtic and Norman blood coursing in his veins.

John G. Downey came to the United States in 1842, being then ten years of age. Though he passed through the course of studies given in the national schools of Ireland, where he acquired a fair knowledge of the sciences and the English grammar, yet judging rightly of the advantages of a classical education, he devoted two terms to the study of Latin in Maryland. Soon after he entered as an apprentice to learn the drug business, in Washington, under John F. Callan. His next location was Cincinnati, where, on account of his knowledge as a pharmaceutist, he readily got admitted as a partner with one Darling. His business in Cincinnati was prosperous, and he might have become wealthy in persevering in its pursuit, but the California popular movement, in 1849, was too strong for him to resist, and he started to the land of golden promise. He reached San Francisco early in 1850, where he at once engaged as bookkeeper for Henry Johnston & Co., of Dupont street.

In December 1850, he went to Los Angeles where he settled permanently, and having been elected to the office of County Treasurer, he declined the honor on account of the fact that his own private affairs demanded all his care and attention. Notwithstanding his disinclination to politics, he was repeatedly elected City Councilor and Supervisor. In the year 1855 he was put forward as the champion of liberty and right, against the fierce opposition of Know-Nothingism and proscriptive secret organizations, and was elected by a handsome majority.

Before this time Gov. Downey had no desire for politics, and was rather inclined to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" of quiet life, of study and philosophy. But when he saw the dangers that threatened the State and civilization from a conspiracy of the most unprincipled members of the lowest and worst element of society, held together by horrid oaths and prepared for confiscation, rapine and blood, he flung himself into the front ranks of opposition to the treasonable Order of Know-Nothings, and instead of the office seeking him, as heretofore, he now sought office as the only standpoint from which a successful opposition could be made against the reckless aims of Know-Nothingism. He stripped himself of all private cares when he heard the call of the constitution for aid and defenders, and he never sheathed the sword of truthful debate until he found himself seated in the supreme chair of state, and from there he boldly rebuked and finally discouraged and blighted, by the exercise of a just but stern authority, all efforts of secret treason to obstruct the wheels of constitutional government.

He became Governor in 1859, and his official acts, vetos, messages, instructions and proclamations form, as indicated by the extracts given above, one of the most pleasing chapters in the history of the State.

Gov. Downey married, in 1852, Miss Guirado, a Spanish lady of rare accomplishments, and he was only thirty-four years of age when he held the reins of supreme power in the State.

Governor Downey is to-day comparatively a young man, only fifty-one years of age, and, with his experience, ability and popularity, might reasonably expect and aspire to higher political honors than those already enjoyed by him. But, having discharged well the duties of his office as Governor, and being of a studious and philosophical turn of mind, he has followed in the footsteps of some of the greatest statesmen and rulers, such as Cincinnatus, Washington and Jackson, by retiring to his ranch to enjoy the peaceful life of a farmer, and entertain his friends at his hospitable board. Having served well his country he retired from the political arena, before corruption became an epidemic, with his robes of office unstained by the slightest speck of official fraud or dishonesty. And this is no small glory in these degenerate days.

Before concluding this imperfect sketch of Governor Downey we must not omit to allude to the the style and composition of all his official writings, whether messages or proclamations. His annual message for the year 1861 is a model of pure English. In its well-rounded periods there are no superfluous words, but the style flows on like a transparent rivulet over a bright and pebbly bottom, making its music and its force clear and agreeable to the most superficial observer. There is no bombast, or cant phrases, or "buncombe" speeches, but sound views and statesmanlike suggestions are uttered in language of Attic brevity and sententious Celtic eloquence.

Some of the papers, to make people believe that they were sound critics and judges of perspicuity of language, criticised the Governor's writings as "plain," when the fact was that they themselves, in their journalistic compositions, show a lamentable lack of all the constituents of elegant or even grammatical writing.

Governor Downey, whether he wrote a message, penned a Thanksgiving proclamation or hurled a veto, like a thunderbolt, at a corrupt ring, never once forgot that he was a gentlemen, a scholar, a Christian and an Irishman.

"The Portland *Times* republishes Governor Downey's excellent Thanksgiving proclamation as a literary selection. It is got up (written ?) in good taste and breathes a spirit of devotion and patriotism seldom equaled in a similar document."—*Marysville Appeal.*

In fine, if any man could be happy in looking back on his political career as a statesman that man is Governor John G. Downey.

TERRENCE BELLEW MCMANUS' memory claims a brief space in these pages. He was an early settler in San Francisco, having arrived from the Australian penal colonies in 1852, and if he was not renowned as a statesman like his countryman, Broderick, he was celebrated as a martyr and a patriot. There were few of the Young Irelanders truer nor more sincere in their love for their native land than McManus. He would have sacrificed his life with joy to serve his country, and he would have suffered the severest tortures to set her free, and erect her into a nation.

The writer of this knew McManus well, and and often saw him promenading on the most public thoroughfares of Liverpool with the air of a prince, with a rifle on his shoulder.

McManus was a native of Fermanagh, but was educated in Monaghan town, where his maternal uncle, Rev. Dean Bellew, was parish priest for over thirty years. His grandmother was a Spanish lady, whose hot blood seemed to have flowed in a large stream in the arteries of the young patriot.

After having finished his education in Monaghan, McManus went to Liverpool, where he was largely engaged in a commission and shipping business. But after the French Revolution, in '48, and the stirring events which were passing on the continent of Europe, he engaged heart and soul in forwarding the revolutionary movements in Ireland among his countrymen in England. He organized them into clubs and provided them with military instructions and arms, in order to be prepared when "the rising" would commence. He made a trip to Ireland to consult with Mitchel, O'Brien, Meagher, and the other leaders, and was at Ballingarry when the "fiasco" at the widow McCormac's took place. He witnessed with grief the dispersion of the brave peasantry who came in thousands to be ready for the "fray," but for whom there was no provision made as regarded food or arms. There was neither commissariat nor arsenal to provide them with supplies, and they were not allowed to live "by plunder," as it was called by men who were ignorant of the first elements of the art of war.

When the peasantry departed for their homes, and the leaders were deserted, McManus took to the hills, in company with Meagher, after having dismissed the men who came with him from England in a vessel chartered by himself, in order to escape the vigilance of the detectives. After having wandered in the mountains of Tipperary, Waterford and Cork for a few weeks, McManus escaped in a vessel bound for New York from Queenstown. But before setting sail, the captain, who was an Englishman, betrayed and delivered him to the authorities. The crew of the vessel, including the mate, who were Irish, offered him arms and were ready to fight for him; but as there were two gunboats in sight, and to avoid bloodshed, he refused their offers and surrendered without a struggle. He was taken to Dublin and sentenced to be *hanged, drawn and quartered.* But on account of public opinion, and because it was notorious that McManus and his fellow prisoners had an unfair trial, the sentence of death was commuted to transportation for life in Western Australia. His treatment under the inhuman Governor Dennison was cruel in the extreme, and for disobeying police regulations in going out of his district to visit Smith O'Brien, he was sent to the galleys, and heavily chained and otherwise tortured. The Irish citiezns of Australia appealed to the law of the colony against the harsh rule of Dennison, and obtained his release again under a ticket of leave from the galleys.

He was then—with a view, no doubt, of torturing him to death—ordered to walk all the way back, 150 miles from where he was confined on the galleys, to his former station. In attempting this feat he fell into a fever, which nearly cost him his life. He remained unconcious for over five weeks. After a sensible improvement in his health he was conveyed on board an American whaler, the captain of which, for £600, agreed to take him to California. His reception by his countrymen and the citizens generally here was an ovation of no ordinary character. He then settled down to reside here, where he spent nine years, till he died in 1861, January 15. His remains were sent to Ireland, and rest in peace in Glasnevin Cemetery. The McManuses were an old clan connected with the McGuires, and got their name from one of their ancestors who was born with a red hand.

COLONEL THOMAS HAYES landed in San Francisco July 1st, 1849. He was a native of Roscarburg, County Cork, Ireland, but came to America with his parents when quite young. His father, Timothy Hayes, was a plain, honest farmer, and his mother, a Mahony by her maiden name, was a woman of marked character, as she was of good sense and genuine piety. Thomas was the oldest but one of five or six children, and got his education in New York City. He was from his boyhood distinguished for his candor and spirit, and no sooner was he able to read the history of his native land, than a fire of patriotism was kindled within him, which was only extinguished at his death. Hence, when revolutionary movements were set on foot for the liberation of Ireland, and money was freely subscribed even by such men as Bishop Hughes, who gave $500, Thomas Hayes was entrusted with some important commissions favoring the patriotic work. He and another, if we mistake not, Michael O'Connor (editor of the *Irish Volunteer*), were sent by the New York directory to Canada to enlist the Irish-Canadians in the cause, and had made some progress, when the "fiasco" of "Slieb-na-man" took place. Discouraged by the failure of the movement in which all his energies were centered, he left New York, and took shipping for San Francisco, via Cape Horn, with a quantity of goods for this market. The rest of his history is well known. It has been said by those who knew him intimately, that he was one of the *whitest* men who ever landed on this coast. He was hospitable, brave, generous, a good son, a true friend, and an incorruptible citizen and public officer. One instance is given of his courage, when the vigilants called on all the public officers to resign. He being then, we believe, County Clerk, he answered the armed deputation, "This is my office; you go back to those who sent you. I have no answer to send to the demands of an illegal body." This was an answer worthy of "Old Hickory." He died on board the steamer in which he sailed to New York in 1862, and his remains rest in Lone Mountain Cemetery. He was the owner of valuable property at his death, and had liberal bequests made to his sisters, brothers and relatives, which owing to some mismanagement of his executors were never carried out.

Following are notices of the press of San Francisco, and the honorable public testimony borne to Colonel Hayes' virtues, by the unanimous vote of the Mayor and City Council of San Francisco:

THOMAS HAYES.—The hand of death has struck down a true and noble-souled Irishman in the person of Colonel Thomas Hayes, who died this week on his voyage to New York, whither he had proceeded as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. A dauntless spirit, an exalted sense of honor, and a princely liberality of disposition, combined with a kindly heart, had long ago ensured Thomas Hayes the respect of the California public, and the warm and sincere attachment of a band of devoted friends, who feel that it will be long before they shall meet his like again. Colonel Hayes was a native of Ross, in the County Cork, Ireland, from which his parents emigrated to New York some forty-two years ago, while their son Thomas was only an infant of three or four summers. His boyhood was spent in Schaghticoke, N. Y., where his father still resides. When grown to manhood, he removed to New York City, where he obtained a position in the Weigher's Department of the Custom House, and where he subsequently was elected Assessor of the 4th Ward. During the candidacy of Mr. Cass for the Presidency, Mr. Hayes supported his party, and was chosen a delegate to the State Convention in his interest. Nevertheless, though thus engaged in the politics of his adopted country, he did not forget the claims of his native land on his allegiance. When the burning eloquence and youthful ardor of the Young Ireland party threatened to precipitate a contest between the then famine-stricken Irish people and their English rulers, Thomas Hayes devoted himself heart and soul to the sacred cause of Ireland.

Copy of a Resolution of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco in reference to the late Colonel Thomas Hayes:

Whereas, The remains of the late Colonel Thos. Hayes are to be interred in this city on the 27th day of March, inst.; and

Whereas, Colonel Hayes was one of the earliest and most active and useful of the pioneer residents of San Francisco, having arrived here in July, '49, and having at once made San Francisco his home, and having continued until his death, encouraged and helped to build up all its material, moral and educational interests, and having always displayed an almost exceptional hospitality and charity; and

Whereas, He was, from the earliest times, employed in many offices in this city of honor and responsibility, commencing with a deputy sheriff-ship, under Colonel Jack Hayes, having been County Clerk for two terms and president of the Charter Convention of this city, which paved the way for the Van Ness Ordinance and the Consolidated Bill, and other public benefits; and

Whereas, In all his official acts he sustained the character of an upright, honest and honorable officer; and

Whereas, He was also a member of the Assistant Board of Aldermen in the year 1852, which was one of the progenitors of our present Board of Supervisors; now, therefore, in consideration of the premises, it is hereby

Resolved, By the Board of Supervisors of the City and County, that a vote of sympathy, respect and condolence be passed by this body upon the death of the late Colonel Thomas Hayes, and that a copy of this resolution be presented, by the clerk, to his afflicted family, and that this Board attend his funeral in a body and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Adopted unanimously, in the Board of Supervisors, March 21, 1870. THOS. H. SELBY, Mayor.

Adopted unanimously: Winkle, Harold, McCarthy, Ashbury, Badlam, King, Story, Strader, Adams, Canavan, Kelly, Flaherty.

JNO. A. RUSSELL, Clerk.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR STATESMEN CONTINUED. SENATORS CONNESS AND CASSERLY. STATE SENATOR ROACH, M. K[illegible] AND K[illegible]NEDY.

Hon. John Conness, United States Senator for the term commencing in 1863, is a native of Portumna, County of Galway. Coming to the United States at an early day, like most of his countrymen, to better his condition as well as to escape the annoyances of the British Government in Ireland, Mr. Conness having received a good education in his native land, found no obstacle on his road to advancement in this free country. Hence we find his name among the law-makers in the California Legislature as early as 1860. He got the nomination for Governor in 1862, from both the Republican and Independent Democratic parties, but was defeated by Leland Stanford. He was then a resident of Eldorado County. He was at one time suspected of favoring disunion and the "lost cause," but by a letter of his written at Georgetown, dated Oct. 3, 1861, Mr. Conness proved himself a lover of his adopted country, and a true patriot.

"I cannot understand how any man who pays attention to public affairs, can fail to understand my position as to parties, or that of fealty to the Government. Those statements are made by uninformed or idle persons for sensation purposes, or for the meaner purpose of injuring me.

"If every man in California were against the Union, and against using all the power of the Government to preserve itself, *I would be* FOR *both, against* the people, and I would seek some other place of abode. My opinions do not grow out of the influences of my neighbors, but are the results of my love of country and my estimate of its value. I have not associated, nor shall I knowingly associate with men who are secessionists, disunionists or traitors; nor will I advise others to do so. Treason is as foul a crime as it was in the time of Benedict Arnold, and West Point was not worth any more then, than Manassas, is now. Any opposition to our present nationality, is treasonable, pending war, and ought to be punished by banishment from the State, or incarceration in prison. Upon the terms of Union, I can have political association, and upon no other. I care not whether my associates come from one party or another, as long as they are true upon the one vital point.

"To the Democratic party as Buchanan made it, I am opposed. To the same party as Douglass would have redeemed it, I am firmly attached; but my attachment to it goes no farther than the extent it can be made useful to the cause of universal civil liberty. With me, the UNION is above all parties. It is a crime now to raise party above country, or to consider personal interests pending the greatest danger to all we have as a people worth preserving. That there are many partizans base enough to do so, we know. Attempts to make political parties by specific arguments and division of spoils will always fail, and are always made by narrow (minded?) and bad men. To conclude, however others may act, I have but one desire, which is, that this government may be more firmly established in the fear and love of our people, that its prosperity may be continued, and that it may be securely transmitted to our posterity to the remotest ages.

JOHN CONNESS."

These sentiments, expressed in plain and unstudied phrase, were certainly very patriotic, and deservedly raised Mr. Conness in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. He, like all of his countrymen at that day, was ready to make any sacrifices for the preservation of the government, and as "good men and true" were then appreciated, and many of the sons of the soil were ready to plunge the sword of schism and separation into the bosom of the Republic, the common mother of all the people, Conness, though Irish, was soon chosen and sent to Washington to give expression and effect, as a United States Senator, to the patriotic sentiments that glowed within his breast. No matter under what party banner he fought and conquered, he was the same as Broderick, Casserly, Downey and all the statesmen of our race in his unselfish defence of the Union.

The Connesses, "ua Coinnise," were of very ancient date in Connaught, bordering on the County of Clare, where several families of the name are found to the present day.

Senator Eugene Casserly is one of those Irishmen who is not ashamed of his native land, and though he was so young when he crossed the Atlantic Ocean—not over two years—that he could, without danger of being detected, pass himself off as a native of "Irish or Scotch-Irish origin," yet, to his credit it must be said, that he never denied the country of his nativity. Unlike Senator Broderick, our honorable statesman had every opportunity of a first-class education. It may be said that from the cradle he began the arduous ascent to Parnassus, "*gradus ad Parnassum.*" In a word, before he gained his majority he was an accomplished classical scholar, as well as thoroughly grounded in the principles of the most advanced scientific course of studies. Mr. Casserly's attainments in science were in advance of his contemporaries, and he found the sphere of his father's academy too narrow and confined for the display of his acquirements. The school-room was too limited for the exercise of his abilities, and hence, before he attained the legal age, we find him the editor of an influential journal in New York City. While presiding in the editorial chair he commenced the study of law, and in his twenty-second year was admitted to the bar of New York.

Coming to California in 1850, our Senator resumed the profession of a journalist with marked success and ability, until after about a year's conducting of his paper his office and all his effects were consumed by the disastrous fire of 1851. Mr. Casserly gave up journalism as a profession from this date, and, resuming the law, he rose very rapidly into distinction.

Though of a mild and pacific disposition, Senator Casserly, in speaking, kindles up into the glow of true Irish eloquence, which, flowing from his graceful lips enriched by copious figures and flowers of rhetoric, naturally springing from his deep classical studies, renders his oratory elegant and convincing at once, and seemingly without effort. Mr. Casserly, like the majority of his educated countrymen, is a Democrat in politics, and as attached to the party of his choice as he is to other and more important principles of his early years. In 1867 he was elected United States Senator, and his eloquence, moderation, and knowledge of parliamentary rules and amenities gained for him the general respect of that select body of statesmen, and elevated him to be the peer, if not the superior, of most of those who sat with him in that great assembly of law-makers.

Senator Casserly stands high, not only as a statesman, but even in his private life it may be said of him that he is a model father, and husband of a spotless reputation. Men of his reputation are an honor to the land of their birth and adoption, and though of moderate views and of retiring inclinations, are those who are called to the helm when dangers threaten the ship of State. Though at present leading a dignified private life, without care or ambition, rumor has it that he will be called on again to fill the office of United States Senator, and if he shall be, the people and the State will be well represented.

The Casserlys were an old and respectable family, traced back to before the tenth century. The Irish orthography was Casserlaig, and there is on record where in an army in a province of Connaught, under the leadership of the Cathal Cruvderg O'Conners, the Melaghlins, the O'Kelleys, the McEagans, the McDermotts, and other chiefs with Cumuman Casserly, were defeated by the English in 1249, in the neighborhood of Atheury, then held by the English garrison. It was on the 15th of August, and the English demanded a respite, not willing to fight on "Lady day," but the Irish troops, eager for the fray, led on by Cruvderg, who though willing to abstain from battle, could not be restrained by the sanctity of the day, and when the English turned out to meet their assailants, a panic took place, in which great crowds of the Irish were slain; among others the aforesaid Chief Casserly. This victory the English attributed to the "miracles of the blessed Virgin"—so at least is stated by the Irish analists, under date of 1249.

Senator Philip A. Roach.—We gladly make room in our pages for the following notice of the Hon. Philip A. Roach, extracted from a memoir of him in an Eastern journal. Senator Roach is one of our most worthy representative men, and deserving of a first place among Irish-American statesmen. His integrity and ability as a public man are well known, while his honor and demeanor as a gentleman are worthy of the approbation of his fellow-citizens of every class. Senator Roach, though not claiming a descent in a direct line from "Heber or Heremon," is undoubtedly of Celtic origin, as were many of those of Norman extraction, brought to the shores of Erin by love of adventure or war.

His forefathers were distinguished in the annals of Erin in the twelfth and following centuries. The part of the country which they claimed as their own by right of conquest or purchase was called "Roche's Country," comprising the present Barony of Fermoy, in the northern part of Cork. The Lordship of Fermoy is to this day held by the Roches, while persons of the name are to be found in many parts of the south of Ireland, as well as in the County of Cork.

Philip A. Roach was born in Ireland, Nov. 1st, 1820. His family emigrated and settled in New York in 1822. His early education was received from private tutors and at private schools. At the age of fourteen years, he entered a large importing house as clerk, and followed commercial pursuits until 1844. Mr. Roach at an early age took an active part in the discussion of social and political questions, and frequently communications from his pen on themes of public interest were given through the columns of the New York papers. From New York he went to reside to Vicksburg, Miss., where he became editor of the *Sentinel* of that city. Retiring from this position after a short time, he next went to New Orleans, from which he departed, taking passage for Havre de Grace, in France, in 1844. In Havre he met with a cordial reception from friends; but having little business to occupy his attention, he went to Paris, where he attended the lectures at the College of France, on "General Literature," and at the University of Paris, on "Commercial and International Law"—his knowledge of the French language enabling him to profit by such profound and elegant dissertations. He subsequently visited London, Dublin, and other important localities in Ireland and England, and having ended his European tour, returned to the United States in 1846. After a short visit to Mississippi, he returned to New York, where he soon afterward received the appointment of United States Consul to Lisbon, from President Polk. In Lisbon he entered upon the discharge of the functions of his office, for which he was thoroughly competent on account of his familiarity with most of the modern European languages.

In the summer of 1847 Lisbon was visited by a severe earthquake which caused the ground to open in immense breaches in many places. The royal family fled from the city in terror, though the solidly constructed buildings, five and six stories high remained uninjured. Mr. Roach, from the sensations experienced by him at the time, enunciated subsequently the theory that earthquakes were caused by electrical action. He resigned his consulship in 1849, and having returned home to New York, left for California on the 30th of June, reaching the Isthmus on July the 7th, of that year. The weather on the Isthmus was intensely hot, the rain poured down in torrents, and cholera and fevers worked terrible havoc. Lieut. F. Beale, son of the United States Minister to Austria, H. Gray Otis and Mr. Roach were frequently called upon to wait on the sick and dying. Men fell dead so suddenly that hundreds became panic-stricken. Those who had signed their names as witnesses to attest the death of a friend, in a few hours were themselves corpses, in many instances. The gentlemen referred to rendered much assistance to the families of the deceased by attesting papers required in such cases, which services the consul, Willliam Neilson, acknowledged by thanking Mr. Roach cordially for his kind aid in the premises. The steamer named the *Panama* made her appearance towards the end of July at Panama, and was immediately crowded with passengers eager to reach the "El Dorado," California, and willing to pay any sum to secure a passage. Some actually paid as high as $500 for deck and steerage accommodation on the steamer. The vessel arrived on the 15th of July at Monterey, then the capitol of California, as well as the naval and military headquarters of the government, and on the 18th she discharged her living freight at the port of San Francisco. After staying a couple of weeks in San Francisco, the scenes of gambling and dissipation visible on all sides so disgusted Mr. Roach, that he went back to Monterey and engaged in commercial pursuits, for the purposes of which he had sent, before he left New York, two large frame houses prepared for immediate erection, and to be used as stores, with an assortment of goods which arrived in two vessels, each afterwards being wrecked.

The two frame houses were put up in Monterey in 1850, and remain to this day occupied and serviceable after twenty-seven years' existence. At the convention which met to frame the constitution of the State, in obedience to a proclamation of General Riley, Mr. Roche rendered an important service by bringing together the Americans and native Californians and reconciling their differences, and explaining to the latter our theory of government—a thing he felt no difficulty in doing through his fluency of speaking the Spanish language.

At a public meeting of the citizens of both nationalities he addressed the mixed body of people in both English and Spanish, explaining the new constitution, and so satisfactory were his remarks to both parties that he was unanimously solicited to select any office he desired under the new order of affairs, but he declined to become a candidate for office. Leaving Monterey for San Francisco, on business, in the early part of November, he learned, with surprise, when he reached Monterey that he had been elected in his absence to two offices. At the earnest persuasion of the law-abiding citizens he accepted the one of honorary character, namely, Alcalde and Judge of the First Instance.

At this date the district of Monterey was infested by gangs of gamblers and desperadoes, who visited their outrages principally on the native population, and who, in some instances, fired on the civil officers and upon the military guards called out to aid them. Mr. Roach succeeded in arresting several of those outlaws and in bringing them to justice.

Monterey was made a city under American law in April, 1850, and Mr. Roach became its first Mayor. General Riley's functions as civil and military Governor having ceased under the new constitution, the citizens determined to give him a farewell banquet, which accordingly came off on July the 30th, 1850. There were present on that occasion, besides the leading citizens, many officers who since have become distinguished as generals and major generals of the United States army.

Mr. Roach, on behalf of the citizens of Monterey, presented General Riley with a medal, bearing the arms of the city of Monterey engraved on it and weighing a pound of pure gold. He was also presented with a massive chain of specimens of gold and quartz. General Riley responded with great feeling in acknowledgment of his thanks for the valuable presents, and expressed his warm sympathies for the people among whom he had so long resided.

During the Summer of the same year, Mr. Roach and Hon. J. B. Wall were appointed a committee to examine the Missions of Santa Cruz and Monterey Counties. The work was a very laborious one, as the drought had so dessicated everything that they had to carry, besides their rations, barley for their horses. In addition to these incumbrances, they had to camp out every night, and that, too, in a country infested with bears and other savage wild beasts. An interesting account of this exploration, under guidance of Mr. Roach, was written but never published, the manuscript having been lost in the disastrous fire at San Francisco in 1851. Fifteen years afterward Mr. Roach visited one of the most interesting of these missions—that of San Antonio—where the same clergyman who was then is now officiating. That reverend gentleman had published a partial account of the labors and adventures of the Mission Visiting Committee in the San Francisco *Monitor*, but even that was destroyed by the mobs of 1855.

In the year 1850 a report was brought to Monterey that a large steamer was wrecked on the coast. An expedition was fitted out by Mr. Mayor Roach—a large whaleboat obtained from Governor Riley, with a crew and plenty of provisions. Francis J. McGuire (brother of the late John Francis McGuire, M. P.), who was for over twelve years County Judge of Santa Barbara, took charge of the craft, and horsemen were sent overland to the scene of the disaster. They reached the wreck in time to give the needed assistance, and found that the "Sarah Sands," an old Atlantic steamer, was the vessel in question.

Among the passengers were Myles D. Sweeny, now president of the Hibernia Bank, Charles McC. Delany, and other prominent citizens.

On September 3d, 1851, Mr. Roach was elected Senator from Monterey and Santa Cruz for two years, and in 1852 wrote a minority report against Chinese immigration. In that session he had a bill passed after great opposition, allowing married women to do business as "sole traders," and this is now the law of the land.

In January 1853, Mr. Roach was appointed, by President Pierce, U. S. Appraiser for the District of San Francisco, which office he resigned in 1861.

In 1854 he was elected Commissioner of Education for Monterey County, and trustee of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, of which he was also president for two years. He was elected director of the Society of Pioneers in 1857-8, vice-president of the same society in '59 and '60, and president of California Pioneers in 1860-1.

From 1860 to '61 he was engaged in commercial pursuits, but from his taste and education, being inclined to literary pursuits and studies, in 1867 he purchased an interest in the San Francisco daily and weekly *Examiner*, since which time he has been one of the proprietors and editors.

In 1857 Mr. Roach went to Washington on special Government business and returned home by way of Cuba. In the same year he was elected an honorary member of the Mechanic's Institute on account of his ably-written paper on "State Prison Labor."

In 1873 he was elected to the State Senate of California for four years, running far ahead of his ticket.

In May, 1876, he was one of the Commissioners of San Francisco, to go to Washington to secure Congressional action to restrict Chinese immigration. During this Eastern tour Senator Roach visited the principal cities of the East, where he found opinion strongly in favor of encouraging immigration, but by his arguments and explanations soon produced a marked change in public opinion on this question. At Washington he had a long audience with President Grant, the members of the Cabinet and the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, regarding this troubled question. The efforts of the Commission succeeded in obtaining a

Joint Congressional Committee to investigate the matter in California, which subsequently reported, showing the enormous evils of Mongolian immigration.

In New York Senator Roach received a banquet at the Sturtevant House, from those California Pioneers then in the Empire city. Returning home by way of Virginia City, he there received an enthusiastic reception from the Pacific Coast Pioneers.

Once more at home and attending to his editorial duties on the *Examiner*, he took a prominent part in the campaign for "Tilden and Reform," speaking in every ward of the city and throughout the southern tier of counties, where his addresses were very effective with the natives, whose language is as familiar to him as his mother tongue. He also addressed numerous bodies of foreign-born citizens in their various vernaculars, exercising everywhere, by his persuasive powers of oratory, a most powerful influence. In every campaign in California for twenty-seven years, Mr. Roach has been regarded as one of the champions of Democracy, and has fully bestowed his services, his time and his means, to sustain the standard of his political faith. Senator Roach is a man of character—a natural born leader of men, and would have made his mark in any community. Of fine personal appearance and gentlemanly instincts, he displays marked public spirit and a thoroughly upright and honest heart. His character is agreeably impressive, and he never fails to command respectful attention when he has anything to say. He is like Cato of old, a man of action as well as an elegant orator, and it is in action that his large and generous resources find fitting expression. He is true to his convictions, and from what he conceives to be right he cannot be moved a hair's breadth. Of him it may well be said in the future,

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

We will add that such a man is an honor to the land that gave him birth, as well as to that of his adoption and choice; and, though so gifted and accomplished as an orator, a linguist and a statesman, such is the Senator's unassuming modesty that he absolutely refused to give the author any data from which he could write a brief account of his eventful life. The above imperfect sketch he copied from a copy of an Eastern journal lent to him by an obliging friend.

CHAPTER XX.

SENATOR E. NUNAN. SENATORS MCCOPPIN, MURPHYS, FARLEY, DONOVAN, FOWLER. HON. JAS. KENNEDY.

THE HON. EDWARD NUNAN'S name must, of right, find a place among our imperfect list of Irish-American statesmen. Senator Nunan came of a family which from "time immemorial," in Ireland, were distinguished for literary qualifications. In fact, the Nunans—"Nuenauns," in Irish—were hereditary bards and literati in Thomond long before the light of the Gospel lit up the dark recesses of Druidical groves and caves on both shores of the Shannon, or the benediction of St. Patrick extinguished forever the fatal torch of "Carrig o'guinal."

Then the Nunans, as poets and companions of chiefs and princes, could indulge in their tastes; and even after learning and poetry were made capital offences by Anglo-Saxon penal enactments, the Nunans did not bow their necks to the yoke of the oppressor or receive his proffered bribe, but unhesitatingly followed the priest and the chief into exile; and when exile abroad was impossible, on account of the vigilance of tyranny, they retired to the mountain glens and the deep recesses of the forests to keep the lamp of literature burning, or to commit to the keeping of immortal song the the traditional lore of their oppressed country.

We find one of this name a hermit in the seventh century, and another was a saintly abbot of the famous "Innis Cathai," or the Holy Island, in the Lower Shannon, near Kilrush.

The subject of this notice was born in Limerick, and his father was a man whose independent spirit was manifested by the determined opposition which he offered to the collection of the odious tithes by the ministers of the established Church in Ireland. In his time, every church minister was made a magistrate by the order of the Government, and it was customary for the preacher, when he went around to collect his charges, to be accompanied by a platoon or a regiment of soldiers, to seize and distrain for tithes, to intimidate the peasantry, and to shoot them if they made any resistance to the collection of the revenues for the support of a creed which the people detested, and which was associated in their minds with scenes of rapine and bloodshed.

An instance will illustrate the working of the collection of tithes by the Protestant clergy from the Catholic peasantry. In or about 1834 one Parson Rider, in Rathcomic, County of Cork, accompanied by a posse of armed soldiers, went to collect his tithes. Coming to the house of a poor widow who owned no real or personal property, except a pig, or rather a hog, the Parson of "pure reformed religion" ordered the hog to be driven to auction to have the animal sold for his dues of five shillings, or $1.25. The widow's only son, a lad of fifteen years, attempted to rescue the pig, the only property of his poor mother, whereupon the Parson ordered the soldiers to fire, which they were obliged to do, for he was squire as well as preacher. They raised their muskets, and the poor widow's son fell dead, pierced by a dozen bullets. The Parson told the widow he "sarved her right," as she should have paid him her tithes.

This system was carried on in Ireland for centuries, and there was no redress for wrongs committed in the name of the reformed religion, till within a few years ago, when the tyrants themselves got ashamed of their cruelties against a plundered people. But, though the Catholic people paid the tithes, that is, the tenth of their crops and revenues to support the Protestant religion, they always paid these unjust imposts under protest, and had recourse to all legal remedies to evade the payment.

Senator Nunan's father, being a guide and prudent adviser of his less prosperous neighbors, took a prominent part in his opposition to the tithes. This opposition, however, comes under the category of "passive resistance," but, in many instances, was more grievous to the parson, as it was more safe to the peasant.

Mr. Nunan consulted the best lawyers as to the most effectual manner of evading the payment of tithes, and held correspondence with the most eminent men of the nation, such as Dr. Doyle and O'Connell, on resisting the payment of this odious claim. The parsons of that day often found themselves foiled in their attempts to distrain the goods and chattels of many a poor peasant, and accordingly the agrarian asserter of religious liberty came in for no small share of their hatred. Mr. Nunan, therefore, well knowing that in those days it was a dangerous thing to incur the displeasure or enmity of the English Churchmen—for the parsons had the law on their side, as well as the power to pervert it—he, with his family, seeing dangers ahead, came to the conclusion to quit his native land, where his forefathers flourished since the days of King Dathi. He accord-

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ingly sold out his land and homestead, and took shipping for the Australian colonies. Several other families, neighbors and relatives of the Nunans, quitted Erin, the land of their love and birth, at the same time, and though,

"As they gazed upon her shore,
The bounding tears flowed o'er,"

yet they preferred to go around to the other side of the world rather than any longer put up with the galling persecution of English Protestantism, which, while it robbed them and tried to degrade them, as men, in this life, did not scruple blasphemously to consign their souls to damnation in the next.

These considerations could not fail to make lasting impressions on the reflecting mind of the young Nunan, who has ever since devoted his talents and abilities to the cause of freedom to all mankind.

Senator Nunan is a man, not only of ability, but of genius. He has a mechanical talent of no ordinary kind, and though he never served his time to acquire a handicraft, yet he is, and is known to be, a master in the art of building. The designing and execution of the Andrews' elegant jewelry palace, on Montgomery street, gives evidence of his skill. Thus, by being a mechanic by nature and a statesman by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, Edward Nunan realizes, in his education, what Plato recommended, namely, "that all public men should learn some handicraft or trade," to ensure the health and vigor of the body, as well as to relieve the mind from the weakness of over-exertion or too much application.

Senator Nunan bears a striking resemblance, in his head and features and figure, to the late Stephen A. Douglas, who, by the way, followed and exercised the trade of a carpenter before he was a statesman. Of the Senator's contributions to local enactments, as a Supervisor, or of the bills introduced by him in the State Senate, though they were important, we cannot specify in this sketch, his modesty compelling him to refuse giving the writer a personal account of his services in that way. But, from what we could learn from conversations with him in his library and when disengaged from study, we have no hesitation in saying that he is not only a man of great practical ability, but a profound thinker and a statesman of comprehensive views and sound philosophy.

Mr. Nunan is a comparatively young man, and, having the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," is likely to live a long and useful life. We therefore predict for him a very successful and bright career in the future history of the State and of the country. His originality, his wit, his sincerity of purpose and honor as a public man authorize us to expect more than common from Senator Nunan.

Senator Edward Nunan, no doubt attracted to our shores by his innate love of liberty, came to California, from Australia, in 1850, since which time he has been prominently before the public as Supervisor, as member of the Legislature, and other public offices.

As a Supervisor he introduced very important measures in relation to the grading of streets and disposing of the outside lands, and passing Order 900, which saved the city hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars. He has the mind to conceive and the will to execute the most useful legislative enactments, if not incumbered by the trammels of political cliques and rings.

His connection with the Mercantile Library was also most creditable to himself and advantageous to that useful corporation. At a time when that institution was on its last legs and most likely to fail, owing to the narrow and exclusive views of some of its members, Nunan, as one who appreciated the utility of a valuable public library, put his shoulder to the wheel, and by aid of his numerous friends and well-considered plans, relieved it of embarassment and placed it financially and otherwise on a sound liberal basis.

Senator Nunan is not sufficiently appreciated as a public man. He may not be perfect in setting in motion the lower wheels of the political machine, but wherever profound thought and deliberation are called into action, it is then that the resources of an original mind are called forth and manifested. Nunan's bill establishing a Board of Work for San Francisco, in the present session, has been pronounced perfect by high judicial authority, and if passed, all allow, will save the city millions. And his bill in reference to coolie labor is allowed to be the best one ever offered. Yet, such is the prejudice, or infatuation, not to say corruption, of interested parties, that those two grand measures for the public good, and displaying in their wording a profound knowledge of municipal law, may possibly be rejected by the votes of members who could not give a definition of the word "municipality."

SENATOR FRANK MCCOPPIN was born in the city of Longford, Ireland, on the fourth of July, 1834, and is consequently under forty-four years of age. He received his preliminary education in his native town, then well provided with good schools and academies.

When about eighteen years of age, he bid adieu to the land of his nativity, and came with his parents on a sailing vessel to the United States, then the "land of promise," to most intelligent and educated young Irishmen.

After having spent about six years in the Eastern States, engaged in commercial business, he came to San Francisco, where he arrived in 1858. Soon after his arrival, he was engaged as superintendent of construction of the Market Street City Railroad in which a good deal of grading had to be done, and considerable engineering skill to be exercised on account of sand drifts and other obstructions.

In 1860, just two years after he arrived in California, and only eight years after he left home in Erin, he was elected Supervisor for the city of San Francisco, and was re-elected to the same office for four terms successively. Finally, in 1867 he was elected Mayor of this great city just nine years after his arrival as an immigrant, and sixteen years after he landed on the continent; and when he reached this highest pinacle of civic honors, he was only thirty-four years of age! We believe that this gradation in the scale of popular promotion is unprecedented in the records of the State or of the country. Here is a gentleman who left Ireland, not as a capitalist or distinguished professional man, but as an emigrant, with no capital but his brains, and no letters of introduction but what was written in his candid, open countenance, and we find him chief magistrate of one of the most famous cities of the continent, just sixteen years after he bade adieu to the humble abode of his birth in Longford!

We have read of promotions through wars, revolutions, and conquests, but we never read of such, through the ordinary course of civil life, as that of Senator McCoppin. There could be no pipe-laying or wire-pulling, as the politician slang designate it in this case.

McCoppin could have but very few acquaintances, not to talk of numerous and powerful patrons, when the civic honors of San Francisco began to fall on his shoulders. How could a man without money or mines purchase friends or patrons after having spent but two years in the country? He could not bribe judges or control ballot-boxes or move secret organizations.

There is but one way to account for his extraordinary elevation into official consequence, and that is, that *he must be a man of first-class talents.*

In 1862, the Senator got married to Miss Van Ness, the accomplished daughter of the statesman of that name, the originator of the famous "Van

Ness Ordinance," and that happy event has not in the least impeded his political advancement.

Mr. McCoppin was Mayor when the city's title to what were called the "outside lands" was settled. These lands were valued then at many millions of dollars, and the settlement of the titles to them was the most important question which ever came before the municipal representative body for decision, which settlement was materially aided by the efforts of Hon. E. Nunan, then a member of the Board of Supervisors.

Mayor McCoppin was then in the civic chair, and he had the genius to comprehend and to decide the grand question. The Golden Gate Park was secured forever for the citizens, as the fruit of the enlightened legislation of McCoppin and his coadjutors. During a period of ten years, from 1860 to 1870, the name and the official acts of Senator McCoppin are intimately interwoven and blended with the municipal history of San Francisco.

The inaugural address and messages and other public documents of Mayor McCoppin, as published in the Municipal Reports of the years from 1867 to 1870, are masterpieces of composition and of statesmanlike views upon municipal government. Such is the estimation in which McCoppin's published opinions are held that quotations have been made from them by Mayor Bryant and others in their messages and documentory publications.

Senator McCoppin is a man of commanding appearance and dignified manners and magnificent figure. His very presence inspires respect, and among thousands he could not fail to be pointed out as a remarkable man.

Senators Bernard and Patrick Murphy, of San Jose and San Luis Obispo, are brothers, and among the best educated and most influential members of the Senate. They represent the distinguished Murphy family of which we have already given brief memoirs in a previous chapter of this work. Those gentlemen, from their wealth and standing in society, most likely, have not sought the positions in the commonwealth to which their constituents have elected them on account of their well-known worth and integrity. Bernard has been Mayor of San Jose for four different terms, and frequently in the Legislature. He, with his brother, was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State. Indeed, there is no office in the gift of the people to which, if ambitious, they may not aspire with a certainty of success. They are both young men—under forty—and no doubt they will be the recipients of further honors from their fellow-citizens. Such men as these, whom all men know to be above purchase, are those who ought to be elevated into the highest places in the State, and not political adventurers and hucksters who have their price, and are in the market to be bought and sold like the wares out of the traffic of which they advanced from poverty and degradation. Bernard Murphy is what used to be called in classic lore, "homo ad unquem factus," while Patrick, notwithstanding his polished education and his knowledge of Spanish equal to a Castilian, and nativity in California, retains as much of the Irish gentleman as if he saw the the light and was brought up in old Wexford, of the '98 heroes. The black curly hair of Senator Patrick, and his mustachios *a la mode Imperiale*, together with his pure, rich pronunciation of the Castilian, cause many of the Spaniards to think that he is a native-born Hidalgo of Spain. Hence, he is at home in San Luis Obispo, surrounded as he is by his broad domain of between 50,000 and 60,000 acres of the best land in California. It is a proud consideration for his friends and for Irishmen, that Senator Murphy is the principal man in his county, and that no one can compete with him for any honors in the gifts of the citizens. Patrick Dunn, a native of Galway, is also a very influential

Irish farmer in or near San Luis Obispo, as is also Captain Mallogh, a native of the north of Ireland, who settled there in 1846.

U. S. SENATOR FARLEY is a sprout from the old Irish stock, though with a weakness unaccountable, unless it be the offspring of "Knownothingism," the Senator elect would prefer to have people believe that he is of "Scotch origin." Not all the antiquarians in the world, however, from Adamnan to McFirbis, and from him to Curry, could ever point out the birth or descent of a Farley, Farrelly or O'Farrell, from a Scotch origin. "Farley" is only an abbreviation of Farrelly, who were chiefs of Tullahoge, and before the date of the Irish colonization of Scotland, whether under "Aengus" or "Carbre Riadagh," the Farleys were unknown. The Senator elect, however, by his fine appearance and Celtic physignomy and acute, cunning looks, gives a flat contradiction to his theory of Scottish origin, so that, *nolens volens*, we must claim him of Irish descent, if not birth. The only consideration that would seem to favor his Scotch descent, would be the truth of the accusation made against him—that he is the purchased tool of the railroad corporation; but this charge we regard as groundless, and among many other reasons, because he is of the Irish race, which is the highest honor he can aspire to. Senator Farley is an eloquent and able speaker, and before his late election filled many position of honor, such as Speaker of the Assembly and President of the State Senate. He is a gentleman of liberal views and of finished education, and a lawyer by profession, and no doubt will do honor to his place in the Senate of the United States, as his predecessors, Casserly, Conness and Broderick, did before him. The charges of venality and political corruption made against Senator Farley are refuted by the acts of his public life, and the fact that he is a poor man, which he need not have been if he were in the pay of the bloated, corrupt railroad monopoly of the Central Pacific.

SENATOR DONOVAN, of the State Legislature, is a native of Cork, Ireland, from near Bandon. He was born in 1847, and crossed the Atlantic on his mother's breast, before he was a year old. The Senator is, therefore, a very young man, not fully thirty two, and, no doubt, owes his elevation to the important office of Senator to his well-known sound principles and excellent education. He received his primary instruction in private schools, in the State of Virginia, where many of the sound customs of the old country still continue, and graduated or finished his education in Georgetown

College, near Washington. Mr. Donovan was elected as a member of the Board of Education in 1870, and while in that position gave expression to some sound doctrines which proved unpalatable to some people of illiberal and intolerant views.

Senator Donovan is a gentleman of grave and dignified, though of youthful, appearance, and his remarks and speeches, which are always in good taste and moderate, command the respectful attention of his colleagues. Like all the statesmen of the old Grecian republics, Mr. Donovan exercises a handicraft, being a painter by trade. We predict for him a bright future, for when he is such in his youth we may ask what will he be in his ripe manhood? He is Senator from the Twelfth District, and this is his second session in the Legislature.

Senator Thomas Fowler is a native of the County of Down, Ireland, and came to America in 1847. He came to California across the plains, driving an ox team, in 1852. He is now owner of herds of kine and sheep which count by the thousand, and which range over 40,000 acres of pasture. His constituents are scattered over five counties, containing more land than all Ireland, and yet this plain, blunt, and honest man has been elected by a large majority of a population containing but few of his countrymen. "Honest" Tom Fowler, as he is familiarly called, is a large, well built, brawny man, of sound body as well as active mind. He is one of those men who cannot be purchased by all the treasure of wealthy corporations or by individual largesses. Senator Fowler was one of those who labored hard to defeat the Railroad Subsidy bill, but his individual efforts, though valuable, could do but little against a bloated corporation which has a reservation fund of many millions, and controls the votes of *statesmen*, so called, as if they were so many pawns on the surface of a chess-board. The Senator has a very interesting young family of five children, and is still a young man under fifty. He is deservedly to be ranked among the statesmen of our race whom he faithfully represents in Tulare County, where his farm is not far from being as extensive as his native county of Down, which, from its alternate hills and valleys, has been compared to a "basket of eggs" by Walter Scott. And he owns twenty thousand head of cattle which graze over his princely domain.

Hon. John Kennedy, a member of the State Legislature, deserves to have his name recorded as a representative of the Irish race; as far as descent is concerned he certainly comes of the best blood in Ireland. The Kennedys have, for a thousand years at least, been identified with the history of Ireland, from the era of the illustrious Brian McKennedy, surnamed Boru, to the present day. People not conversant with Irish history fancy Brian was the family name of the conqueror of the Danes, at Clontarf, in 1014. No; Brian was his Christian name, Kennedy, or "Cinneadie," being the family name. The Monarch Brian deposed Maelshauglin from being Ardrigh in 1002, and was himself twelve years High King when killed at Clontarf by Broder the Dane.

In that battle twelve Irish kings and princes fell, and a grandson of Brian, a youth of fifteen years, was found drowned in the sea, into which he had dragged a Danish chief, and held his head under till he was suffocated.

The Danes were utterly routed, though the victory cost Erin the best blood of her sons. This is the pedigree to which the subject of this sketch, without doubt, belongs.

He was born in Stonehall, in Limerick, and the maternal branch of the family was O'Brien. Our legislator has two brothers in this city also, Patrick and Bryan, in competent circumstances, and not at all unworthy of their ancient honorable descent.

While in the Legislature Hon. John Kennedy introduced a very important measure, called the "Tax Collector's Bill," which became a law, having been supported by all parties in the House as a very useful measure.

Another very important bill introduced by Mr. Kennedy, in relation to the reduction of salaries for executive officers, failed because the San Francisco delegation were unwilling to support it. This was a measure loudly called for, both on account of the economy which civil reform demands, as well as because of the general depression in business and reduction in value of real-estate. The municipal officers of San Francisco are better paid than those of any other city on the continent, or in the world, the total expences for the past year being, according to public reports, one million two hundred thousand dollars! A large sum truly, and one that ought to afford, without distressing individuals, a reduction of at least one third in the aggregate. High salaries are a great temptation to unprincipled men to use improper means to get into office; hence, we find frauds at elections, bribery, direct or indirect, and disregard of the sanctity of oaths. It is to the same desire of getting wealth, too, that while the poor man is unjustly or unmercifully punished, a rich man is sure if accused of crime, to escape with impunity. High salaries, therefore, lead to the perversion of law and justice, because men of no principles are induced to seek for offices.

If no salaries were paid magistrates, as is generally the case in Great Britain, or very trifling salaries, as on the continent, there would be more impartiality in the administration of justice, and bad men would not be tempted to aspire to judicial positions of which they are unworthy. These abuses Mr. Kennedy's bill attempted to correct, but it failed because of lack of support from those who, perhaps, looked forward to the time when they would be candidates for the offices, the fees of which the bill contemplated the reduction of.

Hon. David Mahony, who was State Senator for a term or two, is a native of Mitchelstown, County Cork. He and his brother Denis came to this State before '49, and the former gave great satisfaction while in office. They deserve an honorable place of record among the Pioneers of our race on this coast.

We are obliged to conclude our list of Irish-American statesmen in this chapter. The list is imperfect and could be increased three-fold, but, owing to pressure of time and the neglect of some, such as Senator McG., to reply to our polite letters, we had to finish these interesting memoirs of our countrymen.

The Senate Chamber of the State contains about forty members, more than one-half of whom are of our race. The Assembly, out of eighty members, has about twenty-five of the same nationality, the majority of whom we omit in these pages. The entire Legislature of California, as a whole, compares favorably with any legislative assembly in the Union. The members are elegantly dressed, of very courteous and mild manners, with the absence of anything low either in their words or manners. There is not one among them who may not be entitled *a gentleman*, without mental reservation, though of course, many of them are not classically educated. There are many among them so wealthy as to be beyond the reach of bribery or corruption, and others whose character and honor put any such thing out of the question. There may be lobbyists and paid agents who hang around the portals of the State House, as birds of prey do around a slaughter-house, to devour the offals. But there are men, such as the Murphys, the Nunans, Fowlers, and others of our race, whom they dare not approach with a view of corruption.

The Capitol building is a magnificent structure, one of the best, if not the very best, and most costly in the country. And this has an influence no doubt in elevating the sentiments of the law-makers. What a pity that those Latin mottoes over the chairs of the Senate and Assembly halls were not more elegantly and correctly engraved, *Legislatorum est Justas Leges condere* is very unclassical, not to say incorrect. It should be, "Legislatorum est Leges condere Justas," while the inscription in the Senate Chamber is still more faulty and incorrect, and not at all in keeping with the dignity of the place.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR GREAT CAPITALISTS OF THE IRISH RACE. THE DONAHUES. THE "BONANZA KINGS." MACKEY. FAIR.

Who are the most successful men of this State, as capitalists, miners and bankers? Nay; who were and are the most enterprising men of the continent of North America? Are they native Americans of the Anglo-Saxon race, or men of the Latin, Celtic or Teutonic races? History and experience demonstrates that men of the last-named races are ahead of all others. The four greatest millionaires that the Eastern States knew were of foreign birth or origin. Stewart, Astor, Girard and Vanderbilt were of the Celtic, Latin or Gallic and Teutonic races.

It is the same in this far West—our four or five greatest capitalists are of the Irish race, and the most successful of them are of Irish birth. Messrs. Flood and O'Brien are noticed in their published biographies, which we take to be authentic, as of American birth, which we doubt. But, granting that they were born under the Stars and Stripes, what do they gain thereby? Nothing but the flattery of the unreflecting and silly, while it is acknowledged that the two men of the firm who are of Irish birth, and pride in it, are far the ablest of its members. James Mackey, the youngest, is the most wealthy of the "Bonanza men," and Fair, another full-blooded Milesian, is next to Mackey in penetration, judgment and sagacity.

They might gain the praise of unthinking men if they were vain enough to say they were born in Connecticut or New Jersey, or in some up-town street in Gotham. But they gain the admiration, if not the approbation, of all educated men by "not going back" on old Motherland. We know nothing of the principles or morality of those men (but we think they must be of the first order); what we introduce their names in our book for is to demonstrate the energy, ability and superiority of the Irish race on this coast. And the firm of the "Bonanza men," and their success and perseverance, and prudence and ability, afford a proof as clear as daylight, at least to those whom no theoretical arguments could convince or logical conclusions demonstrate, that the Irish race on this coast is what it has ever been in all countries where it had fair play, the *bravest*, the *best*, and the most enterprising. The reporters of a class of silly newspapers which are too plenty in this city, may turn the public sneer on Paddy or Bridget. But when one or two of the despised race are worth from five to fifty millions of dollars, that alters the case, and is very embarrassing to the crowd of Miso-Milesians who have no other argument to console their disappointment than to suppose such men must be born in this country or they could not be so successful. Hence they claim all great and rich men of "our race," and in their memoirs of them give them a borrowed nationality, or else they ignore them altogether as unworthy of a place in their inelegant annals or histories. It is to remedy this evil and gross injustice that we have undertaken to write and publish this volume, and if we have not succeeded in making it perfect or worthy of the theme we undertook to elucidate, we have at least made a beginning by the publication of a book which cannot fail to be interesting to the Irish race in California, and even in the United States.

Colonel Peter Donahue was born in Glasgow, in 1822, of Irish parents, his father, Peter, having gone to Scotland, most likely to avoid the persecutions of the dominant party in the north of Ireland. After the suppression of the rebellion of '98. Irishmen then, especially in Ulster, had little protection from the local magistrates, and their lives and property were in danger daily from the rapacity of a brutal faction. Hence, in the space of five years, more than 30,000 Irish Catholics exchanged their unprotected homes in their native lands for the uncertain chances of earning a livelihood in a more peaceful and enterprising portion of the empire. The city of Glasgow received the greater portion of these voluntary exiles, and in a few decades the "Irish Race" in Scotland formed a very industrious and almost indispensable section of the inhabitants of Glasgow, and of all the large manufacturing towns of Western Scotland. Thus, in the Providence of God, did Ireland return back to Scotland, peacefully, as many of her children as the latter country transplanted into Ireland by way of conquest in the preceding century.

The purpose of the Scottish Presbyterian "plantation" into Ulster was the eradication from Ulstermen of the national traditions and of the creed of Irishmen. But this the "plantation," backed and fostered by all the power of English bigotry, and aided by millions of money and thousands of her veteran soldiers, signally failed. For to-day, in Ulster even, the old inhabitants are two to one, or at least more than one-half of the population which one hundred years ago was almost exclusively of Scota-Saxon composition. But what the "plantation" of Ulster failed to do in Ireland, the Irish northern "exodus" has accomplished in Scotland. A body of more than two hundred thousand Irishmen form no insignificant portion of the population of Scotland, and by their good conduct, Christian demeanor and industry, have succeeded in revolutionizing the sentiments of the native Scotch, so far as to cause them to respect the opinions of their fellow-citizens of Irish birth, and in numerous cases to conform to the religious and political sentiments of Irishmen. The Irish to-day are a powerful element in national affairs in Scotland, which neither the Government nor any of the great political parties can despise. The writer of this knows something of Scotland from a residence there of some years, and he can say without exaggeration, that in no part of Christendom are there men better instructed in their duties as Christians and citizens, and more steadfast in the faith of their forefathers, than in Scotland. Scottish thrift and industry, as a ground-work to build upon by Irish genius, lead generally to successful results. Hence the early training of the Donahue brothers in Scotland was favorable to their subsequent splendid success in California.

Colonel Peter Donahue came to America in the year 1835 with his father, who settled in Patterson, in the State of New-Jersey, where he was apprenticed to the iron foundry and machinist business with an extensive firm in that city. In 1847 he went to Peru, probably to superintend some iron manufacturing business for the Government of that Republic. He was the engineer of the first steamboat ever owned by the Government of Peru. He returned to New York after two years absence, and came to California in '49 on board the steamer *Oregon*, and immediately on his arrival joined his brother James as partner in a blacksmithing and machine shop on Montgomery street, and subsequently on First street, where the brothers established the first foundry and machine shop on the coast. In 1852 he started the gas works for illuminating the city, which enterprise is now on a firm basis of prosperity. In 1857–58 he ran an opposition line of steamers between San Francisco and Sacramento, and thus, indirectly, by breaking down a greedy monopoly of the California Steam Navigation Co., saved millions of dollars for the public. In 1860 he built the war steamer *Saginaw* for the Government, and soon after the *Camanche*, both of which gave satisfaction. In 1862 he held a two-thirds interest in the San Jose Railroad, which he afterwards sold to Stanford for a large sum. He was the first who introduced street railroads to the city, in 1861, and continues to direct these useful modes of travel up to the present. In 1870–71 he built the railroad from the village of "Donahue" to Healdsburg, a distance of eighty miles, and he is now prosecuting the completion of the narrow-gauge railroad from the Bay at San Quentin to the valley of Mendocino, and ultimately to Humboldt County.

Peter Donahue now and for years past has been ranked among the millionaires of California. He acquired his wealth by hard, honest industry, and his property has grown by a gradual and natural, though a rapid accumulation. It was by no sudden advance in stocks or other ephemeral specula-

COL. PETER DONAHUE.

tions that the Donahues became independent, but by the exercise of the most prudent care and calculation, and the most strict integrity. Besides the ability and profound speculation which Peter Donahue and his brothers displayed in the wonderful success of their enterprises, in addition to the profit they brought their proprietors, also contributed to the improvement of the city and of the State. Men there are who have made more money perhaps than Peter Donahue in the same space of time, but, enveloped in the folds of an arrow selfishness, like snails in their shells, their wealth has contributed little or nothing to the public improvements of the city.

But the reverse has been the case with the Donahue improvements. The City Gas Works, the erection of large foundries, the building of steamboats and railroads, while they brought their owners a large and well-earned profit, brought also wealth, accommodation and improvements to the city and to extensive districts of the State. No ruined fortunes, no wild speculations or fraudulent contracts have contributed to the monument to Irish-American enterprise and prosperity which Peter Donahue has erected in this city and coast. It requires no genius to become rich through stock speculations or the discovery and development of rich mines; but to build up institutions such as gas works, foundries, lines of steamboats and railroads requires a genius of no common kind, and to carry these improvements to a successful issue under difficulties and opposition indicates abilities and statesmanship of the highest order. A fool may become wealthy by inheritance, or a laborer or a peasant may discover a "bonanza" by a stroke of a lucky pickax; but it takes a man of genius, of integrity and of honesty, as well as of sound sense, to carve out a princely fortune by the exercise of his faculties, and that in a community and in an age where the most vigorous competition had to be encountered.

Peter Donahue and his brothers had to do all this and more before their success was placed on a secure foundation. Taking all the circumstances of this great man into consideration, it may be said that he is the most successful man of our race on this coast, if not on the continent. It is true Alex. Stewart, of New York, became wealthier, and other Irishmen of this coast are probably richer, than Peter Donahue, but as an example of persevering, honest enterprise he stands unrivaled.

We have taken the substance of the above from printed sketches of the distinguished gentleman's career, and we insert the following extracts from the columns of the daily press in confirmation of what we have stated concerning Colonel Donahue:

"The first printing press, the first cast-iron melting, and the first quartz mill of the State, for instance, were manufactured by Mr. Peter Donahue. The spirit of improvement and enterprise taking strong hold of the young ironfounder, he tore up the city's streets and laid gas-pipes down in '52, and five years after entered a very practical protest against monopolizing the traffic between this and our sleepy capital in the shape of an opposition line of steamers. Aptitude and reliability again attracted governmental attention, and the contract of building the Federal steamer *Saginaw* was in '60 awarded to the owner of these qualities, and a little later that of building the monitor *Camanche.* Traffic on the sea and traffic on the land quickly followed each other. In '61 the Omnibus Railroad Company was started, in '62 an interest was obtained in the San Jose line, and when that was transferred to Stanford, the Healdsburg line was established. Since that time this route has obtained the major part of his attention, and now, starting from a town which bears his name, it passes through a long, pleasant, fruitful valley, crosses the Russian River and climbs into the mountains beyond, and places the passenger among some of the grandest scenery in the State. Costly and bold in construction, the North Pacific Railroad is now a fortune; a well deserved fortune.

Here the present record of a busy life stops. Stops to leave its subject yet in full manhood, with hosts of friends and the conciousness of having "worked while there is light" A splendid example of honest "push," he has ever a compassionate ear for those who have not so successfully striven; for whilst his one hand is a stranger to the good the other does, there is no man can say he has unavailingly presented a worthy case to Peter Donahue.—*Post.*

"It was in September, 1870, that Colonel Peter Donahue embarked in the great enterprise of building a line of railroad from the old Embarcadero at Petaluma, through the rich county of Sonoma, to Russian River Valley. It was a favororable section for the undertaking, but it was a stupendous project for one man. It required brains and pluck as well as capital, but these essentials Colonel Donahue possessed then, and in an advanced measure he possesses them now. He looked into the feasibility and considered the possible results of the project, and resolved that he would take hold of it. He did so, and by the last day of that year he had completed the road to

Santa Rosa. By April 17th of the succeeding year he pushed it through to Healdsburg, and thus brought within a few hours of San Francisco the most populous and important trade points of Sonoma County, famous as it is for its wealth of farming lands.

In 1871 Colonel Donahue sold the road to the Central Pacific Company for the round sum of $750,000. By the new owners it was completed to Cloverdale. Afterwards Colonel Donahue bought it back at a cost of over a million of dollars, and built that portion which now extends from Donahue, upon the creek, to Petaluma, eight miles above. This gave the road a total length of fifty-six miles, directly through the best portions of Sonoma—a total length of rail and steamboat travel from San Francisco of ninety miles, and the full through trip either way is made in from four to five hours of delightful traveling.

But Colonel Donahue did not stop at the construction of this line to Cloverdale in Russian River Valley. He next built a branch road from Fulton station west to Duncan's Mills, or Guernville, in the Redwoods, 22 miles, on which line can be seen some of the rarest scenery of the Coast. It is a route particularly worthy the attention of tourists, and there the noted redwood groves of California are to be seen in grandest proportions. The detour from the main road to visit old "Stumptown" will be enjoyed by all who make it.

To connect with the trains at Donahue, thirty-four miles from San Francisco, are several fine, fast and commodious steamboats, which alternately ply—the *James M. Donahue*, the *Antelope*, the *Milton S. Latham* and another. Of these the one first mentioned is the finest and fleetest. Indeed she is the finest in California waters. She is named after the next youngest brother of Colonel Peter Donahue, who was of the old firm of the Donahue Brothers, from 1849 down to his death, in their Pioneer Foundry and Iron Works, machine shops, gas works, etc. The *Donahue* was built on San Francisco Bay in 1875, and her engine is a model of the perfection of machinery. Worthy is she of the name she bears.

The San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad now runs no farther than Cloverdale. From there to more northern points in the upper tier of counties lines of stages regularly run. All the way north, clear to the Oregon line for that matter, there is a vast region of rich and fertile lands either already settled or susceptible of profitable occupation. With increased facilities for settlement or travel this great region will not be long in filling up. It requires only the means of ready transportation and expeditious travel to bring it actively into market and to invite thither population. Were the road to be pushed onward from Cloverdale to these more northern points it would materially advance the land valuation and hasten settlement. It will be singular if, with his noted great spirit of enterprise and his unquestioned ability to push on works of magnitude, Colonel Donahue does not extend the line of the road in the manner intimated. He has already done enough to distinguish himself, and to win the meed of honest praise for his substantial benefits to the country; but he can still further add to his name and fame by simply keep up his accustomed pluck. There is no good reason to doubt that he will do otherwise than to constantly drive ahead wheresoever capital and ability point or beckon the way. It is his nature."—*Examiner*.

Others of our race, perhaps over fifty in number, have become millionaires in San Francisco, but the enterprises by which they acquired their princely fortunes, were not so various, so difficult, or so useful as those of Peter Donahue. Finally, of Peter Donahue and his family it cannot be said that, like others of their race, they ever denied their ancestral principles or tried by change of spelling their names, to trace themselves to any other than the old pedigree of the pure, vigorous, and immortal Irish race, the most indestructible in the world.

JAMES W. MACKEY is, they say, the most wealthy of the bonanza "kings." His income is $800,000 a month, which would be giving him $25 every minute in the twenty-four hours, which, with the regularity of clockwork, drops into his pockets, thus realizing more than ever was imagined by the writers of the "Arabian Tales," or their magical stories of suddenly acquired wealth!

Mr. Mackey was born in Dublin in 1835, and is the youngest of the bonanza *Plutocrats.* He came to America when quite young, and was first employed, probably as a clerk, if not as a mechanic, in Wm. Henry Wells' ship building office in New York. He came to California in 1852, and at once become engaged in mining, first in Alleghany, Sierra County, California. He next moved on to Virginia City, in Nevada, where he took up a claim "on union ground," as it was called, and which was situated North of Ophir. In working this claim he lost his small capital, and then had to turn to and work at $4 a day in the frame work of the Mexican mine. He was reduced in circumstances but he never desponded, but he worked steadily and was often heard to declare, that his whole ambition was to earn $25,000 to enable him to make his poor mother comfortable, and she must have deserved his filial care, for she certainly grounded him in sound principles.

In 1863 he entered into a partnership with one J. M. Walker, in mining business, in which success began to dawn on him. In 1868 Flood & O'Brien joined the company, and soon after Mr. Fair came in on Walker's retiring from the partnership The first money they made was in the "Hale & Norcross" mine in 1865–7. They soon, through Mackey's sagacity and tact, got possession of the "Comstock claims," which cost them about $65,000, valued now at more than twice as many millions. And from that date, the four great miners have got the soubriquet of the "Bonanza Kings." Mr. Mackey got married in 1867 to a daughter of Col. Hungerford, and she well represents her husband on the continent, where she gives right royal receptions, so as to eclipse all the splendors of the great capital of modern luxury and fashion. James W. Mackey is a man of well known liberality, and no trifling share of his immense wealth flows into the asylums of the orphans and of the destitute.

JAMES B. FAIR, ESQ., was born in Clogher, Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1831. He came to New York, with his parents in 1843, and, of course, being but fourteen years of age, got his education in the United States. From New York he emigrated, and came to Illinois, where he finished his schooling at the Academy of Geneva, a village about thirty-six miles northwest of Chicago. In the latter place he engaged in a commercial concern for some time. But when the California fever broke out he joined a party of emigrants, and reached California, via Oregon, in August, 1849.

Immediately after his arrival he commenced mining on the Feather River, Yuba County, at which place, however, he remained but about a year, when he removed to Virginia City, Nevada. In 1855 he advanced himself so far forward as to be appointed superintendent of the "Ophir" Mine, and in 1857 he filled the same office for the "Hale and Norcross" Company.

It was while in this employment that the future "Bonanza" Tetrarch made his first "pile." By his counsels James Flood agreed with him to secure control of a piece of mining property known as the White and Murphy and Kenny grounds or claims. This ground, then purchased for a small sum comparatively, covers all the treasures of the "Bonanza" mines of California and Consolidated Virginia.

Mr. Fair, though no "second-sighted" man or wizard, it seems, prognosticated all that has since been developed from these two most famous mines in North America. Mr. Fair has been a "very lucky" man, as the disappointed stockholders call him; but his "luck" all came from his deep calculating mind, and from the indomitable perseverance of his vigorous Celtic energy. He is now very wealthy, and, besides his money, owns million's worth of real estate in this city and elsewhere.

He still superintends the "Bonanza" mines, as well as the Hale and Norcross, the Occidental and other mines. His income is said to be about $540,000 a month, and, though so fabulously rich, he performs the laborious duties of his offices, and is a plain, unassuming man, very little changed from his original honest, Irish manners. He has the reputation of being hospitable and generous to charitable institutions, and is one of the most popular of our wealthy men on the Pacific coast.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR GREAT CAPITALISTS (CONTINUED). FLOOD & O'BRIEN. HON. D. J. OLIVER, JOS. A. DONOHOE, RALSTON, ED. J. MARTIN, C. D. SULLIVAN, MYLES D. SWEENEY, ED. AND RICHARD TOBIN, P. McARAN, EX-GOVERNOR MAGILL, M. O'CONNOR, AND CONL. O'CONNOR.

It cannot be expected that this book should contain memoirs or sketches of all the prominent Irishmen of this State, or even a majority of them. They are numbered by the thousand, and though they are not ambitious of seeing their names in print, yet we deem it but just in this age, when great and good men are scarce, to notice a few of the many of our race who have become distinguished by their virtues.

JAMES C. FLOOD was born, according to a published memoir of him, in Long Island, New York, in 1827, but probably he is Irish by birth. He came to California in 1849, by sea.

In 1854, he formed a partnership in the liquor business with William S. O'Brien, Esq., a gentleman of elegant appearance and polite manners. The partnership began in their commercial enterprise, continues to the present time, a strong presumption of the confidence which either has in the integrity of the other.

In or about the year 1868, they—O'Brien & Flood—joined with Mackey and Fair in mining, and purchased the present bonanza grounds for about $90,000, from White, Lynch, and other Irishmen, who owned the claim. Their successful working of the bonanza mines is well known. The two mines of the Consolidated Virginia and California have yielded about $60,000,000 paid in dividends, which varied from *ten dollars* a share at first, to two dollars at present, and for the past two years.

This firm employs 4,000 men at four dollars a day wages on an average. Their monthly pay-roll is $480,000, all paid to white men, and many of them Irishmen. These men, then, ought to get credit for what they are doing. Their enterprise benefits thousands of people and enriches many. They cannot be said to be altogether selfish, if they have an income of millions every month.

Should their works cease, or remain undeveloped, the population of Virginia City, which is now twenty thousand or so, would not be one thousand if Flood and O'Brien and Mackey and Fair retired to the East or to Europe. They control the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, which has a capital of

$10,000,000 in gold. They also own millions worth of real estate in San Francisco.

They are blamed by some critics for not giving a million or two annually to feed and clothe the poor, or because they do not found some grand institution of charity or learning, or build a grand cathedral, in thanksgiving to the Providence which guided them to such wealth; but they may do so before they die.

To be sure, if they desire immortality on earth even, it is not by hoarding fabulous wealth that they can gain it, but by leaving some lasting monument of charity, which would hand down their names to the end of time.

Even Girard, the miserly Frenchman, in his ill-advised and eccentric foundation of Girard College, in Philadelphia, has secured himself an earthly fame, increasing from year to year, which immortalizes his name, when the Stewarts, Astors, and Vanderbilts will be forgotten.

We copy the following paragraphs from the San Francisco *News Letter:*

If we were asked to select from among all the men that California events have brought to the surface, that one upon whose fortune pure chance has had the least influence, we should name the subject of this sketch. James C. Flood was born at New York City about 1828, and is now forty-eight years of age. His education, while not of the highest class, such as can only be obtained in the great universities, is yet sound and practical in all English branches To this knowledge of his own language Mr. Flood has added, by a general line of reading, a familiarity with the history and literature of the world and a wide acquaintance with passing events. The effect of the gold discoveries of California in 1848–9 was a sort of intellectual conscription in which the physical and mental energy of the world was drafted into the expedition to this coast. If it had been desired for any reason to select from the youths just arrived at man's estate in the Spring of 1849, the finest and most energetic minds, and to set them aside into a special class, no system of examination would have procured so perfect a choice as was made by natural selection in the struggles of the strongest to get away from home and to find their way to California. In this uprising of youthful ambition James C. Flood pushed out into the great ocean of adventure, and found himself in San Francisco in 1849, a passenger on the ship *Elizabeth Ellen.* Like most young men of that period, he arrived here with no capital, save his own will and natural forces. How he struggled in the commencement, first at one thing and then at another, as chance threw honest employment in his way, to secure subsistence, and, that obtained, to lay up a little capital, it is not necessary to give in detail, for it is substantially the history of any young man of that period arriving here, possessing sufficient spirit and self-reliance to do honest work, rather than depend in any manner upon others. His mind looked for results even at that early day. Whatever employments he may have in the beginning held, he soon threw them aside in his determination to work for himself in the making of his own fortune. As early as 1854 he associated with William S. O'Brien. It was then that they began those mining enterprises that have already resulted in rendering them the first mining capitalists of this, and possibly of any age.

The first notable enterprise engaged in by Flood & O'Brien consisted in operations in the Kentuck and other mines on the Comstock, in which they generally contrived to secure a controlling interest. This was as early as 1862. Their operations in Hale & Norcross, a few years after, were on a scale so large as to attract general attention to them as mining speculators. But the operation which finally made the name of this mining firm known throughout the world has been compressed within the short space of a few months in the early part of 1875. The existence of those vast bodies of ore in the Consolidated Virginia and California mines which gave them the name of *bonanza*, thus adding a permanent word to the English language, was suspected as early as February, 1874, and were made certain by the proprietors in December of that year. The generosity with which they dealt with those who had the good fortune to be their friends, is now generally known in this community. They were not content to see their own fortune growing with colossal strides each hour, but desired all who had been kind to them in the past to accompany them on the road to prosperity. Many of our wealthiest people of to-day, if we thought proper to name them, would confess that to the fortunate circumstance of their good relations with Flood & O'Brien in years gone by, they alone attribute their being rich instead of poor.

The establishment of the Nevada Bank is the idea of Mr. Flood, who has resolved that his bank shall grow up in San Francisco, sound in capital, and with a reputation throughout the world, that shall be built upon genuine merit.

In appearance, Mr. Flood is prepossessing, strong, and about 5 feet 10 inches high, compactly built, and robust form. His complexion is a healthy blonde, with a serious but pleasant demeanor, and a grave and sedate carriage, befitting the earnest nature of the man. It has been remarked by thoughtful men, to whom Mr. Flood has been known from youth, that all he is now was foreshadowed in him from the first; that whatever situation he was placed in for the moment, he was always equal to, and performed his part in a grave, quiet and thoughtful manner, marked rather by force held in reserve than by that actually employed. His bearing towards others was always that of the inborn, natural gentleman, invariably courteous and gentle to all, and never failing to receive like consideration from those he met; inherently confident of his own position, never dreaming that it could be questioned by anybody. And this was in no respect more marked when occupying the humblest position that chance had imposed upon him than now that he is one of the leading capitalists of the country.

W. S. O'BRIEN, the jolliest millionaire in creation, is to be found in the subject of this sketch. And the reason is simple enough. William S. O'Brien has taken the world easily from the day he entered it a little over forty years ago. It was at Abbeyleix, Queen's Co., Ireland, and that famous isle of the ocean has done many worse things than in giving this man to California. It is understood that Mr. O'Brien is the social member of the firm, draws his dividends, and, laughing at care, waxes daily more plump and debonaire. He arrived in California on the 6th day of July, 1849, in the ship Faralinto, around the Horn, and passed through a probation, not of poverty, for to a man of simple tastes and good habits in California there can be no such thing; but of toil, self-denial and devotion to business. His first business connection was with the late Col. William C. Hoff, one of our best known and most honored pioneers. The firm of Hoff & O'Brien continued for two years, when the subject of this sketch retired for the purpose of forming a co-partnership with Wm. J. Rosener, in the ship-chandlery line. In May, 1854, the present firm of Flood & O'Brien was established, and has never been dissolved. It is probably a co-partnership that will only be ended by the hand of the grim monster. A good share of that popularity which laid the foundation of the fame and power of the firm was due to the genial manner and cheerful speech of its junior member. Everybody liked Billy O'Brien, and everybody put entire faith in the integrity of the firm. They were known to be men of capacity and sterling worth. In the mining speculations that have gradually led up to the present position of the house, Mr. O'Brien has always been a full partner. With rather more of taste for politics than his partner, Mr. Flood, Mr. O'Brien has, as a rule, kept clear of all complications of that kind. Yet once, in 1862, he was tempted by over-zealous friends to stand for the position of Assemblyman. We are, happy to say he was defeated, inasmuch as he expressed himself at the time as pleased with the result, and surely he ought to know better than anybody else whether he wanted to go or not. Mr. O'Brien has made a host of friends and relatives happy by the liberal manner in which he disburses his wealth. And what better test of the true gentleman can be found than that shown by the fact that he enjoys the happiness of others. Mr. O'Brien is — years old and a bachelor. But not one perversely set on remaining without the pale of matrimony. On the contrary, we feel at liberty to say to the fair sex of our State, damsels and widows, that he is susceptable, and that nothing in the world would be easier than drawing to terms and capturing this, one of the richest single gentlemen to-day in America. *Verbum sat. sap.*

The career of Mr. O'Brien is one well worthy of study and imitation on the part of young men.

HON. D. J. OLIVER.

We might say that it indicates as plainly as the life of a man can, the injunction to the rising youth of the country to press forward, and hold to the faith that, in the end, energy, integrity of purpose and real talent will surmount all difficulties, and force position and a recognition from the world.

HON. D. J. OLIVER is one of the most successful, as well as the most accomplished, Irish gentlemen on the Pacific coast, or on the continent. By this statement we don't mean to assert that he is the richest man, or a great statesman, or a famous general. He is what is far more creditable—a good Christian, a good citizen and an honest man, who is an honor to the land which gave him birth, as well as to the race to which he belongs. Chevalier Oliver was born in Galway, that famous home of ancient nobility, in the year 1823, and came to the United States before he was 18 years of age. He was married in '40 to Miss McGlynn, a lady of the highest qualities of mind and heart. a native of Donegal, and sister to the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, a very distinguished clergyman of New York. He was knighted by His Holiness Pio Nono in 1849—an honor which princes aspire to in Europe—and two of his children, Mary Agnes and Joseph, received their first communion from the Holy Father himself, and a prelate, Monsignor

Paca, assisted at the service and Father Smith of Propaganda. Mr. Oliver presented the Pope with a silver brick of $6,000 value, and it was out of the virgin silver of that brick, that the silver medals were struck to commemorate the Vatican Council. The Italian Government, with their usual rapacity, seized on the brick, which the Chevalier had to purchase back again at a cost of $5,000 more. Mr. Oliver has had ten children, four only of whom survive. His amiable and affectionate wife is also deceased.

Unlike some few others of his countrymen, who ignore their ancestors after getting rich, Mr. Oliver is proud of his nationality and the land of his nativity, though he is of Norman descent, like the De Courcys, Prendergasts, Fitzgeralds, and others who boasted they were "more Irish than the native Irish." The Book of Heraldry traces the Olivers back to the era of the Norman Conquest, 1060, when William invaded England and subdued the Saxons at the battle of Hastings. After that decisive battle Henry Oliver, who fought there, was knighted by King William, and received a grant of land in Wiltshire. William Oliver, a son of the former, came over to Ireland with the Earl of Pembroke, named Strongbow, and his descendants became naturalized, and adopted in time the customs and the language of the native Irish. It was in allusion to the bravery of this family that the expression came, "give him a Roland for an Oliver." It is a remarkable circumstance that, as the first Oliver who landed in England was knighted by William the Conqueror, so, after a period of eight hundred years, the representative of that old family has been knighted by the acknowledged source of all genuine nobility in the civilized world, the Pope of Rome. How is it that times change and men die, but principles are eternal and never change.

Mr. Oliver's innate modesty and repugnance to anything savoring of praise precludes us from any further allusion to his worth as a citizen and high qualifications as a gentleman.

The late **Mr. McMahon O'Brien** was, and his surviving brothers are, of the same family as the Marquis of Thomond, Lord Inchiquin. In fact, their branch of the family ought, by right, to inherit the estate now possessed by Sir Lucius, the present or late Lord Inchiquin, the brother of Smith O'Brien. The division of the family took place in the sixteenth century, when the Dromoland branch adopted the English policy and creed and those who remained faithful to the old traditions forfeited their estates.

John O'Brien, Esq., grandfather of the subject of this sketch, though stripped of the lordly hereditory estates, yet retained those of Toonagh, New Hall and Edenvale, in Clare, and was acknowledged, even by the Drumoland family, as of the same origin with themselves. McMahon O'Brien's father emigrated from Ireland and made America his home while his children were young, and did not long live after his arrival. The children all got a sound, solid education.

After having faithfully served under the Stars and Stripes till the end of the war, Mr. O'Brien came out to California, where, notwithstanding his feeble health, the consequence of the severity of his military career, he soon became conspicuous as a banker and financier. He was connected with the Hibernia Savings Bank for some years, and discharged the duties of his position with entire satisfaction to the members of that corporation. Afterwards he established the Dime Savings Bank, on Market street, where he did a large business, and during the severe run made on him, after the failure of the Pioneer and other similar fraudulent institutions, the Dime Bank bravely held out and paid all those who called for their money. By his prompt action Mr. O'Brien saved his credit and his honor. And it was not till after his death that the institution, of which he was the principal support, went into liquidation. He died in the month of December, and his remains were followed to Lone Mountain by a very large concourse of citizens. R. I. P.

JAMES A. DONOHOE, ESQ., banker, is a native of New York, and was trained to the dry goods business in his early days. He was employed as clerk for some time by the staunch firm of Donnelly & Co., in his native city, and such was the confidence which his employers reposed in his honesty and ability, that in 1846 they sent him to St. Louis to take charge of a second house which the firm of Donnelly & Co. founded there. In 1849, when the California "fever" broke out like an epidemic, Mr. Donohoe resolved to follow the current which flowed towards the Pacific Coast, and started overland for the "El Dorado." Being not accustomed to the rough treatment, attendant of such a mode of traveling as the overland route then presented, Mr. Donohoe got sick and was obliged to lay over at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he was at the point of death. He recovered, however, slowly, and instead of continuing his overland route, returned to New York, from which city he started by sea, and reached California by the steamer *Oregon* in the autumn of that year.

In 1862, he entered into a partnership with Eugene Kelly & Co., in this city, in commercial business.

In 1862 Eugene Kelly and he, with William Ralston, started a bank which had great success as a bank of discount for several years. In '64 Ralston retired from the bank and became connected with the California Bank. The Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank continues, however, and stands in the first class as a safe institution. James A. Donohoe had also an interest with his namesakes, Peter Donahue & Brothers, in the Gas Works, and also in the Occidental Hotel, one of the first-class houses of San Francisco. Mr. Donohoe is, and has been for years, president of the Board of Trade, the duties of which he discharges with great satisfaction and regularity. Mr. Donohoe, like his partner Eugene Kelly, is one of those men whom wealth and prosperity have not made proud. He is a gentleman of the most pleasing manners; benevolence and goodness of heart, the usual accompaniments of nobility of soul, are reflected in his manly countenance.

The late **WILLIAM RALSTON** was of unmistakable Irish origin, his ancestors having come from Ulster, where the name is common, to the United States, and settled in Pennsylvania. He was born and brought up, of course, in America, but he retained the characteristic virtues, and not a few of the faults, of his Celtic ancestors. He was generous, but his generosity bordered on extravagance. His speculations were bold and hazardous. He was liberal to a fault, but his acts of benevolence were performed without discrimination, and the most unworthy were often the recipients of his bounty. Though nurtured in poverty, and familiar with want in his youth, yet when he became wealthy, riches did not change his generous disposition, nor did vulgar pride transform him into a selfish despiser of the poor. He had some faults, but they were hidden from public view by the dazzling halo of his most conspicuous virtues. Even his vices had a dash of liberality about them which deprived them of more than half of their depravity. His first employment was as a farm hand, and from that honest occupation, after some schooling acquired at brief intervals, he became a steamboat man. His next employment was on the Panama Railroad, and to secure the position, he had to borrow a small sum of money—$500—which he afterwards paid by remitting the sender, who reposed confidence in his honesty, *ten thousand dollars!* We find him next in San Francisco, a partner with Eugene Kelly, Donohoe & Co., as a banker. From that institution he went out to be president of the

Bank of California, in which position, becoming somewhat embarassed, he fell to rise no more, except in the grateful memories of the thousands whom his liberality, genius, and enterprise had elevated to fortunes or saved from ruin. The genius of commercial prosperity seemed to have perched upon his standard in the battle for wealth, and when his sun set the gloom of commercial decay, like a threatening cloud, seemed to have gathered and rested over the city. The memory of his faults will soon die away from the minds of the people, while his virtues and benefactions as a public man will become more brilliant by age, like an old mosaic picture which the inroads of time serve but to make more resplendent. The Palace Hotel will stand a lasting monument to his genius, while his many acts of benevolence, public and private, will keep his memory alive, as one who deserved well of his race and his country.

Hon. E. T. Martin claims a place among the distinguished Irishmen of this Coast, from his success and position. He is a native of Enniscorthy, in Wexford, and the first lessons of patriotism which he learned were impressed in his sensitive mind under the shadows of the celebrated "Vinegar Hill," where the Irish revolutionists made the last stand, for liberty and native land, against the hired soldiery of Britain. Mr. Martin's ancestors, both at the father's and mother's side—the latter of whom were Johnstons—fought on the side of liberty and national independence, and young Martin had repeated lessons from his parents concerning the "lost cause." Seeing no prospect for national independence, Edward Martin, before reaching his majority, emigrated, and his destina-was Santiago, in Chili.

There he spent five years in commercial business, for which he was qualified by the education he received at home, and in '49 he determined to come to California. Accordingly, he set out on a sailing vessel and reached San Francisco after a voyage of six months. Having arrived, he lost no time in speculative deliberation, but at once went into mining in Calaveras County, where he soon accumulated a handsome fortune by his enlightened industry. He then made a tour to Ireland, and visited on his return the principal Eastern cities, such as New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and on mature deliberation, concluded that San Francisco was his future home. He has been engaged in commercial pursuits here since 1850, and now he stands forth as one of the most successful Irishmen of the State. We believe he is the largest land-holder of our race in the United States, owning, as he does, over 600,000 acres in one body in Oregon, and about 200,000 in this State.

Mr. Martin is in the prime of life, being about fifty-two years of age, and has a large family, highly educated and instructed under the care of his accomplished wife Eleanor, a sister of Governor Downey. Mr. Martin's appearance indicates the true Irish gentleman, for he has in his physiognomy that mixture of dignity and wit which characterizes the genuine Irishman. He is one of the original founders of the Hibernia Savings Bank corporation, of which, we believe, he is the secretary, and his reputation for integrity and prudence stands first class in this great city. His career should be held up to our young countrymen, as well to admire as to imitate, for it proves what can be done by individual efforts when accompanied by sound principles of integrity, honor and perseverance. Here we behold a young man quitting his native home, where he was carefully reared by his pious parents under the pleasing shadows of the historic hills of his native country, and undertaking a voyage to the opposite side of the globe to better his condition and to raise himself to a position which his native country denied him. And we find him, in little over a quarter of a century, enjoying an independence and property which, in ordinary circumstances, it would take ages to acquire. And all this property and all those riches have been accumulated by honest industry and prudent speculation before that young man becomes aged, infirm or debilitated. If such an example is not worthy of imitation and creditable to our race in California or elsewhere we know not where to find one.

Such is the gentleman whose name is given at the head of this brief sketch, and of whom we have said so little, from the fact that the innate modesty of his youth still clings to the man and makes him averse to public notice. We feel that we have not done this gentleman justice in this brief sketch, which, though authentic, is far from being full, from the cause alluded to above, namely, his aversion to egotism or praise. But in a book concerning the "Irish Race in California," to omit E. T. Martin or men of his stamp, would be to fall short of what we intended, and to omit what our readers are supposed to expect to find in the pages of such a work.

We cannot say, *ex uno disce omnes*, or that all have had a like success with Martin; but we can say, that it was *possible* for many, if not for all, to have an equal success, if they had only the qualifications, judgment and prudence, which ever distinguished our greatest Irish land-owner, E. T. Martin.

Myles D. Sweeny, Esq., one of the most prominent founders of the Hibernia Bank of San Francisco, is a native of Tyrconnell, in Donegal, and came to the United States about fifty years ago. His father emigrated first and made a home for his family in Pennsylvania as early as 1826. Pennsylvania at that early day was sought by most of the men of the North of Ireland, from the fact that, since its first settlement under the Quaker Penn, a large portion of its inhabitants were of Irish birth or descent. The foundation of Mr. Sweeny's success was laid in Philadelphia, from which he emigrated with his family in '49, reaching San Francisco early in '50.

The "O'Suanaghs" were an old clan, distinguished for the number of prelates and abbots which they gave the church, as early, even, as the eighth century. Anno 751 we read that Luanus O'Swanye died at Rathin, now Rahen, in the King's County, where there was a famous monastry. The subject of this brief notice, however, is descended of a northern branch of the same old sept. He has the blood of the O'Donnells in his veins, and one of his maternal ancestors, named Daly, came to America in Colonial times and fought in the Revolutionary war against the ancient foe of his country and race. Mr. Sweeny has been in this State, as already noticed, since 1850, and was elected to the office of Supervisor more than once, almost against his will. It may be said of him, that he never solicited office, and though a prominent man, from his position, enterprise and wealth, he may be put down as one who has had no ambition for public life.

Many interesting circumstances of this honest man's life could be related to illustrate the best traits of our race. But from his reluctance to have anything said of him that may savor of praise, we must be silent regarding them. He shuns notoriety and public notice, and we must therefore leave him alone in his glory, with the reputation of being "an honest man, the noblest work of God."

Cornelius D. O'Sullivan, Esq., of San Francisco, is a native of the County of Cork, Ireland, from which he emigrated in '45 or '46, after having witnessed the horrors of the famine created by the misrule of the British government. Descended from the brave old stock of which Donal O'Sullivan Beare was the type, young Con., no doubt, tore himself with reluctance from the land of his love and nativity. But what could he do when he saw full-grown men fall down dead on the streets and highways, while there was food enough in the country, but in the possession of tyrants, sufficient to support twice the population of the country in luxury if the people were allowed to use it. The people were not told, as they ought to be instructed, that, in cases of extreme necessity, no laws are binding save those of nature and self-preservation Hence, the people died in millions from a false idea of the rights of property, which they were taught to respect at the sacrifice of their lives. The rich are only the stewards of the property God gives them to see that the poor may not want, and when they neglect this duty, imposed on them by Providence as guardians and trustees, then the people have a right to save their lives by seizing on the abundance around them to keep themselves from starvation.

Young O'Sullivan, when he could do no better, concluded to emigrate, and accordingly landed in New Orleans over thirty years ago. He had not a heavy purse after having landed, but he had stalworth limbs and a stout heart, and in less than three years he was engaged as a cotton broker in the city where sugar and cotton are supreme articles of commerce.

Hearing of the discovery of gold in California, in '48, he settled up his affairs and, accompanied by his accomplished wife, started for this city by the Isthmus route and landed here early in 1849.

Immediately on his arrival, he engaged in mining and commercial business, and soon became independent. He was one of the original founders of the Hibernia Bank, and remains to this day one of its principal directors.

Mr. O'Sullivan, as can be seen from his portrait, is a man of marked character, and in his physiognomy unmistakably favors that mixture of humor, wit and stern determination which distinguished all the O'Sullivans, from the Hero of Beare Haven to the distinguished subject of our sketch. He resides in a palatial mansion at the junction of Bush and Hyde streets, where his wife, a lady of true Irish dignity and rare benevolence, exercises her matronly sway over a large family of some ten in number.

Mr. O'Sullivan is one of our most successful citizens of Irish birth, and worth, probably, millions, all earned by honest industry and prudent investments. He keeps many servants and men in his employment, but unlike others, he never turns his back on the men of his race, and not a dollar of his wealth was acquired through the employment of cheap coolie labor. Hence, and from his hospitable style of living, he is called, by countrymen, "the Irish lord," though he makes no pretensions to any such titles, but wishes to be known as simple Con. O'Sullivan. Another public virtue of his must not be omitted, namely, that he never had or sought any political office. His wealth has been acquired by individual enterprise, without the aid of "rings" or political machinations. All his honors are his own, and may he wear them long and worthily.

Robert and Richard Tobin, brothers and partners, are men of mark in this community, and have earned a reputation for ability and honesty which places them in the first rank among business men. They are natives of Carrig-on-Suir, in Tipperary, but having come to this country before reaching their majority, their business education has been acquired in part at least, in California. Robert, we understand, was the first who arrived in California, having come from Chili in the same vessel with E. T. Martin. They have been connected with the Hibernia Bank from its institution, and much of the security and confidence which the public repose in the Bank is owing to the well-known legal ability of the Messrs. Tobin. The Tobins came over with William the Conquerer from Normandy, and like the Pendergasts, Daltons, Olivers and Fitzgeralds, were attracted to Ireland in the twelfth century. They were powerful lords within the Pale in the fourteenth century, but soon adopted the customs and language of the Irish, with whom they have ever since been identified. The name, it is said, is derived from "Aubin," a canonized saint afterwards, a native of Normandy, who came over as chaplain in William's expedition. The change from "Aubin," pronounced "Obin," would be easily made to Tobin in the Gaelic.

The name Tobin is by no means scarce in Munster, and it is well represented in this city by Senator Tobin, James Tobin, of 1009 Pine street, and several merchants.

P. MACARAN, ESQ., is another official of the Hibernia Bank, and is a native of Fermanagh. He came at an early age to visit his uncle, a wealthy farmer near Saratoga, N. Y., and emigrated to this State in 1852. He has become a rich capitalist by his industry and honest thrift, and is of good standing among our citizens. He has an interesting family, and is one of those men whom wealth has not made proud or overbearing. Such men deserve a double meed of honor; first, for their persevering industry, and, next, for preserving their native dignity of character in spite of the temptations of wealth.

Ex-Governor Henry M. McGill is of Irish birth, and came to the United States with his parents when a child of five or six years. Subsequently he visited Ireland with his parents, and after an absence of some years the family returned in 1848–9, residing in Washington City, D. C. In his earlier years he filled several important positions in the departments at Washington.

On the incoming of the administration of President Buchanan he was appointed, first, as assistant, and was afterwards, for some time, Acting Private Secretary to the President, by whom and the members of the Cabinet he was held in high esteem and confidence, as is evidenced by correspondence in his possession.

In 1859 Mr. McGill was admitted as a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was also appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Claims. Near the close of 1859 he was commissioned by the President (and subsequently confirmed by the Senate) as Secretary of the Territory of Washington, and at once proceeded, accompanied by his wife and children, to the scene of his new duties.

In 1860 he became the Acting Governor of the

Territory, and upon his retirement from the position, under President Lincoln, the press of the Territory, without distinction of party, joined in commending the ability of his administration.

His correspondence with Governor Douglas, of Vancouver Island, upon matters arising under the extradition treaty, and his adjustment of the question as to the right of the Territory to collect taxes from the Hudson Bay Company on San Juan Island, during its joint occupancy, form an important chapter in the history of the Territory.

Mr. McGill, as Acting-Governor, was the fourth executive officer of Washington Territory, and was a warm personal friend of Governor Isaac I. Stevens, the first Governor, and subsequently delegate in Congress.

On the outbreak of the war, Governor McGill, in response to the first proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers, took immediate steps for the organization of the Territorial militia, in which he was warmly aided by his friend Governor Stevens. On his removal from office by President Lincoln, Governor McGill resumed the practice of his profession, in the Territory, and was subsequently elected Prosecuting Attorney and member of the Territorial Assembly. He was also President of the Board of Regents of the Territorial

University at Seattle. While Governor, Mr. McGill was also Disbursing Agent of the appropriations made by Congress for the erection of the Territorial Capitol and other public buildings, and the first steps taken toward their construction were taken during his administration.

In 1857 Mr. McGill came to San Francisco, where he has since resided. Governor McGill is a gentleman of cultivated intellect and pleasing refinement and manners. He is a good specimen of the elegant Irish-American citizen overlaying a chivalrous Irish aristocrat.

The memory of Governor McGill is still cherished in Washington Territory, for he came away from there without a suspicion against his patriotism, his honesty or honor.

CORNELIUS O'CONNOR, ESQ., connected with the firm of Flood & O'Brien, is another man of our race, who has carved his way to eminence by his native abilities and worth. He is a native of Kerry, and as distinguished by his private benevolent acts, as he is remarkable for his success as a capitalist. He is descended from one of the purest branches of the last monarchs of Ireland, the "O'Connor Kerry" clan.

JAMES PHELAN is a gentleman who has risen to wealth and independence as a merchant, within a few years, in this city. Mr. Phelan is a Leinsterman, a native of the Queen's County, and has resided here since '49. He is worth millions, and all has been acquired by his own industry and strict attention to business.

J. A. **Farrelly**, secretary of the Hibernia Savings' Bank, is a native of Cavan, and has been connected with the bank since its foundation.

Mr. Farrelly is a man of liberal views and highly educated, not only as a man of business, but also well versed in classics and the modern languages. His education was finished in Italy, and his gentlemanly demeanor points him out as one well fitted to discharge the important office which he fills at the Bank.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR LEADING CLERGYMEN. THEIR NATURAL REPUGNANCE TO PRAISE. THE CLERGY OF THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE VIRTUES THAT DISTINGUISH THEM. THEIR HARMONY AND EFFICIENCY. THE NAMES OF LEADING CLERGYMEN. WHERE THEY OFFICIATE AND WHERE EDUCATED, ETC.

In giving memoirs or biographical notices of clergymen care must be taken not to offend the modesty that belongs to them, as a class, by any sort of eulogy that would savor of flattery. Hence, our sketches of those reverend gentlemen whom we shall introduce to grace our pages shall be plain, brief and free from all taint of exaggeration.

We have noticed, since we came to this coast, that a very remarkable harmony exists among the clergy of all denominations. We seldom hear of any lectures or invectives against the religion of their neighbors by over-zealous preachers, as is too frequently the case in the Eastern States, or was in past times. People here, even in religion, have come to the conclusion to "live and let live," and their common sense teaches them that to attack your neighbor's religion or his character is a pitiable way to defend your own.

The state of feeling among the Catholic clergy and the great harmony that evidently pervades that body are due, in a great measure, to the prudence and piety of the venerable Archbishop, whose mildness and justice ever accompany every act of his administration. His administration of this diocese and "province" is probably the only one that has never been disturbed by the disobedience of a single subject, or even unfavorably commented on or criticized; and this unusual, but happy condition of affairs, we imagine, arises from the fact that the Archbishop follows out in spirit, and according to the letter, the recommendations of the Holy Father to prelates in America, namely, that all congregations, of whatever tongue or nationality, should have priests of their own country and kin to officiate to them. This the Archbishop carries out most fairly, and this as well as his well known piety, makes him very popular with his clergy of all nationalities, but with none so much as with the priests of our race. There is not, perhaps, in the Church, a Bishop, save "John of Tuam," more generally beloved by his priests, than the Archbishop of San Francisco.

This example of the Archbishop here ought to to be followed by all bishops, both because the advice comes from the Chair of Peter, as well as from the notorious fact that, where the opposite rule is followed—as it is in many parts which we could, but won't mention—religion lags, stands still and even retrogrades; and what else could be expected, where the priest speaks a tongue which the people don't understand? A stranger who listens to a preacher who cannot make himself understood, becomes disgusted with the manner and the subject of the discourse at once, and leaves the sacred place, with a resolution never again to come to "hear such stuff."

Besides, the Catholic clergy, we believe, are remarkable for exemption from the fault of untimely polemical disputations; they generally defend their own creed if attacked, but seldom, if ever, do they assail what they consider the errors of those who differ with themselves in belief. This shows their good sense and secures them public approbation.

The late REV. JOHN McGINNIS was a native of of the County of Meath, Ireland, in the townland of Dunleek. He got his classical education in Ireland and a portion of his theological training, but was ordained priest by Bishop England, Charleston, in 1839 or '40; but owing to the unsalubrity of

South Carolina. He left there in '47, and came under the jurisdiction of Bishop Hughes, of New York, who immediately appointed him pastor of a large congregation in St. James, in that city.

After having discharged the functions of parish priest for about five years, he came to San Francisco, in March, 1850. In this city he was placed in charge of St. Patrick's congregation, which then worshiped in an old building called the Belvidero, at the corner of Jessie and Fourth streets. He built the first St. Patrick's, named by him after Ireland's patron saint. He continued for fourteen years pastor of St. Patrick's, laboring zealously, and almost incessantly for the well-being, spiritual and temporal, of those committed to his care. He was beloved by his congregation and esteemed by citizens of all creeds. He was indefatigable in his labors, and unwearied in his attentions to the care of the sick, the poor, and the destitute. He was a father to the orphans, and Mount St. Joseph's will stand a lasting monument to his charity and zeal. He was in San Francisco during the "flush times" for acquiring property and accumulating treasure, but like St. Laurence of old, he could boast that his orphans were his riches—his treasure. He died poor, and was called foolish because he was so careless of his personal interests. But he gloried in his own infirmities while he was most attentive to the well-being and comfort of his orphans. He died in 1866, and his remains repose in Lone Mountain. R. I. P.

The McGinnis family was a most ancient one in Ulster. They belonged to the "Clan Aodh," or the tribe of Hugh. They gave their name to a large territory in County Down. They were a brave, obstinate race, and implacable enemies of the Saxons and other foreign invaders.

RIGHT REV. EUGENE O'CONNELL, Bishop of Grass Valley, is a native of Meath, Ireland, and was educated in Maynooth. He was for several years connected with the missionary college at Drumcondra, near Dublin, in the very important capacity of Dean. The discipline of the institution was entirely under his control, and though he was most exact in the enforcement of the rules of the College, his administration was very popular among the students. After spending years in the College, perfecting its discipline and securing its financial success, he came out on the California mission, where he labored as a zealous priest among the Spanish as well as the Irish population, having great fluency of delivery in the Castilian as well as the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Father O'Connell's remarkable piety and extraordinary zeal soon attracted the attention of his ecclesiastical superiors, and he was consecrated Bishop of Grass Valley, Feb. 3, 1861. He is a man of a very mortified appearance, his austerities evidently showing on his countenance, and hence the great veneration in which he is held by his people. Bishop O'Connell is a practical theologian of deep research and extensive study; he is, besides, profoundly acquainted with the writings of the ancient and modern classical authors. He devotes many hours daily to study and devotion, and commands the love and veneration of his clergy, as well as the general esteem of all his people.

VERY REV. JOHN PRENDERGAST, V. G. of the Diocese of San Francisco, is a native of Tipperary, and has been in charge of congregations ever since his ordination. Though comparatively a young man, under forty, he is distinguished by a remarkable gravity of manners, and this, with his unassuming piety, renders his discourses very impressive. He has refused the mitre more than once, a rare instance of humility in this selfish age, and, we understand, went all the way to Rome to assure the ecclesiastical authorities there that he desired no higher distinction in the Church than to be a priest at God's altar. But above all his virtues—and they are many—

Father Prendergast's charity rises conspicuous. All his slender revenues received in the way of trifling perquisites, are expended in relieving the wants of the poor. He has no bank account or no certificates of stocks. In truth, he is the poorest priest on the coast, as well as the most modest, and this is no small praise in this age of the worship of gold. He has been known to sell his books, and even articles of art and vertu to relieve the poor with the money brought him by their sale. In a word, the very reverend gentlemen is regarded as a model priest and deserves to get the title of the Apostle of Charity on this coast. Father Prendergast, as his name indicates, must have Norman blood in his veins, but after 600 years of naturalization in Erin, and a mixture of Milesian blood from the female side of the family of Prendergasts, they became what they gloried in in after times, "Hibernis ipsis Hiberncones." More Irish than the original Irish.

VERY REV. PATRICK MANOGUE, Vicar General of the Diocese of Grass Valley and pastor of the Catholic Cathedral of Virginia City, Nev., is a native of Tipperary. His family name, though represented to be of Spanish origin, is, on the contrary, of pure Irish origin, and, unlike many old names, has not changed, even in its orthography, during a period of one thousand years. Men of that name stand high in the ecclesiastical annals of Erin. There were priests, and poets too, of the name as early as the eighth century. One of the most distinguished, however, was the Prince Bishop "Cleirchen O'Maneoc," of Leighlin, a predecessor of Dr. Doyle. He was called "the head of the piety of Osraighe," and another account of him bestows the epithet of "the ecclesiastical upholder of all Ireland." He died in the year 1050.

Father Manogue worthily represents that ancient family, and, without any flattery, may be called "the head of the piety" of the State of Nevada. He may not accept the weight of a mitre, like his namesake of the eleventh century, though he certainly displays, in his vicarial administration of the diocese in which he resides, that he possesses, in no stint measure, the virtues and other qualifications of a bishop. Father Manogue is a most popular clergyman with all classes of the community in which he resides. He has hosts of friends and not one enemy. The flourishing state of religion in Virginia City and the widespread influence which he exercises over his own congregation, composed of people of various nationalities, are the fruits of his prudence, piety and zeal. The rebuilding of his fine church, destroyed by fire, in more than its former elegance, and that in a time of financial troubles, proves Father Manogue to be a man of no common administrative ability.

VERY REV. THOMAS CROKE, who was so long administrator of the affairs of the diocese under the Archbishop, and is at present director of the St. Vincent's Institution at San Rafael, was among the earliest Irish clergymen on this coast. At a time when he had bright prospects of advancement in his native diocese, he volunteered to come to Oregon with Bishop Blanchett, while in college in Paris. He spent several years of the best days of his life in Oregon, Montana and Idaho, preaching the Gospel to Indians and half-breeds, and had many providential escapes from perils encountered in the discharge of his sacred calling. He had to travel hundreds of miles, on horseback and with snowshoes, among savages with no protection or comfort. Father Croke, therefore, in volunteering for the Indian missions of Oregon and the Northwest, sacrificed as much as any man, brought up in competence, independence and refinement, could sacrifice. Father Croke's family has been remarkable for the religious inclinations of its members.

Three of the brothers became priests, and two or three of the sisters nuns. James, the Archbishop of Cashel, is among the ablest of the prelates speaking the English tongue, and was distinguished from his boyhood for scholarship and the facility with which he mastered the sciences. Even in Rome he took the first prize for learning from competitors from all nations. He is an ornament to the Irish church.

Father Croke is, we understand, a native of Tralee, but was educated, in his earlier years, in Charleville, County Cork, where his uncle Thomas, was a venerable parish priest for over thirty years.

This sketch is necessarily imperfect from the fact that Father Croke's humility would not allow him to give any information regarding himself or his family which would savor of anything like praise. The above is written from our own knowledge and our personal recollection of the parish priest of Charleville, who was our spiritual director for a time, as well as from what is generally known by the public regarding this distinguished family. Had riches or wealth any attractions for Father Croke he might have been a millionaire; but he was indifferent to all things save the salvation of souls, and hence he is poor, without any property save his virtues.

VERY REV. THOMAS J. DALTON, of Grass Valley, is a native of Ireland, from the Province of Leinster. He has labored with great success as a missionary priest among the mining population of a wide district of country in Nevada and other counties of California. His duties were very severe, especially before roads were laid out among the mountains, for then the traveling had all to be done on foot or on horseback. It may be with truth said of him that he spent one-half of his time in the saddle, going around among the different camps among the miners. He has had frequently very providential escapes from serious accident in crossing rivers and traveling over snow-covered ravines and precipices, not to mention perils from ferocious wild animals and men not much less savage than wild beasts. He has finally settled down at Grass Valley, in charge of a very good congregation, who love and obey Father Dalton with the docility of children.

He has established a community of Sisters at Grass Valley, who take charge of all the orphans of the diocese, and who, besides, conduct a very successful academy for the education of young ladies.

Father Dalton, though young in years—about forty-two—is venerable in appearance, the cares of his sacred office giving him the premature marks of old age. He is a most estimable clergyman, and very popular among his brethren, not only of his diocese, but even of the State.

REV. JAMES HUNT, who is Father Dalton's assistants, is a young priest of distinguished accomplishments. He is a native of Kerry, the ancient Ciaraigue-Luchra, the refuge and asylum of Ireland's scholars and olaves during the dark days of Saxon persecution. Father Hunt is very popular with the congregation among whom he officiates, and he deserves their respect from his well-known zeal and virtues.

The REV. WILLIAM GLEESON, of Brooklyn, or East Oakland, is a native of Tipperary, across the Shannon from Killaloe, the Cill-Dalua of olden times, the seat of royalty and sanctity. The family name goes back into the twilight of history, when Ireland attracted the scholars of all Europe to her shores by the fame of her schools. The Gleisains were, in the ninth century, princes of Ui Macaille, the modern Imokilly in the south of Munster.

The pastor of East Oakland came of a family remarkable for the number of subjects which it supplied the Church, as priests and religious. By the mother's side his ancestor were of a very respectable stock—the Degans—Michael

Degan, Esq., of Ballina, Rev. William Gleeson's maternal grandfather, was a gentleman in every sense of the word, a wealthy land-holder, and very popular among the people of both Tipperary and Clare, gentry as well as peasantry. Neither the means nor the disposition, therefore, were wanting by Father Gleeson's parents to give him a thorough education. Being dedicated from his infancy to the service of the Church by his pious mother, neither pains nor expense were spared to bring him up in a manner worthy of his high vocation. He received his classical and preparatory education in the schools of his native county, and finished his studies in the missionary college of All Hallows, which he entered in order to prepare for the East Indian Mission, in which he labored very successfully for several years.

The severity of the climate of British India having threatened to cut of his career of usefulness, he finally choose California as the field of his useful labors. Having spent some years in St. Mary's College as professor, he addressed himself to the laborious task of writing the "History of the Catholic Church in California," a work of large size and deep research and very creditably written. He was, soon after the publication of his work, placed in charge of the missions, Brooklyn and Alameda, which soon, under his prudent and zealous management, from being merely stations visited occasionally, have risen to be respectable congregations, giving employment and support to two zealous priests. In Brooklyn, where the congregation consisted only of a few score Catholics on Sundays before Father Gleeson's appointment as parish priest, there are now two large congregations of at least one thousand persons on Sundays and a splendid convent has been erected at a cost of some ten thousand dollars through the labors of Father Gleeson. In a word, there are not on the coast more flourishing missions than those under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Wm. Gleeson. Whatever he wants done by his congregation he has only to mention and it is done. The people take pleasure in obeying the instructions of such a pious, unselfish, eloquent and charitable clergyman as Father Gleeson. In a word, he is the only priest who has contributed to the literature of the coast in English, at least, by his history; his hearers say he is the best preacher on the coast, and if all the destitute whom he has liberally relieved from his purse could be assembled together, they would say he was the most charitable man in the country. *Dispersit dedit pauperibus.*

REV. JOHN B. MCNALLY, assistant priest with

Father Gleeson, like his parish priest, is a very popular young priest, and entirely devoted to and ready to second the views of his confrere. Father McNally is a gentleman of pleasing manners and elegant address, as well as of uncommon oratorical abilities, and could not fail to command respect and popularity in any congregation. He is a native of Ireland, from Wexford, we believe, and by his genealogy can be traced to the "Hy Nial" branch of the northern Milesians. His mother's name, Doran — "O'Deorain" — were hereditary judges in Leinster, and implicated in the patriotic rising of '98 in Ireland.

Father McNally is a pathetic preacher and a splendid lecturer, and may be designated as the "fidus Achates" of Father Gleeson in all his religious, educational and other improvements in the missions of Brooklyn and Alameda, which works bear testimony, better than words, to the disinterested piety and prudent zeal of these reverend gentlemen.

REV. JOSEPH PHELAN, parish priest of Austin, Nevada, is a native of Rathdowney, anciently called Rath-Tamhnach, or Fort of the Green Field, in Queen's County.

The Phelans — O'Fealains — were kings and chiefs in Ossory and Leinster, and other parts of

REV. PETER BIRMINGHAM.

Ireland, from the earliest ages, even before the Christian Era. There was a Phelan, son of Brah, king of Leinster, in the seventh century.

Father Phelan left home for California in 1857, and remained for nine years to look after some mining interests he engaged in, in order to prosecute his studies for the priesthood, for which he felt he was called by a vocation from heaven. Having succeeded beyond his expectations, he returned to his native land, entered the celebrated seminary of Mount Milleray, in Cappaquin, under the Cistercian order of Monks, and afterwards, when his vocation was proved, he betook himself to All Hallows Missionary College, where, after a four years' course, making in all eight years in college, he was ordained in 1874.

Father Phelan is not remarkable for very brilliant oratorical powers, but he is distinguished by far more valuable qualifications. He is a pious, zealous, amiable young priest, of the most solid moral principles, and might be not inaptly termed a second "Curé of Ars," in Nevada. He aims at nothing extraordinary, but by his mild, gentle and unassuming demeanor, does more, and is calculated to do more for religion, than if his eloquence rivaled that of Demosthenes. Father Phelan, besides his parish church at Austin, built by the accomplished Father Monte Verdi, in the year 1867, has several other stations to attend to, which keep him busy at his sacred duties almost continually.

Austin is a mining town situated about ninety miles South of Battle Mountain Station, on the C. P. Railroad, and has a very respectable number of its leading citizens of Irish birth or descent, among whom we may mention John D. Ryan, Esq., an early settler, and a steady and successful miner. Mr. M. M. Eagan, Esq., who was Mayor of the city, and is also a prominent merchant. R. C. Conlon, Esq., foreman of the famous Manhattan Mining Company, is a first-class mining engineer, who superintends all the mines in that locality. Mr. Conlon fills a place of great responsibility, with credit to himself and the race to which he belongs. Peter Collins is another good Irishman engaged in commercial business. Mr. Collins is a practical friend to his country and race, and a citizen of influence and respect. John Smith, Esq., a successful business man, who is now studying law. He is a man of good ability, and will be an ornament to the legal profession. Frank Morton is also a man of prominence among the Irish-Americans of Austin. There are several others of not less note, such as Thos.

L. Brennan, County Clerk; James Brennan, City Marshal; Mr. O'Neil, a blacksmith; James Hynes, saddler; together with a long list of energetic miners, such as Martin Igo, John Broderick, George Mills, Charles O'Brien, P. Myles, M. Dugan, P. Laughlin, James Cahill, John Whaley, bricklayer and stonemason; the Finegan Bros, architects and contractors. To end the present imperfect list we will add Daniel O'Kane, a miner and a gentleman every inch. In a word, the Irish citizens of Austin, as a class, stand high in the community. They are a credit to the race from which they sprung, as their pious pastor, Father Phelan, is a credit and an honor to them.

Rev. Peter Bermingham, of St. Patrick's Church, Mission street, and late director of St. Vincent's Asylum, at San Rafael, is a native of Galway, Ireland, from which he emigrated, with his parents, when quite young. He received his education in the United States, as well as his ordination.

The Berminghams were of Norman descent, and came to Ireland at the time of the English invasion. They were one of those families who, like the Geraldines, soon identified themselves with the interests of the natives, and became more

Irish and patriotic than the natives of the soil. They changed their manes from Birmingham to "MacFeoris" or "MacKorish," in order to get rid of the odium of being considered Saxon. This name they assumed from one of the family who was remarkable for bravery, and who was named "Ferois" or "Perous." The clan Feorish were Lords of Carberry, in Kildare, and the monastery of "Manister Feoris," now Edenderry, in the King's County, was founded by that family.

Father Birmingham is a genuine Birmingham, which is evinced by his high honorable bearing and other accomplishments peculiar to a well-bred gentleman. The Father is a pleasing speaker, and as an elocutionist stands unquestionably at the head of his sacred profession on the coast. He is very popular in his congregation, and endowed with business abilities of no common order. His maternal ancestors were the Barretts of Castlebarret, Corafin, County of Galway, a family of high antiquity and nobility.

Rev. Thomas Grace, rector of the Marysville Cathedral, is a native of the County of Wexford, and descended from a most respectable family, though of Norman descent. "Raymond Le Gros" was the first of the family in Ireland, and flourished in the twelfth century. From the epithet "Gros" came the name Grace, according to ancient annals both of "Kilronan" and Donegal. The Grace family, in the course of time, gave many brave, learned men to Motherland. It was one of the name, Colonel Grace, who nobly defended Athlone against Dutch William and his hireling invaders in 1688. The subject of this brief notice received his primary education in the seminaries of his native country, and completed his philosophical and theological studies in the well known college of All Hallows.

Father Grace has labored in the California mission since his ordination, about ten years past, and labored with great success, for there was never a more popular clergymen in Marysville or on the Pacific Coast, than Father Grace. He possesses all the characteristic virtues of the clergyman, and is graced with all the accomplishments of a refined and well-bred gentleman. He is a universal favorite among his people, because any one can perceive that he has not the slightest leaven of selfishness in his nature. But, besides his natural manly advantages, he is a man thoroughly educated; he is a first-class pulpit orator and a profound theologian, as well as a master in his knowledge of the mathematics and the exact sciences. Rumor has it that his name has been sent to Rome as a candidate for the mitre, and if he gets it he will honor it by his many virtues.

Rev. Daniel Meagher, of Nevada City, near Grass Valley, is a native of Ireland, we understand, from the County of Cork. Father Meagher is a gentleman of elegant manners, as well as an exemplary clergyman. He stands high, and deservedly so, not only with his congregation, but with citizens of all religious denominations. Father Meagher is an accomplishad scholar, and a very impressive speaker. Hence, his people are well instructed, and religion flourishes in the community over which he presides. The Meaghers were a sept of Tipperary, whose chiefs were lords of Incoran, or Ikerran, and who were always found on the side of virtue and Erin during the struggle for national independence.

Rev. Thomas O'Kane is a native of Kerry, near Tralee, and came on the California mission about ten years since. Father O'Kane is a perfect model of the Irish priest in every way. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, as mild and as gentle as a lady, and withal, a well-read and profound scholar. Father O'Kane is most popular among his people, has hosts of friends, and not one enemy living, because, like his Divine Master, his whole life is devoted to acts of charity and benevolence. He is an elegant speaker, but the actions of his daily life are more eloquent in persuading men to become virtuous and good, than if he was gifted with the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Massillon. One of the O'Kanes was called "Rory Ainshearscair," or "Rodger the Unquiet," but no relation to Father O'Kane, certainly.

Rev. J. J. Callan, Pastor of Yreka, Siskiyou County, is a zealous clergyman, extensively known on this coast, where he has spent the best part of his life on the mission. He is an Irishman, a native of Meath, and got his education like most of the priests of this coast, in the already celebrated missionary college of All Hallows, in the suburbs of Dublin. Father Callan has been officiating for more than a dozen years in many of the most laborious missions in the State, and though exposed to all sorts of weather, and many dangers over rivers, mountains, and trackless plains, he is still vigorous in mind and body. The reverend gentleman is a first-class pulpit orator and extempore speaker, and can persuade his audience even to tears by his feeling discourses.

Rev. James Cleary, parish priest of Petaluma, is a native of Wexford, Ireland. He was born in Allenstown, in said county, of very respectable parents. He is now about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. He received his education, secular and ecclesiastical, in Ireland, where he was also ordained a priest, and volunteered for the California Mission. He has been engaged at his sacred duties since 1871, first at Oakland, where he spent two years assisting the venerable Father King, and next in Sonoma County, with his residence at Petaluma, where he still resides.

Father Cleary is one of those men who seem to be formed by nature, if such a thing exists, as well as by all the signs of a Divine vocation, to the priesthood. His mildness and modesty, the two leading characteristics of the priesthood, are conspicuous. His labors are arduous and almost incessant, but he is rewarded by seeing the abundant fruits of them in the conversion of sinners, the building of churches, and the institution of seminaries of learning.

His charity and benevolence are on a par with his piety and zeal, and, being endowed with prudence and good judgment, it is no wonder that his administration of his parishes is satisfactory to his people.

Rev. Father Lynch, pastor at present of Eureka, Humboldt County, is, we understand, a Meath man. He got his education in the missionary college of All Hallows, and has been incessantly engaged on the mission in the diocese of Grass Valley since his ordination. Father Lynch is a gentleman of great dignity of manners, as well as a clergyman of solid piety and great prudence. He has been for several years stationed at Downieville, and had to attend a wide field of missionary duty at the base and on the sides of the Sierras. He bears in his physiognomy and manly form the strongly-marked characteristics of the Lynches, who are of the oldest in Ireland. The Lynches of Galway were celebrated before the Christian Era, and from Connaught they spread into Meath and various parts of Leinster.

Rev. L. Tormey, pastor of Carson, Nevada, is a native of Ireland, County Meath, and was educated in the College of All Hallows, near Dublin. Father Tormey is a most successful missionary priest, and endowed in a high degree with those qualifications and virtues which have distinguished the family name for several centuries. We read of a bishop of that name, O'Tormaigh of "Gilla-Isa-Mac-an-Skealy," that is, Ardagh, in 1237. There are several highly respectable families of this name known to the author in Wisconsin, as Tomah, as well as in Contra Costa County in this State, where Thomas and Patrick Tormey have been settled for years on extensive tracts of land known as the "San Joaquin Ranch." The Tormeys have been remarkable for prudence, honesty and integrity, as well as piety, for centuries, and all their characteristic virtues are happily blended and exemplified in the prudent pastor of Carson.

Rev. T. I. Pettit, pastor of Truckee, is a native of Wexford, where the family name has been numerous for centuries. They were originally seated near Mullingar with the Dorcys and Daltons, and were at war with the O'Kellys of Monylea, whom they frequently subdued. They finally settled in Wexford, and became vigorous opponents of English oppression and shed their blood on many a battlefield in defense of their native land. Father Tom Pettit is of this brave old stock, and physically, as well as intellectually, he creditably represents the family. Father Pettit is a young gentleman of first-class mental powers, and accomplished scholarship. He is, besides, blessed by a constitution which no amount of physical labor can impair. While for hospitality, generosity, and other noble traits of character, he is almost without an equal on this coast.

Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, of Smartsville, Yuba

County, is a native of Tralee, in Kerry, and received his education and ordination in Ireland. He is a gentleman of fine parts, and highly accomplished as a theologian, especially in that department of the sacred science which treats of Rubricks, or ceremonials. No small distinction for a young man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR CLERGYMEN (CONTINUED). THEIR NAMES, RESIDENCES, AND WHERE THEY WERE EDUCATED.

REV. WILLIAM MOLONY, of Colfax, Placer Co., is a gentleman whose talents could not fail to command respect in any community. He is a native of Listowel, County of Kerry, where his ancestors have resided since the sixteenth century, though the family was originally from Clare, where the tribe has many representatives, especially in the Molonys of Dooris and Kiltannon.

There was a Bishop, a Dr. Molony, who, in 1689, wrote to Bishop Tyrril, of Clogher, to use his influence with King James II. and Cardinal

Howard to have one Father O'Lyne appointed Bishop of Waterford. O'Lyne was appointed Vicar Apostolic only of Aghadoe.

This Bishop Molony must have been a Papal Legate or, at least, a representative of the Irish Church, for we find him, not only recommending candidates for the mitre, but even opposing the appointment of others, such as Father Pierce, who was chaplain in King James's army. In all Munster and Connaught there were only four bishops at this date, 1689—two in each province. Dr. Molony remained on the Continent, most likely because his loyalty was suspected, and he dared not return to his native land.

The subject of this brief and imperfect notice was born September 10th, 1842. Father Molony's maternal ancestors were Enrights. He combines the hereditary virtues of both branches of his family in his person. He is physically one of the most active young men living, and a most indefatigable laborer in his sacred calling, whenever and wherever duty summons him to their discharge. His oratorical powers are more than ordinary, and his style and language in his sermons and lectures indicate ripe scholarship and deep study.

His zeal and unselfishness are conspicuous to all, and on this account, as well as on account of his charity and liberality, he is, and cannot fail always to be, idolized by his congregations. The rev. gentleman would not, we are sure, thank us if we said anything of his hospitality and generosity. Let it suffice to remark, that in those virtues few men equal and fewer still excel the honest and independent Father William Molony.

REV. C. O'CONNOR, late secretary to the Archbishop and now of St. Peter's Church, is a native of Kerry, and an accomplished and pious young priest. He was most faithful and exact while secretary to the Most Rev. Archbishop, and now that he is charged with the care of souls, he is found equally efficient and popular. Though a gentleman of a high order of talent, he is humble and unpresuming—virtues that are very pleasing in a clergyman.

VERY REV. THOMAS GIBNEY, pastor of Saint Peter's, is of an old Irish stock, the O'Geibennaighs of Lienster. Very Rev. Father Gibney was educated in the missionary college of Drumcondra, and is a very popular clergyman, both among his parishioners and his fellow citizens. His pulpit oratory is very impressive, to which his dignity of manner and earnestness contribute not a little. He is noted for his hospitality and charity, and whatever income he receives from his people, is expended in the founding of his parochial school, and other works for the improvement of his parishioners.

REV. FATHER HARRINGTON, a native of Cork, is is pastor of St. Franois Church. This reverend gentleman's name, though of English termination in its spelling, is nevertheless of a very old family, the O'h. Arractains, of the Irish annalists. Father Harrington is an accomplished scholar, and a most zealous clergyman. His congregation is a mixed one, being partly Spanish and partly Irish-American, and both nationalities are equally well pleased with his administration. He has two assistants, a Spanish priest, and the

REV. FATHER CARRAGHER, a young gentleman of fine talents, and cultivated intellect. The Carraghers—Hibernice, "Ua Cairraighe"—were distinguished for their ecclesiastical spirit, in the County of Donegal, where their hereditary estates were. Our young reverend friend is of a studious turn of mind, and devotes to reading whatever leisure time he can spare from his more important duties of meditation and the instruction of his people in their religious duties.

REV. HUGH P. GALLAGHER, the distinguished pastor of St. Joseph's, has his biography given in that book, by "Shuck," entitled, "The Representative Men of the Pacific Coast," to which the reader is referred, and from which the author declines to make extracts, to avoid the suspicion of plagiarism.

The reader's attention is also directed to the life of a Bishop of Raphoe, of the same name, elevated to that See in 1420, by Pope Martin the V., which serves to illustrate the prominent positions of the O'Galcholers, in the Irish Church of former ages.

REV. EDMUND MORRISSY, late of St. Patrick's Church, is a native of County Waterford, Ireland. The O'Morrissys, the "O'Murghesa" of ancient annals, were of princely origin. Nial O'Morrissy, who was Erenenagh of Hymanny, died in 1516, as recorded by the "Four Masters," and elsewhere the family can be traced back to the pre-Christian period in Irish history. So that those unread journalists who ridiculed, for instance, the famous and Hon. John Morrissy of New York as of plebeian origin, are greatly mistaken. The O'Morrissys were known and distinguished in the annals of "Innisfallen" centuries before any of the English modern nobility received their diplomas of aristocratic rank. Father Morrissy received his education at home in his native country, which is and has been well provided with schools and colleges since the period of the relaxation of the "Penal Laws" against Irish education. Waterford, the ancient "Purt-Laerge," was famed in olden time as the seat of learning and sanctity. The world-famed schools of Lismore were in Waterford, founded by "St. Mochuda,' or Carthagh, in 633. This celebrated university long since disappeared beneath the torches of the plundering Scandinavians and merciless Saxons, but Mount Milleray, of the Carthusians, promises to become in time as famous as Lismore. Here, we understand, Father Morrissy learned his classics, and laid the foundation of that solid, but unobtrusive piety, which has distinguished him from his childhood. There is not a county in Ireland that can boast of a body of clergy, more zealous, pious, and spotless in their lives, as those of Waterford, and as a consequence, the laity are well instructed, and most exemplary in their lives.

Waterford from an early day had a college, St. John's, where most of the clergy were educated; and several distinguished bishops in foreign lands, such as Walsh and Connolly, of Halifax, Fleming and Power, of Newfoundland, and Smyth, of Dubuque, were educated in Waterford.

Father Morrissy is not unworthy of these and several others of his distinguished countrymen.

He is a man of fine talent, and gives promise of becoming a first-class preacher. He is highly esteemed by his parishioners, notwithstanding the vigor with which he denounces the vices to which a few of them may be addicted.

Father Morrissy has a commanding appearance, and a grave, though pleasing, countenance; but beneath the solemn gravity of the priest lie concealed the quaint humor of the genuine Irishman and the polished wit of a well-cultivated intellect.

REV. TIMOTHY FITZPATRICK, pastor of South San Francisco and chaplain to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, was born in Roscarberry, in the County of Cork, and received his education in his native land. His family is of a most respectable origin, and he shows his nobility of descent in his manners and genuine good nature and sincerity of character. His nobility of origin is as evident from his countenance as his piety is conspicuous from his actions and minstrations in the discharge of his sacred duties. Father Fitzpatrick is most popular and beloved because he is good. In him the fine Irish gentleman and the dignified clergyman blend most harmoniously.

REV. A. O'DONNELL, is a native of Tipperary, and was educated in the celebrated school of the Monks at Mount Milleray, near Cappaquin, in

Waterford. The O'Donnells were of the oldest and most illustrious of Irish families. Their genealogy goes back to pre-Christian ages, and, since the sixteenth century, rose to the highest ranks as generals and statesmen, in the services of Austria, Spain, and France.

The O'Donnells are found in all parts of Ireland, but were of "Cinel-Connel," and held their fortresses in Donegal. The name was originally written "O'Dumhnail," and were descended of Nial, of the "nine hostages," king of Ireland in the fifth century.

The genealogy is briefly thus: "Dumhual, son of Dalagh, 868, A. D., who was son of Murcheactagh, or Murty, son of Ceanfada, son of Garbh, son of Ronan, son of Fergus, of Gulban, and lastly of Nial. They fought against the English to the last in Tyrconnell, of which they were sovereigns, until finally the Earl of Tryconnell fled to the continent and thus gave up the last stronghold of Irish independence. The O'Donnells were the bravest men that advanced the annals of Irish military renown.

Father O'Donnell has, without doubt, the blood of the genuine O'Donnells in his veins, for he is, of his size and weight, we believe, the most active and powerful man on this continent. He has really an iron constitution, the vigor of which has been severely tested by the arduous labors of the reverend gentleman, by the discharge of his duties in visiting the sick, and giving missions to the scattered congregations over whom he has charge, in Trukee, the Sierra Valley, the parching plains of Colusa, and other and more difficult places. He has often been obliged to swim rivers, to wade to his neck through inundated valleys, and to scale pathless mountains, in order to give the consolations of religion to some negligent Christian.

Rev. Fathers Hynes, Clark and Coleman also belong to the diocese of Grass Valley, and are highly esteemed by their congregations. The first named reverend gentleman for many years was pastor of Eureka, Nevada, where he effected great good among the miners of that town and its dependencies. Father Clark was pastor of Gold Hill, in Nevada, and highly esteemed, also, while Father Coleman was stationed in Virginia City. Where those reverend gentleman are now stationed is unknown to the author, not having received any answer to the communication addressed to them in reference to this work.

Rev. Patrick Power, pastor of Sutter Creek, but late of this city, is a fine specimen of an Irish gentleman, and a genuine Irish priest. He is a native of Waterford, the native country of the Powers for centuries, and got his education in Carlow College, a celebrated institution of learning, where the illustrious Dr. Doyle once presided, and where Dr. Cahill, too, graduated. Father Power, besides his high, manly bearing as a gentleman, is also a fine theologian, and an orator of no common parts. He is a rigid disciplinarian, and a vigilant and energetic rebuker of vice, in those committed to his charge.

REV. FATHER NUGENT, of St. Patrick's, is also an Irishman, and is deservedly esteemed for his mildness and priestly virtues. To his lot falls much of the outside door work of the large parish of St. Patrick's. He is also a very pleasing preacher and devoted to the instruction of youth. He has a brother too, a clergyman at San Leandro, distinguished with virtues of the same kind as his reverence at St. Patrick's. They are natives of Leinster, for the Nugents originally belonged to the English Pale.

REV. THOMAS McSWEENY, of the Cathedral of St. Mary's, is a native of Tramore, Waterford, the old country of the Diesi, where the McSweenys had held sway for many centuries. Father McSweeny is a young man of fine genius and elegant accomplishments. He promises to be a first-class pulpit orator, having a penetrating, clear voice, fine action and moving delivery; besides, he is a splendid chanter of the Mass and of church music. Father McSweeny, we understand, was educated at Carlow, which is a favorite institution with those whose means are liberal and abundant, such as Father McSweeny's family were. A bright career, no doubt, awaits this young clergyman in the country of his choice and adoption.

To this imperfect list of the Catholic clergy of our race, we would willingly add the names of our countrymen of the Protestant ministry, only for the fact that we could learn so little of the latter on account of difficulty in finding their residences, which are seldom or never adjoining their meeting houses.

The REV. DR. GUARD, a Methodist clergyman, is a native of Galway and a very eloquent orator. He is a gentleman of fine appearance, and would command respect in any religious body from his manners, his very dignified bearing and impressive discourses.

Doctor Guard was for a time at the Cape Colony, in Africa, and in various other foreign countries. He gained great eclat and applause for his able defense of the Bible and Revelation against the blasphemous lectures of Colonel Ingersoll.

Rev. Mr. McPheeters, another Methodist clergyman, a resident of Marysville, is also an Irishman, and an enthusiastic lover of his race and country. He is very much esteemed, even by the Catholics, and is entirely above that vulgar bigotry which in too many instances deforms many otherwise able men of his sect. Mr. McPheeters is a well educated and talented gentleman, and enjoys a wide popularity even outside his own congregation.

There is Rev. Mr. Coyle, also a Methodist clergyman, Mr. McCarthy, pastor of Memorial Presbyterian Church, and Mr. McCarthy, of Baptist Church; McElroy, Hemphill and several others already known to fame from their teachings.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR JOURNALISTS, EDITORS, AND LITERARY MEN OF THE IRISH RACE. ROACH, O'MEARA, JESSUP, FISHER, O'CONNEL, MAHONY, TIMMINS, CREIGHTON, MCCLATCHY MCCARTHY, BALLINGER, COSGRAVE, MCROBERTS, FLYNN, HIGGINS, O'SULLIVAN, O'LEARY, O'BRIEN, MCRETT, TWOHY, ETC., ETC.

HON. PHILIP A. ROACH, of whom we have written a brief notice in a former chapter, must have his name ranked also among our journalists. He is editor-in-chief and one of the proprietors of the San Francisco daily and weekly *Examiner*, a paper that stands in the first class among newspapers on this coast.

JAMES O'MEARA, ESQ., was born in New York City, on the 22d of June, 1825. His parents emigrated from Cork, Ireland, at an early age, and gave their son James the best education that the country afforded, in order to prepare him for one of the learned professions. The young gentleman having had a taste for literature from his boyhood, instead of preparing himself for the bar, the pulpit or dissecting room, took to the press as his choice. He became contributor to the New York journals when quite young, and, since 1843, has been permanently connected with newspapers and journalism. Mr. O'Meara came to California in September 1849, and continued in connection with the daily and weekly press for about eight years, when he went, in 1857, to Oregon, and remained for nine years at the same business of journalism. In 1866, he settled in Idaho, where he established a leading newspaper, which he conducted as the sole editor and proprietor for three years, after which, in 1869, he returned again to Oregon, where he continued for seven years more in the same occupation. Finally he came to San Francisco in 1876, where he has been editorially employed at the daily *Examiner* and the *Argonaut*, a weekly family journal.

Mr. O'Meara may be called a veteran journalist, having been engaged over thirty-five years at the profession, without changing his mind or occupation. We do not know, nor do we care to enquire to what party in politics he belongs. Literature, taste and genius are above the influence of party, or should be so, and from Mr. O'Meara's style of writing, and the elegance and facility with which he writes, we are sure that he deserves high rank in the journalistic profession. His sketches and editorials in the *Argonaut* and the *Examiner* are models in their way of graphic description, and easy, elegant composition. The O'Mearas were a tribe among the Diesi in Meath, not far from Tara, called, to-day, Barony of Deece, the chiefs of whom were the O'Fealans and O'Brees. The locality of the O'Mores was called Hyfaha, now Offa Barony, in said county. There were other branches in Desmond and Thomond of the same stock, and all remarkable for the number of literary men they produced.

George H. Jessup, a poet and literateur of great celebrity, is an Irishman, born in Dury Hall, Longford, the home of his ancestors. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered as a law-student; but, impatient of the quaint restraints of tedious law studies, he adopted literature as his profession, and contributed, even before he left college, articles of ability to the London magazines of the day. He came to California in 1872, and wrote for the *Overland Monthly*, and also edited a newspaper called the *National*. At this time, also, the *Overland* was edited by Walter M. Fisher, who succeeded Bret Harte as editor. Fisher is now in London, and a few months ago he published "The Californians," giving his impressions of the state of society here; as he handled the subject "without gloves," the book was severely criticized by the press of this State. Fisher is a graduate of the Queen's College, Belfast, and as a literary man occupies a first place.

These two men, Jessup and Fisher, would not be considered as Irishmen from the circumstance that they are descended of Norman or German blood, but though not authorized to use the "Mac" or "O" before their names, they are Irish and are proud of the land of their nativity. They inherit all the aspirations and genius of Irishmen, and we enrol them among the number of our distinguished countrymen, worthy of having their names inscribed on the national roll of honor of Ireland.

Daniel O'Connell is connected with the editorial staff of the *Mail*, a Democratic and well-edited journal of San Francisco. Mr. O'Connell was born in the County of Clare, Ireland, and is the son of a celebrated lawyer, Charles O'Connell, Esq., who for forty years was the leading man among his profession in Clare, that birthplace of so many learned men. "Charley O'Connell," as Daniel O'Connell's father was commonly called, was gifted with wonderful forensic powers. He was, in his own sphere, as gifted as his relative, the Liberator, was in all Ireland. His income must have been immense, for to retain Charley O'Connell was equivalent to gaining one's cause in Clare and in Munster.

His son, Master Daniel, no doubt, inherits a large share of the ability, if not all the astuteness and legal acumen, of his father. There appear, from day to day, certain articles in the *Mail* which, if written by Daniel, prove him to be as accomplished and classical a writer as his father was a successful lawyer.

JOHN TIMMINS, ESQ., editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is a native of Boston, but of Irish parentage. Having been brought up and educated in the modern Athens, it is no wonder that he has all the tact and sagacity of the New Englanders. He certainly is a very able writer and endowed with uncommon judgment, if we can judge him from his editorials in the *Chronicle*, one of the leading journals on the coast.

Some people there are who may criticise the *Chronicle* harshly, accusing its proprietors of being purchasable and changeable in their policy; but it remains to be proved whether the journals which charge the *Chronicle* with inconsistency and venality are not themselves liable to like accusations. There is one thing certain, that the editorials and articles of the *Chronicle* are as well, if not better, written than those of any of the other daily papers; and this we attribute to the fact that Mr. Timmins occupies the chief editorial chair.

Besides Mr. Timmins, who has occupied his position for a number of years, Messrs. O'Brien and Ballinger, both Irishmen, occupy the positions of editors of certain departments in the daily *Chronicle*, and do credit to their profession by their brilliant talents and elegant composition. There are several of the printers, such as Mr. Cuddy and others, employed on the *Chronicle*, and they all are pleased with the liberality and business integrity of the proprietors of the paper.

There can be but one opinion of the course which the *Chronicle* lately pursued in exposing and denouncing the frauds of men in high official positions. All who are not blinded by prejudice or silenced by gifts allow that the *Chronicle* acted a brave part and deserved well of the people.

The *Chronicle* may lose the patronage of the rich by exposing the vices of an upstart aristocracy, which would reduce the laboring class to the level with Chinese coolies. But it is from the dimes of the poorer classes, and not from the millions of the rich, that an independent journal should expect the most lasting patronage. The *Chronicle* has now a favorable opportunity to become the organ of the people, without distinction of class or position, and to enable it to do so the engagement of so many of our race on its editorial staff favorable to that end. Another of our talented countrymen, trained on the editorial corps of the *Chronicle*—Mr. McCarthy—is now, we understand, editor and proprietor of the Virginia City *Enterprise.* The celebrated European correspondent of the *Chronicle*—Stoddart—whose graphic descriptions astonished all, is an Irishman by birth or descent.

CORNELIUS A. MAHONY was born in Dublin in 1848, that year which witnessed so many able men in Ireland. Mr. Mahony's life has been one of singular vicissitude and we might say of adventure. He has been by turns, a sailor, a soldier, a civil engineer and a newspaper correspondent on different parts of the globe. After a campaign or two during the Rebellion, and completing the tour of the world, if not in eighty days, at least in a comparatively short time, Mr. Mahony settled down as engineer in Callao, Peru, in the year 1873. He then got a contract for erecting, and did erect, one of the largest smelting works in that Republic, on the Island of San Lorenzo. Having finished the contract with the Peruvian Government, he came to San Francisco in a year or two after and engaged in mining for several months; but, as nothing had such an attraction for his versatile genius as literature, he returned again to the occupation most congenial to his cultivated mind, and hence we find him as correspondent to the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post*, and other journals and magazines. Mr. Mahony is now on the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*, as a dramatic critic and special writer. His articles are "racy of the soil," of the land of his birth—the mother of poets, orators and statesmen. Mr. Mahony's father was a leading politician in Dublin in the year '48 and before that time. He was organizer of some of the revolutionary clubs, of one of which, the "Curran Club," he was president, on account of which he was imprisoned with Doherty and other Young Irelanders. After having escaped the clutches of the British Government he came to the United States, where he traveled for four years. The "O'Mahonys"—"O'Mathamma" were lords and chiefs of Carberry, County of Cork, as well as a Northern branch of them kings of Ulidia, in Ulster, for centuries. They are a good old stock, and our friend, the editor, is not unworthy of the race.

Robert James Creighton, a native of Londonderry, was trained on the Irish and English press. He emigrated to New Zealand in 1860, to take charge of the *Southern Cross*, then a small biweekly newspaper published in Auckland, the capital of that British colony. Within a twelvemonth he transformed it entirely, and founded the *Daily Southern Cross*, a newspaper which rapidly attained a large circulation and commanding influence in the colony and England. More especially during the long and exhausting war the *Southern Cross* was conspicuous among colonial newspapers for its news enterprise.

Mr. Creighton founded the *Weekly News*, a journal which received encomiums from American and British newspapers, and which is widely circulated in both hemispheres. He was elected a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives in 1865, and about the close of 1867 withdrew from the editorial control and general management of both newspapers. During a portion of this period Mr. Creighton was also a member of the Auckland Provincial Legislature, and as Provincial Secretary it was his good fortune to initiate and complete the most perfect system of roads and tramways, for the development of the Thames gold field, since so celebrated as a quartz mining territory, to be found anywhere in Australasia.

As a member of the Colonial Legislature, Mr. Creighton took a prominent part in its debates and party management. He was always friendly to the Irish national cause, and was instrumental in preventing the enactment by the New Zealand Parliament of the "Treason Felony Bill," which several Australian Legislatures enacted during the Fenian scare, after the unhappy attempt upon the life of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh. In 1874, when the Liberal party of the province of Otago, in the south of New Zealand, desired to establish an organ, they secured Mr. Creighton's services, and he founded the Otago *Guardian*, a first-class daily newspaper, which at once attained a large circulation. He was then requested to take editorial charge of the New Zealand *Times*, at the new capital of the colony, Wellington, but having determined to come to this city, he severed his connection with journalism, and landed in San Francisco, in June, 1876, since when he has been employed as an editorial writer on the *Evening Post.*

Connected with the *Morning Call*, one of the most popular newspapers of the city or coast, are M. P. Kelly, Esq., law reporter, Isaac Higgins, editor, and Mr. McRoberts, a very accomplished stenographer and reporter. The two former, we presume, are of Irish descent, but Mr. McRoberts is a native of Ireland, though of Scotch parentage.

The *Morning Call*, no doubt, owes no small share of its great popularity to the talent and tact of these gentlemen, as well as to the cultivation and genius of Mr. Cameron, a most distinguished writer as well as a perfect gentleman. Sorry he is not an Irishman, though he is the next best thing—a Scotchman. The *Call* is very generally read by our people and liked by them, and it is seldom, if ever, that it inserts anything hostile to our race, either in a national or religious point of view.

The only fault which can be, with any plausibility or pretense, laid to its charge is, that it conceals its principles and is wanting in that independence with which it should ever denounce official dishonesty and "rings" of monopolists which paralyze industry and oppress the laboring class. But these charges are most likely groundless and exaggerated.

MR. MCCLATCHY, of the Sacramento *Bee*, is one of our cleverest and most enterprising journalists, He was born in Lisburn, County Antrim, in 1824, and came to America in '48. His biography in itself would make a most interesting volume. He was one of the passengers of the unlucky *Dolphin*, a vessel bound from Mazatlan to San Francisco, but which was lost on the Southern coast of California, in the year 1849. The passengers and crew of the abandoned craft at Ceros—68 in number—suffered intensely from want of provisions and water, after leaving the vessel. They landed on an unknown and barren coast, 400 miles from San Diego, and were reduced to the greatest extremity by hunger and thirst. They traveled miles and during days without finding even the faintest signs of water. They tried to suck moisture from the earth by applying their mouths to the parched mud over which water had evidently once flowed. At length they saw an old horse abandoned by some persons who traveled that way before them, and their spirits were cheered at the sight, thinking that there must be some inhabitants somewhere in the vicinity; but they were mistaken, and had to shoot the horse and eat its flesh in order to save their lives. They next saw a cross erected over a grave, a cheering sight too. A dog was the only animal who continued to share their distress, and that poor brute was about to be sacrified like the old horse, when, running into a deep ravine, he began to scrape the soil with his paws. Some of the party, noticing the dog's efforts, came up to him and found the earth moist where the dog was scratching with all his might. Digging a few feet deep in the little cavity, made by the faithful dog, they found a good supply of sweet cold water. Oh, what a treasure was in this discovery! If every drop in that spring had been a diamond, the discovery would not have been so valuable in the eyes of the famishing men whose lives were saved by that water.

After satisfying themselves the party, among whom was Mr. McClatchy, went back with bottles and canteens of the refreshing beverage to those whom they were obliged to abandon on the way. They were barely alive, but, refreshed by the saving water, they soon rallied and recovered. Taking courage from this providential discovery, the entire party proceeded on their way. They lost not a single man out of forty-eight. It was several days, if not weeks, before they came within the confines of civilization, and then, barefooted and seminude, they proceeded until they reached the Mexican and American settlements.

Editor McClatchy was among the bravest of that distressed party. The party after having reached the confines of civilization, continued their journey on foot. They were all barefooted, without shoe or stocking, and in this condition they traveled from Cerros, in Lower California, to San Jose, and even to the mines at the foothills. They lost their shoes the second day after having abandoned the boat, from the circumstance that, having washed the leather to get off the sand and adhesive mud, they placed them in the sun to dry, but in a few hours they were reduced to powder from its heat. Then they traveled all the way without shoes, and when they could procure shoes at San Jose, they found they could not wear them. They looked upon shoes and all other covering of the feet as a superfluous luxury! Being six months without shoes, they had come into the habit of regarding barefeet as far more pleasant than having their *understandings* enclosed within the hides of animals. Such is the force of habit and natural tendency of man to return to the semi-barbarous condition, contrary to the Darwinian theory.

There are many other Irish-Americans editing and owning newspapers in the country towns, such as Judge Twohy, of the San Jose *Herald* and John Manning of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, but whose names we cannot put down to do honor to our pages, for the want of acquaintance with the gentlemen personally.

MR. O'SULLIVAN, of the *Monitor*, is an able and elegant writer, and together with his partner, Mr. Lyons, makes their journal a very interesting and useful publication. The *Monitor* newspaper, the organ of the Catholics of the coast, is a journal of wide circulation and of first-class ability. The editor-in-chief is Richard O'Sullivan, Esq., B. A., who is a brother of the distinguished editor of the Dublin *Nation*, a poet, an orator, and a statesman of the highest order. There are several brothers of the O'Sullivans, all men of genius, whom even their political enemies acknowledge, as the ablest men of the day in English literature. A new book called "New Ireland," by Mr. O'Sullivan, M. P., has been so popular, even in England, that the several editions of the work were engaged, even before publication, so that a single copy could not be purchased save by those who anticipated its publication.

Dennis Lyons, Esq., senior partner, is a gentleman of fine ability.

Mr. McRett, the editor of the *Wasp*, is a gentleman of fine talent and sound sense, and a very popular and favorite writer, while O'Leary, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, is a veteran editor of great ability.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF SAN FRANCISCO. DOCTORS BUCKLEY, KANE, AND MURPHY. MERCHANTS, PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS MEN OF OUR RACE. ETC.

San Francisco is provided with more than six hundred physicians and surgeons, regular and irregular, of all schools, allopathic, homeopathic, eclectic and hydropathic, male and female, Caucasian, and Mongolian, and African, to look after the physical health of her citizens. For every five hundred persons in the city there is one physician and a fraction, ready to respond to the call of the sick and the infirm, within the city and her borders. In order that this large corps of scientific practitioners should get support, at the lowest calculation they should receive one call to each inhabitant of the city, which, at three dollars a visit, would amount to about one million and a half annually; but it is well understood that our physicians' salaries, in the aggregate, amount to over $30,000,000.

The number of clergymen of all sects, denominations and creeds, including Jewish preachers, do not amount to more than one hundred, or one-sixth the number of "doctors," and allowing each of those the same salary of $5,000 each, which is far too high, we have to pay only five millions for the care of our souls against thirty which we pay for securing the health of our bodies. People, nowadays, therefore, take much more care of their bodies than of their souls.

This much, however, is to be said in favor of the physicians of San Francisco, that there are among them men of first-class ability and qualifications.

San Francisco can compare favorably with any city in the United States, in the high standing and scientific attainments of many of her surgeons, and the men of our race, as is the case in the British Empire, stand at the head of their profession. Out of the six hundred in the city, those of the Irish race count about eighty, and all of the regular or allopathic school. We cannot give the names of all our distinguished surgeons, graduates of the Royal College of Surgeons, of Ireland, but Dr. C. F. Buckley, 646 Market street, Dr. F. B. Kane, 620 Market street, are men of the highest grade in their profession, as also are Dr. James Murphy, 659 Clay street and Dr. H. Gibbons, Jr., 26 Montgomery street.

Doctor Buckley is a comparatively young man in years, about thirty-five, but his practice is extensive and his experience wide and practical, while as a scholar and well-read physician, he has few equals in the city, or in the United States. Dr. Buckley is a graduate of Queen's University Ireland, where he studied and graduated in medicine, but we understand also successfully prosecuted his classical and scientific education before he embraced the medical profession. He came to California in 1869, and, though he had not many acquaintances or friends to recommend him, yet in a few years he advanced himself to public notice by his successful treatment of some of the most critical cases in the medical records of this great city. The doctor is a man of liberal views and very independent in his manners, at the same time that he is *au fait* in all the accomplishments and dignified courtesy of an Irish gentleman. The Buckley family traces its pedigree back to an early date. The Irish way of spelling the name was "O'Buachalla." One of the name was abbot of Dromacose, barony of Keenaght, County of Londonderry, in the tenth century; but the territories of the "Clan Buchalla" were in the west part of the present County of Cork, facing the broad Atlantic. The name is well represented in many of the Eastern States, such as by John Buckley, Washington County, New York, a wealthy farmer. The Buckleys have been always faithful to creed and fatherland, a distinction which has not failed to accompany them on this side of the Atlantic, as well as on the other side of the ocean.

DOCTOR KANE, of 620 Market street, is son of the distinguished Sir Robert Kane, President of the Queen's University, in the city of Cork. Sir Robert was knighted in acknowledgment of his literary and scientific attainments. He wrote a book entitled "The Industrial Resources of Ireland," which was published in or about the year 1840, which O'Connell declared to be the best work ever written on that subject in any age. The object of the work was to show the wonderful mineral and agricultural wealth that Ireland contained if her resources were only developed. This he proved chemically and practically, showing that Ireland contained within her four seas all that was necessary for the support of a population of over twenty millions of souls, if her productions were only developed to their full extent.

Doctor Kane published, also, several other works which were used as class-books in the university and colleges of Ireland. His works were not only scientifically composed, but written in a style of singular purity and precision of language. Sir Robert, we believe, is a native of Kildare, but the territory of the O'Kanes, especially that branch of them to which Dr. Kane belongs, was in the County of Londonderry, and embraced the Baronies of Tirkeeran, Keenaght and Coleraine. Cooey O'Kane was a celebrated chieftain, and head of the "Oseiraght ui Cathain" tribe, and was made a prisoner by the English in the port of Coleraine, in 1377, and confined in fetters in the dungeon of Carrickfergus. This hero was one of the forefathers of Dr. Kane, of this city, and one of his brothers was christened Cooey in memory of the brave old chieftain and martyr.

The celebrated Dr. Kane, of the Arctic expedition fame, was a scion of the old illustrious stock. In the history of his life, written by "the stranger's heedless hands," there is a line or so acknowledging that the explorer had Irish blood in his veins, but no attempt was made to follow up his pedigree, or to prove, if he was of enterprising genius and of invincible fortitude, that these characteristics were inherited by him from his ancestors in Ireland. Dr. Kane, of this city, came to this country more from a desire to enjoy the salubrity of the climate or from a love of travel than from any other motive. His coming away from his native country deprived him of many advantages from the fame of his father and the high social circle in which the family moved—advantages which he could never expect to enjoy in a foreign land. However, we imagine, the doctor has no cause to complain of the want of patronage of the people of San Francisco, for his practice is large and his merits as an accomplished surgeon are becoming daily better known. Whether he will ever return to live on the paternal estates, we know not, but suppose that, like many distinguished Irishmen, whose fathers owned lordly estates, he may prefer this atmosphere of liberty, though it appears occasionally somewhat "foggy," to all the pomp and pride of the English aristocratic associations.

The late Dr. P. M. O'Brien was a distinguished member of the medical profession and a gentleman of high tone and principles. He was one of the first, we believe the very first, organizers of that solid institution, the Hibernia Bank. He was Medical Director at Port Townsend Hospital, under the government, at or about the time of the Rebellion, but, though in the government employment, he gave publication to his adverse Democratic sentiments, and quitted his place rather than remain a silent observer of abuses.

He returned from Port Townsend to California, and settled at San Jose, where he died, universally regretted. He was a native of Cork, from or near Mallow, and belonged to a family eminent for literature and religion. His daughter, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the State, became the wife of Senator Patrick W. Murphy, but, soon joining her father in Heaven, she left her husband and friends in utter bereavement at her loss. R. I. P.

Dr. O'Brien's widow and family reside near the village of Santa Clara, and are in independent circumstances.

There are many physicians of our race whose permission to have their names introduced in this work we have not obtained. Such are Drs. Jones, Callaghan, Blake, Flood, McCarthy, O'Neil, Rogers, Gibbons, Sullivan, etc., who have a large practice and are deservedly successful on account of their learning, skill and experience. Irish physicians and surgeons are generally well educated. The classical instructions in Greek and Latin, which all intended for this honorable profession, almost without exception, receive facilitates their knowledge of the terms and nomenclature of surgery, without the aids of medical diction and glossaries, which are always made use of in American medical schools; while the long courses of lectures and severe tests of the pupils in time of examination for graduation secures the public in Great Britain and Ireland against the "plague of quacks" which swarm in this country, owing to laws of ignorant legislatures. Hence, the State of California, having such a large number of Irish and European surgeons, is much better off in regard to surgeons than most of the Eastern States.

The merchants and business men of the Irish race, as well as the capitalists, are both numerous and wealthy, and of high standing. A bare list of the names of the Irish-American merchants of San Francisco, not to mention Oakland or any of the interior cities, would fill a large volume.

The firm of Murphy, Grant & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods, stands, probably, at the head of the business in the State. The house imports largely from the continent of Europe and Great Britain, as well as from the Eastern States.

The firm of O'Brien & Co., 928 Market street, near Baldwin's Hotel, is an extensive retail dry goods concern, and does an immense business. The proprietors are the most enterprising of this respectable class of trade in the city, and receive, because they deserve it, a very general patronage.

Keane, O'Connor & Co., of Kearny street, are extensive dry goods merchants, and are of high standing in the trade.

McCain & McClure, of Pine street, are wholesale dry goods merchants of very extensive business and high standing in the community.

Kennedy & Brennan, Third street, B. P. Kennedy, Kearny street, O'Neil, Kennedy & Stuart, and Wynne, Louth & Co., of 706 Market, each do a very large retail trade in their well-supplied stores.

Our Irish-American apothecaries and druggists are well represented by McBoyle & Co., 504 Washington street, McDonnell, corner Sixth and Market streets, and H. B. Slaven, Esq., an accomplished chemist and pharmaceutist, under the Baldwin Hotel, corner Market and Powell streets. Mr. Slaven does an immense business, which is continually increasing, from the security which the people have that in dealing in his store they will get the very best materials, and compounded and prepared in the most scientific manner.

The attorneys of this city are somewhat more numerous than the physicians, being about 700, and of these, about one-fourth are of our own race. The Macs' and O's are well represented among the lawyers. There are four Murphys,

P. J. O'CONNOR, ESQ.

Dan. J., John L., P. G., and one who spells his name Murfey. O'Brien, Thos., 712 Montgomery street, and O'Connor, Frank, represents the O's. Charles Delany, brother of the Bishop of Cork, is a leading lawyer of this city.

The architects are represented by P. J. O'Connor, Esq., 5 Post, T. J. Welsh, and William Corcoran.

Mr. O'Connor, besides being first-class in his profession as architect, is a man of uncommon talent. He was born in Liverpool, and is of the ancient noble stock of the O'Connors of Ballinagare. He was educated in the most advanced schools of England and Ireland, and had an uncle a bishop, lately deceased, and a brother one of the most learned among the Irish clergy, who graduated with high honor in Rome, and is now parish priest of Rathkeale, in the County Limerick.

The principal firms in the wholesale cattle and butchering trade are Dunphy & Co., Donnelly & Dunne, Kelly & Dooly, O'Brien, Dean & Smith, Regan & O'Neil, Clancy & Horgan, and the Crummys, while out of the four hundred retail butchers, perhaps the one-third are Irishmen. The principal among the latter are Hon. Thomas McInerny, of the firm of McInerny & Co., of 311 Broadway and 52 Washington Market—a wealthy firm. I. W. Flyn, 903 Jones street, does a large retail business and deserves the patronage he receives, from his attention to his business and his well known respectability.

In all the laborious employments our countrymen have almost a monopoly, for no other people are more willing or better able to work than the Irish. Hence, for instance, in the occupation of blacksmithing, Irish names are conspicuous; among these are P. J. O'Brien and his son, Willis—first-class men at their business—on Bryant street; O'Niel & McClosky on Powell street, and about one hundred others, including Mr. N. Ennis of 1062 Howard street.

In the book trade we are represented in the exclusively Catholic publications by Michael Flood of Market street, a gentleman of the highest reputation, with a very large business, and John B. O'Connor, 103 Sixth street. Mr. Shea keeps a large assortment of books and periodicals at 815 Market street, and Mrs. Ryan at No. 40 Fourth street, besides McCabe, Kearny street; Magill, Market; Geraghty, Folsom street; Kearney, Polk; Dwyer & McArdle, Pacific Hotel, and Sweeny, Sansom street.

The Irish-American wholesale and retail boot and shoe merchants of San Francisco are a highly respectable class. The Nolan Brothers, of 514 Market street, do a business which falls little short of one million of dollars annually, and their business is increasing. And Hugh O'Connor, of 506 Market street, also does a very extensive business. These two firms employ none but white help in their shops, and hence their work is better done, and consequently ensures the confidence of the people. Those who employ Chinese workmen may be able to sell cheaper than the former, but their manafactures do not give satisfaction. Of the retail shoe establishments, which number about six hundred, nearly one-half, or at least one-third, are those of our countrymen. Of these Broderick, of 112 Third, and P. Kelly, of Bush street, are fair representatives.

Among our wholesale grocers are Cullinan & Co., 307 Clay; Hanly & Snow, McMullin & Co., John Molloy, 54 Clay street, and Foley & Jones, 219 Drumm street.

There are about one hundred hotels in San Francisco, one-fourth of which are owned or rented by Irish-Americans, and are of all prices, from $5 a day to $1. One of the most reasonable and respectable of the low-fare houses is the Franklin, kept by Hugh Curran, Esq., a perfect gentleman, who tries and, indeed, succeeds in making his guests as comfortable in his one dollar a day house as they could be, even if they paid five dollars. The house is at the corner of Sansome and Pacific, and the rooms are large, lofty and lightsome.

The Golden Eagle Hotel, on Broadway, run by Messrs. Barry & Co., is another pleasant resort for immigrants.

The wholesale and retail liquor dealers of San Francisco are at least two thousand in number; that is to say, there is one place where liquor is sold to each one hundred and fifty of the population, whereas there are less than one-half that number of provision and grocery stores! What a large revenue the city treasury must derive for the licensing of those two thousand places for the sale of liquors, and what an enormous cost to the people who patronize these concerns! Besides the rents, taxes, gas and water rates, and fixtures, these two thonsand saloons and liquor places cost the incredible sum of $14,809,600, or very nearly fifteen millions annually. It is no wonder the majority of the people are poor when they expend about twenty millions annually for liquid poison in the shape of liquor. It is no wonder that the people are subject to sickness and sudden death, though this is the finest climate on earth! It is no wonder that funerals are magnificent and the doctors rich. Those two thousand saloons account for all the ways the money is spent.

The cemeteries are pleasant, the monuments costly, the funerals grand, as well as solemn, and the undertakers are not all of them rich, but perhaps, like that honest man, James McGinn, Esq., they are too generous, and always charitable toward the poor. Mr. McGinn, Fitzgerald & Co., of Mission street, and Mr. Golden of Market street, above Sixth, well represent this class of our countrymen, who discharge the last duties to the dead by decently consigning them to their last resting place on earth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEADING PIONEER AND DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS OF OUR RACE IN OAKLAND, SACRAMENTO, MARYSVILLE AND OTHER TOWNS. BRIEF NOTICES OF SUCCESSFUL IRISH MINERS AND REMARKABLE MODERN IRISHMEN. THE COUNTRY PREFERABLE TO THE CITY FOR OUR PEOPLE.

The next city to San Francisco in population is Oakland, across the bay, and which was incorporated as a town in 1852. Oakland, at present contains a population of at least 40,000, but at its incorporation it had not more than one hundred people, whereas the population of Sacramento at this time was 12,000. Oakland, though only about eight miles distant from San Francisco, over the bay, has a far milder climate than the former. being almost altogether exempt from the sudden changes of temperature and dusty gusts of wind which, in certain seasons, infest the latter city. Hence, Oakland is a famous resort for invalids, and a great many of the wealthy business men of San Francisco have their residences there. Oakland is destined to be a very large city, possibly its population will exceed that of San Francisco in the course of time.

Our Irish race are well represented in Oakland, and some of them were the first pioneers of that corporation and of Alameda County.

William Welsh, in 1848, received three square leagues of land, called "Los Juntas," from Governor Micheltorena. Mr. Welsh, no doubt, must have performed some popular or praiseworthy act, or been a man of more than ordinary character, to have deserved such a mark of public favor, as the receiving of such a large grant of land from the Government.

Don Luis Peralta was owner of the ranch "San Antonio," on part of which Oakland is now located. This grant Peralta received from Sola, the last Spanish Governor of California, in consideration of forty years' of military and civil service. The land contained five leagues, including, besides Oakland, then called "Encinal de Temescal," Brooklyn, Alameda, Berkeley and San Leandro. Only two of these divisions retain their original names, viz.: Alameda and San Leandro. What a pity Oakland did not chance to get a more urbane name, or one which would give the intelligent immigrant an idea that the place was a city or village, instead of a tract of land covered with oak trees!

The usual inferior taste and poverty of invention of our countrymen of Anglo-Saxon origin, are exemplified in naming this charming city, which, like Venus, seems as if it rose like a sunlit cloud from the froth of the sea.

There are numerous other names of places, at least one hundred and fifty in number, more ridiculous than that of Oakland, such as "Puppy Town," "Petticoat Slide," "Rag Town," "Bluebelly Slide," "Puke Ravine," "Gospel Swamp," "Loafer's Retreat," "Hungry Camp," "Pokerville" and "Fiddletown" (some of which names are incorporated in legislative literature), but though these names are perchance low and vulgar, there is not one of them more inappropriate than Oakland.

Before the discovery of gold, Welsh, an Irishman, Livermore, an Englishman, and Dr. Marsh, an American, were the principal settlers of foreign birth, but the names, Smith, Brown and Farrelly, Kennedys, Crane, Murrays, Patten, McMurtys, Haleys, Broders, Moores, Dohertys, Allen, O'Brien, soon afterwards became conspicuous. Mr. Crane was County Judge, and Michael Murray's name was given to a township of the county, and Dublin was also raised into the like honor. John Boyle had the first blacksmith shop in San Lorenzo, in 1853.

J. W. Doherty, Esq., was chairman of the first Board of Supervisors of Oakland, and Mr. Blake, District Attorney. Then there were Eagar, Fay, Murry and Lucas, in '55. Soon after, McKee, Dr. Gibbons and Mr. Ward appear in public. In 1858 we find the names of Irish-Americans becoming more prominent, such as Curry, Molony, Redmund, Fallon, Hester, Rodgers, McKee, Gibbons, all candidates for, or elected to important offices in Alameda County, while among the rich men or capitalists, are Carey, Patterson, Hughes, Coffee, Maddox, Cull, Luce, Donnovan and others.

We find in 1867 among the names of those who received patents for land from the United States, those of Martin, Brophy, Williams, Walker, Stephens, Larkin, A. Carey, Michael Gannon, Patrick Clark, Wm. J. Reid, Henry Hagan, Wm. Corbet, Michael H. Ryan, Mr. Lynch, Haley, A. McClure and other names of Irish origin or birth.

Mr. Lynch was Superintendent of Public Schools in Alameda County for several terms, and Mr. Gagan was proprietor of an Oakland daily paper. He was an able man, a native of Galway, and came from Illinois. He published the first daily newspaper of Oakland. A Mr. Powers is editor of the daily *Transcript*, an enterprising newspaper. The towns of Dublin and Limerick, laid out at an early day, prove that the Irish were early settlers. Thomas Eagan was the first man to explore Alameda County and its borders, which he did in 1846.

Indeed, a fair proportion of the farming lands of the County belongs to men of our race. Such are Peter Matthews, Peter and James McGee, H. Mahoney, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Hart, F. J. Brearty, J. A. O'Niel, Mr. O'Brien—who discovered coal in 1860—John Matthews, Mr. Devanny, John Green, and Mr. Farrelly; Mr. Quigley, near San Leandro, and Mr. O'Sullivan, of Brooklyn. While that distinguished jurist, Judge McKee, and J. Ross Brown, the two ablest men that Oakland can boast of, were of Irish birth.

John B. Doyle, of San Pablo avenue, is a Carlow man, from the parish of Graig. Mr. Doyle came to America when he was only ten years. He has resided twenty-two years in California. He owns 200 acres of land in Alameda County, twenty-four of which is on San Pablo avenue. Mr. Doyle is a branch of that family which produced the celebrated Dr. Doyle. J. J. O'Shea, hardware merchant, John and Thomas Lynch, Esq., capitalists, and Dr. Lawlor and brother, of Tubbs' Hotel, are leading citizens of Oakland. The celebrated author and traveler, J. Ross Brown, and Samuel B. McKee, who were residents of Oakland, were both of Irish birth. J. J. White is a leading man of our race in Oakland. He is a native of Cahir, Tipperrary, where his father was remarkable for the oppostion he offered, as a leading merchant, to Lord Glengall, in favor of Shiel and the patriotic candidates. Mr. White came from Sydney to California in 1856, having spent twelve years in that Colony.

SACRAMENTO, the capital of the State, is one of the most interesting cities of California. Its foundation dates no further back than the discovery of gold in 1848, at Coloma, Placer County, where Sutter had a mill at that early date. Sacramento is well situated for trade, having communication by water and railroads with San Francisco and all parts of the State. The State Capitol, a splendid edifice, has been erected there at a cost of less than two million dollars. Though subject to occasional inundations, and situated in a low, flat, malarious country, the town is comparatively healthy. It is 125 miles by water from San Francisco, but only 84 miles by rail and boat via Vallejo. Many of the pioneers of this now elegant city were Irishmen, and there is a large body of our countrymen, both opulent and respectable, who are residents there at present.

Among others, the Secretary of State Beck, Brigadier-General Walsh, Casey and Cronin, Dan'l J. Considine, the proprietor of the popular Pacific Hotel; H. Duffy, W. Mahony, Thos. P. Ryan, M. J. McCarthy, Mr. Fitzgibbons, Thos. Kane, P. H. Breen and others. In all the cities and villages of the State our countrymen are respectably, if not numerously, represented.

In Marysville, Yuba County, "the Irish element" is conspicuous for the respectability of its members. Among others, we may particularize Richard Walsh, merchant, as one of the most polished gentlemen of the State, and regarded as a fine specimen of the Irish aristocracy. Mr. Walsh is a native of Cork, and acquired his education and polished manners in his native city. It would be hard to find a better Irishman or a more accomplished gentleman than Richard Walsh, Esq.

Michael Fitzgerald is another representative countryman of ours who is a credit to his race. He is a man of fine talent, and very popular in his county, in which he has filled several important positions of trust with fidelity.

P. Slattery, Esq., is another successful Irishman doing a large business there, from which he derives a splendid income.

In the small mining village of Cherokee Flats, in Butte County, is an Irish settlement, consisting of a few families, of some of whom we give an account here in order that our Eastern readers may form an idea of the manner in which the old settlers have succeeded in acquiring independence in past times.

First we shall notice Mr. John Welsh, or Walsh, who is a native of Connaught, probably Galway. He commenced working as a laborer some dozen or fifteen years ago, at three or four dollars a day. From the savings of his daily wages he soon purchased some mining claims, which turned out to be rich. Though a man of limited school education, he has a good, sound judgment, and what he purchased for a few hundred dollars brings him in probably an income of $1,000 a month! Mr. Welsh is a fine specimen of an Irishman, healthy, large and well built, and has a tenacious memory and good, sound common sense.

Mr. John Whelan is another successful Irishman, a native of Tipperary, and a resident of Cherokee for over twenty-two years. He was not ashamed to work, and often made, at "washing dirt," $15.00 to the pan, especially in the famed Union Cape Mine, on Feather River, near Oroville.

Mr. Everett, a Kilkenny man, is another honest and successful miner, also independent. So also is Mr. William Ryan, another Tipperary man. Mr. John Twohy, a Clare man, probably not far from Tulla, is another successful workman. He now oversees, at a fine salary, the Spring Valley Company's mines.

Mr Matthew Ryan keeps a smithy, and works for the mining companies, and has accumulated a handsome property.

Mr. Brosnan, a Limerick man, must not be forgotten. Nor Mr. Doyle, an Antrim man, of fine appearance and fair education.

Mr. James Lynch, is a Limerick man, who raises grapes and makes a very superior quality of wine, with which he supplies the clergy of a large portion of the diocese of Marysville.

Mr. John Chambers is a successful miner and owns "claims," as they are called. Adding to this list the name of Mr. Bligh, we give a fair number of the successful, religious, liberal, and really good Irishmen of Cherokee Flats, which is the most united, happy and comfortable community, we think, in all California, as far as our experience goes. They have a handsome church, the only one in town, with a splendid bell in its tower, which flings its music reverberating over the hills and rocks, and golden gulches of Cherokee Valley, once so smooth, quiet and calm, but now disturbed, disquieted, and deformed by all the ingenious contrivances of grasping, greedy, gold-seeking corporations. We conclude with this notice of Cherokee Flats, by a brief sketch of another settler there, named

Nicholas Willoughby, lieutenant in the 69th regiment, New York State Militia, from 1854 to 1858. Left New York, in October 1858, and arrived in California, June 22d, 1859. Went to Frazer River gold mines, and was in the party that discovered the John Day mines, in north-eastern Oregon, and Boise Basin, Idaho. He was elected Justice of the Peace in 1875.

Grass Valley, Nevada County, is another town which was originally almost exclusively settled by Irishmen. The famous "Allison Ranch," three miles from the County seat, was in the hands of Irish miners, and while the mines flourished the Irish of that district, under the direction of Father Dalton, erected a fine church and a splendid convent for the education of their children, and also an orphan house. As the mines decayed or gave out, most of our countrymen quitted the locality, but a few remained to give character and distinction to the Irish element. Among these, one Myles O'Connor, Esq., State Senator, a man of fine talent, and James K. Byrne, a lawyer of well known ability. Patrick English represents the mechanical arts in a worthy manner, and J. Judd, Martin Ford and J. J. Johnston represent the commercial interests. Peter Johnston is a leading business man, as is also Thomas Cloak, while Dennis Meagher, P. Murphy, Thomas Moran, and Michael Hynes are well-to-do business men of the town. Besides the inhabitants of the village, or rather city, of Grass Valley, there is a large number of Irish farmers in the surrounding country, who are not only in comfortable, but independent, circumstances. Grass Valley is an episcopal see, termed in church language," Vallis pratensis,"—not a very literal translation—and is a pretty place, embosomed among the surrounding hills, which fertilize its vine-clad gardens by their rivulets and enrich its sands by deposits of fine gold dust. The town is connected with the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, Placer County, by a narrow-gauge railroad, the fare on which, for a distance of sixteen and one-half miles, is a fraction less than two dollars, about as much as they charge by the Hudson River Railroad, from New York to Albany, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles! And for the same distance in Massachusetts, as from Grass Valley to Colfax, the fare is five cents.

In the Eastern part of Nevada County, the people generally are either Irish or of Irish descent.

French Corral, Birchville, San Juan and Cherokee are all little mining camps up among the hills, the people of which are always employed and independent, because they have no *masters.*

In French Corral are well-to-do miners, business men and ranchers, namely: George Ryan, J. Sullivan, Frank Coffey, D. Neville, Richard Skehan and Thomas Fitzsimons.

In Birchville are Martin Morony, John O'Connor, P. Mara, J. Talbot, Wm. Flynn.

In San Juan Thomas Phelan, Patrick Gaynor, F. Hagarty, and the Hogan brothers are the principal residents and, we may say, capitalists.

Cherokee is a very prosperous locality, and, like its namesake in Butte County, the successful miners are all or very nearly all Irish. The Phelans, brothers of the Rev. Father Phelan, of Austin, Nevada, are among the most prosperous. The Brophy brothers, O'Connor brothers, Quigley brothers, are equally well to do; while H. Horagan, C. Cox, J. Casey, H. Callaghan, Michael Phelan, J. Driscoll, M. Meehan, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Bray, H. Hughes, Andrew Brennan and John McCarthy are all Irish and all independent.

What we have written in this chapter concerning the condition of Irish settlers in the country villages and mining towns, will apply to a thousand different localities in this State, as well as the State of Nevada, where our countrymen have become, by honest industry, if not wealthy, at least comfortable and independent. It is too much the habit with many to travel around hunting for work, which they find difficult to procure; whereas, they should go to the country, and if they have not means to purchase or rent farms, they could easily get hold of a mining claim, which, when properly worked, would seldom fail to supply them with such a return as would be sufficient for their support, and perhaps ultimately be the means of elevating them to wealth, as instanced in the success of Mr. McGanny, of Smartsville, J. Walsh, of Cherokee Flats, and hundreds, besides, in a thousand different localities.

The city is very pleasant to live in, and thousands of our people have become rich capitalists by taking up lots in the city, when property was cheap, but the country is better for our people to settle in. The chances of success are greater than in cities, where the majority will always remain poor and dependent, whereas, in the country, the majority are always successful.

We have seldom known our countrymen to fail when they were in a position to conduct their own affairs, without the interposition of a boss or master, whereas such of them as lack enterprise to take hold of any business of their own, but are ever dependent on others for employment, are sure sooner or later to become reduced to straightened circumstances.

It is good enough to seek employment at daily wages in an emergency, but the man who cannot secure permanent employment for himself and family, either by getting hold of a piece of land, or taking up a mining claim, or engaging in some commercial or mechanical business, can seldom or never rise to independence. This is the case all over the country, but especially in California, where capital is so abundant and grasping, and competition so bold and calculating. In the past, no doubt, fortunes were suddenly and, perhaps, easily made in California; but now, in the present state of affairs, to acquire, not to say a fortune, but even to get a living requires the exercise of ability of no ordinary character.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IRISH RACE IN OREGON, NEVADA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND IDAHO.

Oregon is, as a State, next in importance to California, though less in area than Nevada, Montana, Arizona or British Columbia. It is on account of its agricultural resources, which are in the commencement of their development, as well as by reason of its interesting historical reminiscences, that Oregon derives its importance.

The area of the State, is about 95,000 square miles, and lies with the degrees of 42 and 46.20 of northern latitude, and, though Captain Gray took possession of the country as early as 1792, yet it was not admitted as a State until 1859.

The Spaniards and the French undoubtedly visited the coasts at an earlier date, and imposed a name on the country, as they did on California, the origin of which name, like the latter, remains in doubt up to the present time, which sufficiently indicates a marked indifference to antiquarian literature of the first explorers of those regions.

The name "Oregon" was probably given by the Spaniards, who called the Indians "Orizon," from the manner in which they stretched the lobes of their ears, as the French called a cognate tribe "Pend'oreilles." But this account is as unreliable as the derivation of California, which some assert to be of Latin derivation, as "Calida fornix," some of Spanish, as "Colophonia," the name for pitch, and some assert is an Indian word, while others call it Greek. It is most probable, however, that California signifies "the land of flowers," caught from an exclamation of an Italian sailor, "Quali fiori"—"O, what flowers."

Be this as it may, it is certain that Oregon is a fertile and very productive State, containing lands, timber, minerals and water power which cannot be equaled in the Union; and in fifty years from now she will probably be the Empire State of the Pacific slope. To give a minute geographical account of this young member of the confederacy does not come within the scope of this work. We have undertaken only to give an account of the leading men of our race in that promising young republic.

The population of the entire State is not over 150,000, and some of the earliest settlers were Irishmen. Portland is the metropolis, and some of the pioneers were, for instance, Rev. Mr. McCormac and his brother, H. I., proprietor of the Catholic *Sentinel*. In all branches of business our people are well represented, such as E. Martin & Co., wholesale merchants; E. A. Cronin, Esq., attorney-at-law; Jas. Dolan, U. S. Hotel; J. M. Gearin, Esq., Ellis Read, banker; Dr. McBride, O'Connor & Malorky, Patrick Norton, E. O'Neil,* etc.

Astoria, twelve miles from the mouth of the Columbia River, was established in 1811, by an expedition sent out by Jacob Astor, of New York.

Lewis and Clarke visited the site of Astoria in 1805. Some of the earliest settlers were Irish, such as Colonel McClure, an Ulster man, Mr. Ireland, Gallagher, McGuire, McEwen, Corbet, and others.

One of the most prominent settlers of the Territory, was

Dr. McLoughlin, who came at an early day to the Pacific Coast. He became soon after his arrival, probably in 1820 or 1821, the first clerk of the Hudson Bay Company. He subsequently became the Governor of that celebrated corporation, and continued at the head of its affairs for about twenty years, when he resigned under a full pension from the company he so faithfully served. He was of Irish birth or descent, and was educated in in Canada. He came to Oregon City about the year 1835, where he settled down and married the widow of Thomas McCay, Esq., who was a full-blooded Indian, but well educated, and a woman of marked ability. This woman was the mother of several children, first with McCay, and again with her next husband, McLoughlin. One of Dr. McLoughlin's daughters became a Mrs. Harvey, and his son David is a resident of Colville, Oregon, and the inheritor of a large share of his father's great wealth.

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*Governor Joe Lane, though most likely educated, if not born in this country, was certainly of immediate Irish descent, and proud of his origin—the Lanes, or Lynaghs of South Desmond, Ireland.

Of his five children only three survive. His daughter, Mrs. Harvey, who now resides in Portland, and another who resides in Canada. Mr. McLoughlin's wealth was derived, first, from his large share of stock in the Hudson Bay Company, and next from his speculations in lands. When he came to Oregon City the site of that flourishing town was but a desert, but he purchased a large tract of land there, judging rightly that it would become a city in time, and laid out a town on paper which soon realized his anticipations. He built a flour mill and saw mill and established a large store, which supplied the whole country for hundreds of miles with supplies. He died in 1856, full of years—eighty-three—and honors, having bequeathed besides his lands, about $175,000 to each of his three children. He was a man of large mind and liberal views in civil affairs, but very strict in his religious convictions. He was called the father of the colony in and around Oregon City, and the entire inhabitants mourned at his death as children are wont to do at the death of a father.

There are other men of not so much note but of of no less merit in Oregon and the adjacent territories. Such is Mr. Cosgrove, a native of Dublin, a prominent citizen of Portland, and an early settler. The farming interest is well represented by another Mr. Cosgrove, who resides in Willamette Valley, as also by a Mr. Hayes and his three sons, who own and cultivate large farms. Mr. John Reardon, of Idaho City, with his seven sons, is a leading man, and came in at an early date. while John Murphy, Esq., a land surveyor, also a pioneer and a man of cultivated mind, took an important part in the settlement of the country. Edward Fitzgerald, a Leinster man, probably connected with the Geraldines, came to Oregon at an early date of its settlement. His wife is a niece of Cardinal Cullen, and they have resided for many years at the "Dalles."

Mr. Fitzgerald is engaged in merchandise, extensively. Maurice Fitzgerald, a brother to Edward, is settled in Walla Walla, engaged in merchandise. He was a commissioned officer in the United States army for several years, and retired with a high reputation for gallantry and discipline.

Judge Matthew P. Deady is as Irish as can be, though the writer of his biography in the "Representative Men of the Pacific," makes him of English extraction, as well as Irish. He learned and followed the trade of blacksmithing, which was no disgrace to him, for we read in Plato, that it was recommendable for every philosopher to know some art. From the anvil and its music, he passed into studying the intricacies of the law, to the practice of which he was admitted in 1847.

In '49 he came with a Government train to Oregon, where he was again obliged, owing to straightened circumstances, to teach school.

In 1850 he resumed the practice of law. He was then elected to the Legislature, where he distinguished himself for sound views and practical suggestions. He was appointed judge in 1853.

His reputation while judge was such; that all parties were loud in his praise. He became president of the convention to form a State Government, in 1857, and had much to do with forming the State Constitution. He soon after was appointed justice of the United States District Court. He was appointed to a most important work by the Governor, in 1864, namely, to codify the laws of Oregon.

Such was the opinion of Judge Deady's judicial integrity that he was appointed to try a case arising out of the arbitrary imprisonment of a citizen, Mr. McCall, by the United States officers of San Francisco, and Judge Deady's decision was against the authors of the arbitrary arrest and in favor of the liberty of the citizen.

Judge Deady, who may be called a self-made man, resides in Oregon City, and stands as high among his neighbors for benevolence and virtue as he does in the history of the coast for judicial integrity and sterling worth.

THE STATE OF NEVADA, situated southeast of California, stands next to the latter in mineral resources. The area is about 120,000 square miles and the population about 75,000. The agricultural resources of this State are not much developed, owing to the prominence given to silver and gold mining, some of the most productive mines on the continent, such as "the Comstocks," being located at Virginia City, in that State.

Several of the first explorers of that State and most successful "prospectors" were Irishmen, and the "Irish element" controls the richest mines of that State at present.

At the head of these stand Mackay & Fair, O'Connor, Lynch, Kelly, Hughes, McCarthy, editor *Evening Chronicle*, James H. Ryan, lawyers John McQuaid, G. McConnie, and many other leading men of our race in Virginia City.

The villages of the State, which were originally mining camps, are numerous, with a population varying according to the success of the explorations for rich developments. Places like Pioche, which during several years had a population of thousands, are reduced, by the failure to find paying ore, to a few scores of inhabitants, within three months. And should the mines become exhausted or the working of them be interrupted by nature, such as an earthquake, it is probable that the seventy thousand population of that State at present, would be reduced to seven thousand, in a very short time. This much must be said in favor of the capitalists of Nevada, that they pay the men in their employment good wages, averaging not much less than four dollars a day. Hence, though many are out of employment, the working men have better times than in any section of the Union. We attribute this in a great measure to the liberality of the great capitalists and miners, who employ only white men and pay good wages.

If we contrast the conduct of our great mining capitalists with the grasping railroad corporation, that aims at ruling the State and degrading the white man by reducing his wages to *one dollar a day*, less than they pay coolies, we will see who the oppressors of the poor, and the instigators of riots are!

WASHINGTON TERRITORY lies north of Oregon, west of Idaho, and extends westward to the Pacific Ocean. Its area is 70,000 square miles, and it has a population of about 40,000 people. Olympia is the capital, and two of the State officers—J. M. Murphy and E. T. Gun—are respectively Auditor and Treasurer of the State. The third Governor was Mr. McGill, now of the Hibernia Savings Bank, of this city.

Of the Federal State officers, also, Kearney, McMeeken and Johnson are Irish-Americans, and McFadden, delegate to Congress.

Washington Territory, though lying between latitude 45 and 49, is of a mild climate, and abounds in all the resources of a great State. It is well timbered, has magnificent rivers, bays and water-power, and minerals, such as coal, copper and the precious metals.

We find printers and publishers and editors of our race predominant, such as J. M. Murphy, of the *Washington Standard;* M. H. Mooney & Bro., of the *Kalama Beacon*; A. J. Cain, of the *Dayton News;* E. T. Green, of the *Transcript;* James Power, of the *Bellingham Bay Mail*, and David Higgins, of the *Seattle Intelligencer*.

Leary & McCloud, attorneys; the Talbot Coal Company, under direction of John Collins; the Kelly Brothers, Lynch Brothers, and J. S. Lyon. In fact, our race has more than an average representation in this young and promising territory, which, in the course of time, cannot fail to command a leading influence in its government and prosperity.

IDAHO TERRITORY, organized in 1863, is situated East of Washington territory, and occupies a space irregularly shaped, from the 42d to the 49th parallel, with an area of about 100,000 square miles, and a population of 35,000 souls. The climate is healthy and dry, and in the great valleys, such as the Weiser and Bruneau, the land is arable and productive.

Boise City is the principal place in the Territory, and here our people are represented by Hon. Jno. Ward, a man of distinction, who was among the first who settled in that region.

Pat McMahon, of Idaho, one of the most indefatigable miners in the West, has risen by the honest industry of labor, to competence and wealth. He has reared and educated six children, all well-to-do in the world. His brother, John McMahon, is also a practical miner, and a very successful one.

John O'Farrell, is also a pioneer and capitalist of Boise City. John Early, Flannagan brothers, M. Kelly, editor of the Idaho *Statesman*; Smith & Kelly, attorneys; James Griffin, D. T. Cahalon—all men of prominence.

Indeed Idaho offers many advantages to immigrants in search of homes, the lands being obtainable at Government prices and fertile, and mining being as yet in its infancy. The only drawback on immigration is the difficulty of reaching the country, which must be approached via Portland, Oregon, or by stage, over two hundred miles from Battle Mountain, on the Central Pacific Railroad.

In all the different stations or camps, such as

Fairnew, Owyhee County, we find a good representation of our people, such as Brown, Dorsey, Frazer, McAuliff, Collins, McCreary, etc., and at Idaho City, Corkeran, Dunigan, Barry, Bennett, McDevitt, etc. McGuires, Cuddys, Rileys, Dohertys, Reardons, Nash and others, are doing business in the remote villages of the Territory. In fact, a fair percentage of the merchants, and fully one-half of the miners are of Irish descent or birth in Idaho, where there could be a population of many millions, with proper facilities to transport immigrants thither.

PART III.

IRISH NAMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In the following pages is a list of Irish names, ancient and modern. The list is by no means perfect, nor does it include all Irish names, but only a few of the common and popular families, when and where they flourished, and what changes took place in the orthography and pronunciation of those family names. The author does not undertake to give the pedigrees of those families he introduces, nor even the origin and derivation of their names; for to perform such a work would take a large volume, and this has been accomplished by well known Celtic authors, such as McFerbis, O'Clerys and others. Instead of giving the derivation of the name McNamara, for instance—a word originally spelled "Cu-mara," and signifying "sea-dogs"—from the distinction that family obtained as seamen and navigators—we give merely the date in which they flourished, the possessions they owned as princes and chieftains, and the localities in which their descendants exist up to the present time.

Most of the old Irish family names had a very poetic origin. For instance, the name Loughlin, from "Loch-lannach," is composed of two Irish words—"Loch," sea, or a large body of water, and "lann," brave or skillful; that is, men who were brave navigators—a name imposed on the first Scandinavian pirates or Danes. So that though both Cu-mara or McNamara and Loughlin have the same origin in *idea*, namely, bold navigators, yet the words used to express this idea are different, from the wonderful poetic fertility of the Celtic tongue. There are many old Irish names which have lost their meanings and euphony by ridiculous translations; for instance, the numerous Smith family were originally "Gobhan" or "Gowan." The name Wynne is a translation of "Mulgauthe" or "Mulgeha"—servant of the wind. The first change was to "Wind," but this appearing too *blowy*, they altered it to "Wynne." So, "Early" is a translation of "Mulmogherty," or son of the dawn, and wolf is a translation of "Mactire," the Irish for wolf. But even where there is no vulgar translation, the changes of the modern from the old Celtic are remarkable. Thus, the first of the Kavanaghs had that name imposed on him from

"Caemhanach," or one brought up at "Cil Caemhain," or Kilcavan, near Gorey, Wexford, where the young prince was fostered. Who now would suspect that the word Kavanagh is synonymous with the words "brought up at St. Kevins," except those alone who have a knowledge of that most ancient, flexible and musical of all languages, namely, the Celtic.

ANCIENT IRISH NAMES AND THE MODERN FORMS OF THE SAME.

A.

Angus, Aengus; a very ancient name. Aengus Ollam, was son of Oiliol, who was son of Labhraid-Loury, monarch of Ireland, Anno Mundi, 4702. Another king of this name reigned in Cashel, in the time of St. Patrick. In Scotland, it is a common family name.

Allen, Ua Aillen; a family of very ancient origin. An English Cardinal of this name founded a celebrated university in Belgium for education of English ecclesiastics, in the time of Elizabeth.

Anrahan, or Hanrahan, Ui Andrahain; a distinguished family of the 9th, and following centuries.

B.

Barry, Ua Barrig; of English extraction, distinguished for literature and liberality. Some of the families of that name trace their origin to the Bearachs of the 6th and 10th centuries.

Beck, Becc; descendants of Heremon in Ulidia, 889. Also Becc, son of Cunascagh, 778. Our present Secretary of State represents this name here.

Birmingham, McFeorais; this latter name wa[illegible]ed by the Birminghams, from Feorus, or Piarus, one of [illegible]tors in the 14th century. They were Earls of Louth, 1328.

Buckly, or O'Buckly, O'Buochalla; a very ancient name traced back to the 9th century. (See memoir of Dr. Buckley. Supra.)

Bains, Bainagh; a name of Welsh origin, and of course, Celtic. There were several families of them in the Pale. Captain Bains, of Fifth street, below Mission, who fought in the Papal Brigade in Italy, and got the Pope's blessing for gallantry, nobly represents that old Celtic sept in this city.

Bradys, Braidagh; the name of a very ancient tribe who owned large possessions in Brefney and in Cavan. The name was originally MacBridagh, being called after Saint Bride. The Mac being dropped it became Bridagh, aquo Brady. P. Brady, Esq., of Market street, honorably represents that old name.

Broderick and Broder; from the Dane Brodair; Hibernice, Bruaderagh.

Burke, Debourke; a celebrated family of Norman origin. The Clanricard family are of that name. They were Lords of the English of Connaught since the 13th century. Got surnamed Clanricard from Rickard Saxenagh, one of their bravest men.

Butler, Bultaire; derived from the Celtic word for bottle, for they were originally royal bottle-holders and waiters at tables of princes. The Butlers were Lords of Ormond, and gave many distinguished men to the Church, to the army and to the senate. General Butler, of Massachusetts, is a true representative of that noble stock in the United States, and also P. F. and William Butler, of Montgomery street, this city.

Bulger, Bulgeragh; a family of Welsh origin, and common in Tipperary and Waterford. Martin Bulger, of this city, who was the first chief engineer on the Pacific Steamship Line to China, and afterward filled an important position in the Mint, represents that name. He came to this State at an early day, and at present superintends the engineering department of the Pacific Mail Co.

C.

Carbery, Cairbre; this was an illustrious family, and flourished in pre-Christian times, as well as afterward. Carbry Riada lead a colony into Abbin, or Scotland, in the 2d century.

Cahill, Cathal; Princes in Munster and Connaught, in the 2d and 6th centuries. The late distinguished divine, Dr. Cahill, was of this race, and in this city, Ed. Cahill & Brothers, represent the name in a direct line, being nephews of the renowned controversalist above mentioned.

Caseys, Cathasagh; were very ancient, also, and celebrated churchmen.

Canovan, Ceandubhan; were of the Kenil Melaclan, Princes of Meath, 9th century. Canovan, of Montgomery street, represents that clan.

Callaghan, Ceallachan; were hereditary kings of Cashel, the capital of Munster, up to the 12th century. There are several of that name in this city. Among others, Jeremiah, one of the founders of the Hibernia Bank.

Carney, or Kearney, Cearnoch; Lords of Luigne, or Leney, in Connaught, Sligo, and Princes from the 7th century. Generals Stephen and Phil represented that race of heroes, as, perhaps, Agitator Kearney.

Coghlan, Ua Couglain; Chiefs of Tiremuna, in the 9th century.

Coleman, Clomaun; bishops, saints, kings and chiefs, from the 6th to the 12th centuries. Some of our capitalists are of that name, though not worthy of bearing it.

Conway, Conumhain; an old family of Ballycroy, County Mayo, still remains there.

Casserly, Cassarliag; Chiefs under Turlogh Crovderg, King of Connaught, 11th century. (See O'Casserly.)

D.

Daniel, Domnhal; this name gave numerous prelates, monks and clerics to the Church in the 7th and 8th centuries.

Dermid, Dearmid; an old family, and distinguished as princes, from the 6th to the 12th centuries.

Dillon, Diolmain; a Norman family of celebrity, still extant in Connaught and other parts of Ireland.

Devlin, Dobhailen; Lords in Meath and Connaught in the 9th century.

Donovan, Donduban; celebrated Lords of South Munster for centuries. (See O'Donovan, under letter O.) Senator Donovan represents that name.

Doran, Ua Dorain; the Dorans were Judges in Leinster, and famed for legal knowledge.

Downing, Duinin; one of the literati of Desmond.

Dugan, Ua Duibhgaun; an ancient family of Clare, who were poets and literati for centuries. Hence, also Duggan.

Downey, Dubanaigh; were very distinguished in the County of Meath, near Clonard. The late Governor of California is the representative of the Downeys in this country. (See his memoirs in this work. Supra.)

Donnelly, Dunghalagh; Chiefs in Leinster at a very early date, 8th century. They were distinguished warriors. (See O'Donnelly.)

Devine, O'Davine; of Londonderry.

Dalton, Dalatunach; were Lords of Rathconrath, in West Meath, in the 13th and 14th centuries, and are numerous there at present.

E.

Egan, Aedaghain Mor; son of Oiliol Olum, 186, A. D., a very old name in Kerry, and Lords of Dartry. Mr. Eagan, of Sansome and Jackson, represents that name here.

Enright, Innreaghtagh; Chiefs in Desmond and South Munster, from an early date. P. Enright, of Fifth street, represents that old family.

F.

Felan, Faelaun; was an old family which gave chiefs to Ossory and kings to Leinster for centuries. (See Phelan.)

Fay or Fahy, Fahaugh; a tribe in Connaught at an early date, and numerous now though reduced to penury.

Finans, Ua Fianaun; bishops and ecclesiastics from the earliest ages. A late bishop of Kallala was thus named.

Finn, Fion; descendants of Fion McCumhal—pronounced McCool—of great antiquity, in Kerry and South Munster.

Finachty, Finaghtagh; King of Connaught and monarch of Ireland from 673 to 693.

Finnegan, Finnaghan; lords of Breaghmaine, A. D. 822. One of our capitalists here is of that old race.

Friel, Fergils; were abbots, bishops and ecclesiastics and scholars from the 8th to the 12th centuries. Fergil, the geometer, abbot of Achadhbo, was of this family, and was the first who taught the sphericity of the earth and that there were antipodes.

Fenton, Finntaun; a princely race in the 8th century, of which there are numerous representatives in America.

Fitzgerald, Mac Garailt; were of English origin. The present Duke of Leinster is of that race, as were Lord Edward, "silken Thomas," and several other patriots.

Fitzpatrick, McGila Padrig; an old Irish name, not English, which flourished in South Munster ere the Saxon invasion in the 12th century. Father Fitzpatrick of San Francisco represents it.

Fitz Stephen, Fitz Thomas, Fitzwalter and Fitzwilliam; were all of the English or Norman race, arriving in Ireland from 1170 to later dates.

Flaherty, Flaithertach; a name belonging to monarchs and princes of Ireland since the 7th century, though now in obscurity.

Flannery, Flannaghrah; an old name distinguished for the number of its eminent ecclesiastics. They dwelt in Clare.

Flanagan, Flanagaun; they were chiefs, abbots, and otherwise distinguished in both Dalcasia, and Ulidia. Captain Flannagan, of the Irish-American Society, represents this fine old name.

Fallon, Falhanain; a family dating to the 7th century. One of our earliest pioneer was named Fallon, and one was an early settler in Alameda County.

Fox, Ua Sinnach; a translation from the old name. They were chiefs at an early date in Leinster and Connaught. Mr. Fox, of San Jose, the great horticulturist, represents that old name.

G.

Gilchrist, Gillachrist; servant of Christ. A numerous family in the 9th, 10th and 11th centuries, though now reduced in number and importance.

Gilfinan, Gillafinane; or servants of St. Finan. Gilla or Gil, signifying servants, a name very common to Scotland as well as Ireland.

Gildea, or Kilday or Kila De; or servants of God—a very old name. This name is represented by an Assemblyman of this city.

Gleeson or Greason, Gleassine; Chiefs of Imokilly, in Desmond, in the 9th century.

Godfrey, Gofraidh; Chief of Argalla, in Ulster, 835.

Gillespie, Gilla Espig; called from being servant of the Bishop, were numerous in Down.

Grace; descendants of Raymond Le Gras, 1225; hence, changed into Grace.

Gunning, Ua Conaing; were a sept seated at Castleconnell, near Limerick. Caslaun Conaing, Anglic Castleconnell.

H.

Hennessy, Aengusa; an ancient family of Ossory, now reduced to comparative obscurity.

Hay, Hays, and Hughes; have the same root derived from Ua Aedha, Chiefs in Tyrone, from the 8th century.

Hagarty, Ua Eighcertach; a family of Lower Ormond, numerously represented in this country.

K.

Kinsella, Ceanseallághs; an ancient people, descended from Enna, illegitimate son of Dermitt McMurrough na Gall, of evil memory. A very brave tribe.

Kavanaghs; were Kings of Leinster in 1414, and were powerful chiefs from the 13th to the 17th century. This family, too, was descended from another son of Dennot, called Domnal Kavanagh. The Kavanaghs owned property in Wexford, consisting of Ballaghkeen, Macdavimore, and McDermott. Art McDermot Kavanagh, Chief of the Kinsellaghs, and Donal Kavanagh, Spaniagh, represented this family at the beginning of the 16th century. Kavanagh, merchant in this city, under Palace Hotel, represents the name.

King, Ua Cinceath; a sept in Leinster, formerly powerful, but but now reduced to comparative obscurity. Father King of Oakland is a representative of the name in California. The celebrated King family of New England and the East, which gave so many talented statesmen to America, was of Irish origin. They are still numerous and retain their eminent supremacy as statesmen, lawyers and capitalists. The following is a pedigree of the family: Rufus King was son of Counsellor William King of Loretto Castle in King's County, Ireland—near the town of Birr. Rufus was one of four children, Arthur James, who was—as Rufus—educated to the profession of the law, but went to the Island of Jamaica, where, as a planter, he acquired great wealth and died a bachelor. A sister, Abbie, who died young and his sister Elizabeth, who married Mr. Vaughan of the Golden Grove family, Queen's County; thus Hector W. Vaughan, who is a leading photographic artist at No. 18 Third street, in this city, is grandson of the sister of the famous Senator.

L.

Logan, Leagaun; an ancient warrior of the Formorians was of that name; Rin Liagan, or Point Logan, in Sligo, is called from him.

Lynch, Loinseaghs; were lords of Dalraida in Ulster for centuries, from which they spread to other parts of the island, especially in Galway.

Lonergan, or Londrigan, Ua Langargain; an ancient family of Cashel, where they still reside.

Lahaney, Ua Leaghine; an ancient family who were chiefs in Desmond, and from whom Carrigoline, or Carig O'Lahaney was called. P. W. Lahaney represents this old name in South San Francisco.

Lawlors, Laithlobor; were lords of Dalraida in Ulster, and kings of Ulidia in the 9th century. Dr. Lawlor and his brother of Oakland represent this family worthily in California, while John Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien nobly represent the name in Wisconsin.

Larkin, Lurkain; an old name in Connaght and Leinster.

M.

McAllen, MacAilleen; of the 16th century. A sept of Ulster.

McAllister, MacAlistraiun; of same date. A well-known family, ancient date, represented here numerously.

McAnerheny, Mac an Airchina; an old family of Clare, and still numerous around Tradere and Inchiquin. The word is derived from Mac In Erenagh, Erinagh being a trustee or lay deacon of cathedral churches. Hon. Thos. McAnerhany represents the name here.

McGowan, MacGobhaun, latterly translated Smith; an old name signifying son of the mechanic or blacksmith. Most of the Smith family are of this stock.

McAuliff; a family of Danish origin, found mostly in South Munster.

McAuley, MacAmalgada; they were chiefs of Catry, in Sligo. The foundress of the Sisters of Mercy was of that family—Madam McAuley, of Dublin.

McGinnis, MacAengassa; a distinguished family of Ulster; they were princes, chiefs and lords of Iveagh from the earliest times.

McCabe, MacCaba; chiefs of Brefney and also Fermanagh, in the 14th century.

McCaffrey, MacCafraihd; this family is a branch of Maguires, who took the name of the district they held in Fermanagh.

McCann, Macana; the name of a sept living near Armagh and very numerous.

McKenna, MaKennaigh; chief of Territory of Trough, in the County Monaghan.

McKernan, and McTiernan; were Chiefs of Tullyhunco, or Tullaghanagha, in the County of Cavan.

Maguire, Maguider; was a celebrated name, anciently, in Ireland. They were Lords of Fermanagh, and ranked as the first of the Sil-uidher. The McGuires, McGauleys, McCaffrys, McManus and others, belonged to the Sil-uidher. Dan Carragh McGuire was celebrated for his hospitality, and was praised as the best of all Ireland for his liberality and prowess. The celebrated Father Tom, of controversial fame, represented the best blood of that old stock in Connaught, while the late John Francis, as representing the Southern branch of the family, added to its glory. Judge McGuire, of Santa Barbara, worthily represents the name in this State.

McCarthy, McCarthagh; celebrated kings and chiefs of Desmond. The pedigree of the McCarthys is authentic, and runs back to the 10th century. There are the names of over fifty Princes of this name up to the time of 1684, when they submitted to England, after centuries of warfare, as Kings of Desmond, and consented to hold their estates by a patent from an English monarch.

McDermott; Princes and Chiefs of Moylurg, and Coolavine, and Lords of the clan Mulrony and Clandermot. They were an old, and powerful, and patriotic race, and are still numerous in Roscommon and other parts of Connaught.

McHale, Mac Cele, McCele; was Erenagh in Killala in the 14th century. Archbishop McHale nobly represents this old family.

MacDonnal, MacDonnel; there were several tribes of this name, especially in the north of Fermanagh and in Connaught, the latter of Clonkelly and the former under the

O'Neils, as Constables. The Scotch McDonnells were descendants of those in Erin.

MacDonoughs, MacDunchadha; the MacDonoughs were princes in Connaght and heirs of Tirerill in the middle ages, and are still distinguished in that province. They were of the Lower Clan Mulrony.

McGettigan, MacEtigan; were lords of Bemorne, in Monaghan and in Louth, and chiefs of Clan Uadagh. Many of the name were learned bishops, as the present Lord Primate of Ireland. Mr. McGettigan, of San Jose, represents the family.

MacFheoris; see Berminghams.

MacGillacuddy; called from Saint Mochuda. They were a sept in Kerry, a mountain of which, the highest in Ireland, is called MacGillacuddy's Reek.

MacGowan, Mac Gobhan; hereditary historians and olaves to the princes of Dalcasia. Sometimes translated Smith. T. L. Smith, of Milpitas, honorably represents this name.

McLoughlin; chiefs and kings in Inisowen, MacLachlain, in the 10th and 12th centuries; lords of Elagh and Tullahoge, in Tyrone.

McCloskey, derived from Bloskey, MacBlocaid; a sept near Londonderry. Erenac McCloskey called himself "Blascanus in James I.'s reign. The Cardinal of New York is the highest representative of that name living.

McMahon, MacMathghamna (pronounced Mahona); descendants of Brian Borumba, and lords of Corcovaskin, in Clare. They were also kings of Oriel, in Ulster. The President of the French Republic is the descendant of the Clare branch of this illustrious family. Dr. A. McMahon, of San Jose, is of that race.

MacManus, MacManusa; a tribe of Tertuahill, Barony of Boyle, Roscommon; descended from Manus, son of Turloghmore O'Conor, Monarch of Ireland.

MacMurrough, MacMurchadha; too famous a name to be forgotten, were kings of Leinster from before the 11th century. The infamous Diarmid na-n'Gall was the one who, having sold his country to the English and his soul to Satan, in 1167 brought foreign adventures to murder his countrymen. He died in 1171. His only legitimate son, Conor, was put to death by Roderic O'Connor. The Kavanaghs and the Kinsellas were his descendants.

McNamara are of a very ancient stock, being descended from Cumara, the ancestor of the McNamaras. They trace themselves up to Nial, and were lords of Clan Cuilein. One of them was called Donal Reogh, another Mac Con Ceanmor, and were of Siol Aodh or Hugh. The McNamaras were connected by marriage with the O'Briens of Thomond. Mary, daughter of Shaun Reogh, having married Donough, grandson of Turlogh O'Brien. The seat of the McNamaras in Clare is at Moresk in the West and Oyl in East Clare, near Feacle.

McGrath, Macrahig; was a tribe of Eogan More, located near Cashel. Sleiv-na-banfion was included in their territory according to annals of Innisfallen. They are numerous in Tipperary and Clare.

MacSweeny, MacSuibne; is first mentioned in history in 1268. When Murrough McSweeny was taken prisoner in Umalia, by Donal, son of Manus O'Connor, and delivered to Earl De Burgo, in whose prison he died. But the record of his family is rich in patriotism, piety, learning, and virtue. The name is well represented here, by Father McSweeny, an eloquent young priest at St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, and Myles Sweeny.

McTeigue, MacTadhig; a sept of Ormond in the 13th century.

McTiernan; see McKernan.

Represented by Mr. McTague of Marysville.

MacGolric, MacUalgairg; this name belonged to an old and hardy clan, located in the neighborhood of Pettigo, near the bounds of Donegal and Fermanagh.

MacWilliam, McGuliam; the name of the celebrated De Burgo, son to William Fitzalden, to whom Henry II. granted the province of Connaught, in 1225. (See ann., p. 180, 3 vol.)

Madden, or Madegan; were of the Siol Amchadha, a very old name, traced back to pre-Christian times.

Mulloy, Maelmhuaidh; they were lords of Desmond and Delvin-Ma-Coghlan. Many of the name were learned ecclesiastics and literati.

Molony, Maelumnadh; was an ancient name and dates back to the 7th century.

Maginnis, MacAengusa; they were powerful chiefs of the race of Hugh, lords of Iveagh, in Down, and afterwards princes of of Ulidia.

Mageoheghans, MacEochagain; were Chiefs of Kinel-Fhiachach, in Moycastle, Westmeath. They were a warlike race, and on one occasion, in 1328, defeated 3,500 of the English, including their allies, the Daltons, according to the Four Masters.

Morans, Mouraun; were judges and olaves, in Ireland, at an early date, even before the Christian Era. The legend of Moran's Collar, originated with this family.

Murry, Mureadagh; one of this name, was Monarch of Ireland, A. M., 4307, and another, King of Ulidia, in 479.

Moriarty, Muircheartagh; this is a very ancient name. One was a king, and began his reign in 504. The Moriartys were in high rank, both in the North and South. Murchertagh, son of Niul Glunduff, or the Blackneed, was King of Innis Owen.

Murphy, Murchada; it was recorded that Donnell O'Murphy, Chief of Hy-Felimy, was killed by the Hy-kensellas, in 1382. This Hy-Felimy, was in Wexford, in the Barony of Ballaghkeen. The Murphys were descended from Felimy, Son of Enna Kinsella, King of Leinster, in the 5th century. The head of the Murphy family lived at Toberlimnich, in the Murroes, in 1634. His name was Connel Murphy, the son of Art, who was son of Donnel More, who was son of Teigue, or Tim Murphy, called The O'Murphy, chief of the name. There was another branch of the same family, at a place called Oulartleigh, in the 16th century. A poet, O'Heerin, wrote the following of the Murphys: "A lordship of heavy profit, O'Murphy, of the smooth bright land, obtained the territory of Hy-Felimy, in the partition of the possessions of his ancestors". This family is represented in a direct line, at present, by the Murphys of San Jose; the late Timothy Murphy of San Rafael, was of the McMurragh, in a direct line. There are several other distinguished descendants of the Murphys in the State, as many as six or more of them in the Legislature, one City, or Prosecuting Attorney, of this city, Daniel Murphy, and several surgeons, as Jas. Murphy, M. D., Clay street, Murphy, Grant & Co., and others of high standing in the community. The Hon. Member of the Assembly from Del Norte, is a talented and leading representative of that famous old family.

N.

Neylan, Niallain; was a family of note. In the 9th century one of the name was Bishop of Slane. Another venerable member of that name, Shane oge O'Nialain, was Bishop of Kilfenora, in Clare, in the 16th century. In 1093, both the Annals of Ulster and those of the Four Masters record the death of Ailell O'Niallian, corb of Sts. Kieran and Cronan and Abbot of Cluan Macnoise. The Nialans had possessions in Temple Malley, Barony of Bunratty, Clare.

Nunan, Noenan; a very ancient name of unquestionable Milesian origin. They were of the order of olaves, poets and brehons in the pre-Christian ages, and had possessions in Thomond. The traits of the ancient stock have been retained by the modern Nunans in Clare and Limerick. Hon. Ed. Nunan and Sheriff Matthew Nunan worthily represent the name in this city.

O.

O'Beirne, Ua Birn; these were chiefs of Tirbruin, and lords of Ballyclare, County Roscommon. The O'Beirnes country was in the East of Roscommon, near Lough Broderig, on the river Shannon.

O'Bardon, Ui Barduin; the name of a celebrated harper in Connaught. James Bardon, of Superior, Wis., worthily represents that old name.

O'Banan, Ui Bonain; a name of a sept in Dalaridia in the North. The author Banim, the celebrated novelist was of that family.

O'Boyle, Ui Baoghill; some of this name were chiefs of Cloghinsely in Tirconnell, as also in Tersainmeragh, now called Boylagh, Donegal.

O'Branan, Ui Branain; were from Derry, and were distinguished in Doire Maelan, now Derryallen, near Lough Erne, Fermanagh.

O'Brialin, Ua Breislein; chiefs of Fanad Tirconnell, in Ulster, from the 10th century.

O'Brien; is one of the most illustrious in the annals of Erin. They were monarchs, kings, princes and chiefs in Ireland. The O'Briens were from different sections in Ireland, but Thomond was the original inheritance of the most illustrious race of the O'Briens. Brian Borumba, or Boru, from being a petty king of the Dalcassians, became Ardrigh, after having deposed Maelshaughlin in 1002. He crushed the Danish pirates at Clontarf, and, though he lost his life, he left his country independent. Turlough O'Brien, his grandson, succeeded him as monarch, and, though the O'Briens lost the supreme sovereignty, yet, as kings of Munster and Thomond, their power lasted for centuries. Lord Inchiquin, of Dromoland, in Clare, represents the old kingly race, as did Smith O'Brien, his brother, and, in this city, McMahon, John and Thomas O'Brien have unquestionably the most direct descent from the O'Briens of Thomond, and, consequently, of Brian Boru.

O'Byrnes, Ui Brain; were lords of Hy Kinsella. They were powerful chiefs in Wicklow, and had a castle at Glenmalure. Their country was called Criogh Branagh. This tribe derived their origin from Cahir More, King of Ireland in the 11th century. Indeed, their pedigree is traced for twenty generations, and they were always loyal to Ireland.

O'Callaghan, Ua Ceallachain; this family gave provincial kings to Cashel and chiefs to other territories. Muinter O'Callaghan were very numerous in Cork, especially in Cloyne and Ross, and have many representatives here.

O'Carolan, Ua Cearbhallain; distinguished for learning and poetry, in the counties of Derry and Tyrone. The celebrated musician, Carolan, was of this tribe.

O'Carrol, Ui Cearbhaill; were Lords of Ely O'Carroll, King's County, in Munster, and of Oirghialla, or Oriel, in Ulster. In fact, the family was among the most distinguished in Ireland for several centuries, and even here, in the new worlds, the ancient glory of the name was revived in Charles, Carrol of Carolton. They were descended of Oiliol Olum, King of Ireland.

O'Cassidys, Ua Caisside; were hereditary physicians, poets, or olaves to the Maguires of Fermanagh.

O'Ceilcher, or Keleher; were an old sept in Saiger, or Seirkieran, in Eily O'Carroll, in Leinster, from which they spread into Cork and Kerry.

O'Clery, Ua Clerig; were descended from Guaire Aidne, King of Connaught, in the 7th century. Hy-Fiacragh Aidne, comprises the present diocese of Kilmacduagh. But the O'Clerys were driven from their hereditary possessions by the De Burgos, soon after the English invasion. Some of the exiled family settled in Kilkenny, some in Befny O'Reilly (Cavan), and some in Tirawley. The Four Masters were, three of them, O'Clerys, and one O'Mulconry. Teige O'Clery of the Mountain (in religion Brother Michael) was chief of the Four Masters, Conary O'Clery the second, and Cugory the third. Teigue au Sleibe, or Timothy of the Mountain, took the name Michael in religion, of the Franciscan Order. He refused orders, as St. Francis himself did, through scruples of conscience, and had he become a priest probably we should never have had the Annals of Ireland—the greatest work ever written, and the most impartial regarding the history of any nation on earth. Conary O'Clery was the scribe, or amanuensis, of his brother Michael; he was a layman.

Cugory, or Peregrine O'Cleary, was the next annalist to Michael in importance. He wrote, also, the life of the glorious Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who conquered the English at Donaveera. Cugory owned the lands of Coobeg, in Donegal, of which he was dispossessed, and his lands forfeited to the king, because he was a mere Irishman. Of O'Mulconry nothing is known but that he was an antiquarian, and a native of Roscommon. Not one of them was a priest. Such were the celebrated Quatuor Magistri, or Four Masters.

O'Connells, O'Counell; were descended from King Oilioll Ollum. They were numerous in Kerry and Clare. Cromwell sent several families of this name into Clare, the leading representatives of which were O'Connell, of Kilgory, near Tulla, and Charles O'Connell, of Ennis. The illustrious Daniel O'Connell, of Kerry, the Liberator of his country, the wisest and most successful Irishman since the English invasion, restores the name of O'Connell to the highest celebrity. He laid down a new principle in seeking for political redress, namely, that peaceful and legal means are better than forcible or warlike efforts. All civilized people are gradually adopting these great principles of O'Connell.

O'Connerys, Ui Conaire; were olaves and literati at an early age in Desmond. One of this family is chief editor of the New York *Herald.*

O'Connor, O'Conchobhair (pronounced Conoir); is an illustrious Irish name. They came directly in a line from Ir. One of the name was the last Monarch of Erin, Roderic by name. There were other branches of the name, and even descended from different origins, such as The Heremonian O'Connors, The O'Connor Kerry, The O'Connor Sligo, O'Connor Faly, O'Connor Don or gray, and O'Connor Roe or red. These families were not always faithful to Ireland, and hence the Connaught branch of them have retained their hereditary estates. In every profession and path of life this name has been distinguished. In New York Charles O'Conor, and in California, at San Rafael, Michael O'Connor, and in this city P. J. O'Connor, architect, and Cornelius O'Connor, support the dignity of this old royal name. The pedigree of The O'Connors Sligo is given in full in McForbis and the Annals of Four Masters.

O'Corkerans, Ua Corcrain; learned men, and Bishops in Connaught and Leinster, near Carlow, in the 10th century. Another branch of them were Chiefs in Queen's County, and in Desmond. William Corkeran, architect, represents them here.

O'Corrys, or Currys, Ua Corra; an ancient sept in Dalcas. The late Eugene Corry was the direct representative of that family, and a native of Clare. Another branch of that name, from Ulster, is represented by the Curry brothers, of Sansome street.

O'Cullens, Ua Cuilleen; were of an old family, many of whom were saints and ecclesiastics. There was the great Monastery of Kilcullen, in Kildare, which hands down the name, which was also very common in Carlow, and in Limerick. The learned Cardinal of Dublin is the most distinguished of this name to-day, and Father Cullen, of this city.

O'Devines, Ua Daimhain; were Lords of Hymany, in Connaught, and also in Fermanagh, in the barony of Tirkennedy. John Devine, of San Jose, represents that name.

O'Dalys, Ua Dalaigh; were hereditary olaves and poets of the Chiefs, Kings, and Princes of Erin, from a very early date.

O'Den, Ua Dain; an old family, who had possession in Lower Ormond, Dunmineer, in the County of Tipperary. Dr. Den, of Los Angeles, represents that name in this State.

O'Deas, O'Deadhagdh; were an old family in the Barony of Inchquin, Clare, where there is a township called Fany O'Dea, from its ancient owners.

O'Dempseys, O'Dimasaigh; the O'Dempsys were a great clan in their own O'Dempsey country, which comprised a large space on both sides of the River Barrow, in the King's and Queen's County. They were of the Clan Moilurga, or Clanmalier. The Barony of Philipstown, in Kings, and Portnahing, in Queen's County, were the original possessions of the O'Dempseys, but they obtained, also, possessions of Lee Castle, Cuslaun Leige, and other eight townships in South Glanmaliry.

O'Dohertys, Ua Dochartagh; were of the Kinel Conel, and powerful Chiefs of Inishowen, Ardmire, and Tirenda, in Tyrconnell, the latter situated between the rivers Foyle and Swilly, in Donegal. Ardmire was West of Tir-Enda, near Logh Finn. The O'Dohertys being of the Kinel Conel race, expelled the Kinelowen tributary to O'Neil, and thus became Lords of Innisowen, and were tributary to the O'Donnells. In this city they are represented by P. J. Doherty, Esq., nephew of Peter Dohahue, and Mr. Doherty, of Oakland, a pioneer of Alameda. The pedigree of the O'Dohertys, is traced back to Niul, of the nine hostages, from whom they were descended by twenty-seven generations, up to Conor an Einagh, who died in 1413.

O'Donahoes, Ua Dunchada; there were two branches of this celebrated family. The one were Lords of Cashel, in Munster, and the other in Monaghan. They were of the race Eagan-Mor, eldest son of Oilill Olum, King of Munster, in the 2d century. The Donahoes were also Chiefs of Hy Carmac, in Moinmoy, included in Hymany. The O'Donaghoe of Kerry, represents the southern branch of the family in a direct line, while the Ulster and Leinster branches, are represented by Colonel Peter Donahue, and James Donahoe, of this city.

O'Donnels, O'Domhnail; were the most illustrious of Ireland's princes, kings, and heroes. When exhausted, betrayed, and plundered of their royal patrimony, they became exiles, and added lustre to the fame and glory of foreign lands, by their genius and bravery. Austria, Spain, France, and other continental nations adopted the exiled Princes of Tyr-Connell, and to this day their descendants exercise the highest offices in these, their adopted countries, and there are several of the name in this city.

O'Donovans, O'Donobhain; were a very ancient and distinguished clan. One of them, Cathal, fought at Clontarf in 1013. The O'D's, like the O'Brien's and McCarthys, were descended from Eagan Iaidhleagh, or Eagan the Splendid, otherwise called Mogh Nuadhat, who flourished in the 2nd century. This Moght Nuadhat was driven from Ireland by Con of the hundred battles. He went to Spain and got married to the king's daughter, Beara, and soon after returned to Ireland with a Spanish army, with which he defeated Con and compelled him to yield him the sovereignty of one half of Ireland, called Leach Moght, while Con had the other half, Leath Cuin. Bear Haven, where the invader landed, was called after his Spanish wife, Beara. This Moght was the father of Oilell Olum. From him descended all the great families of Munster: O'Carrols, O'Meaghers, McCarthys, the O'Connels, O'Donoghoes, Kennedys, O'Mahonys, O'Sullivans, etc. (See Appendix of the Four Masters for full pedigree of this name).

O'Dowds, O'Dubhda; were chiefs of Tirawley, in County Mayo, and also of Tireragh in same County in the 10th century.

O'Driscols, O'Eiderscoil; were descended from Moght Nuadhat, as stated above, and were lords of Corcorlaighe, included in Hy-Carbery, Cork, which consisted of Myros, Castlehaven and other townships.

O'Dooly's, Ua Dubhlaic; lords of Fear Tulla in the 11th century. They are numerous in Clare and in Limerick.

O'Deegan, or Dugidan, O'Duigedain; were an old race, near Kildalua or Killaloe and Ennis, in Clare.

O'Dennys, Ua Dunaghaigh; were chiefs of Longford in Galway, and were ancestors of the O'Maddens.

O'Dunns, Ua Duin; were a respectable people in Iregan, in the Barony of Tinnahinch, Queen's County.

O'Dwyers, O'Duibhidhir; were a sept in Thomond, and connected with the clan Cuileen, or McNamaras, by affinity.

O'Aherns, or Hearne, O'Ectighern; are an ancient family of Tipperary, and Waterford, and Clare. Six-mile Bridge, in Clare, was their largest territory.

O'Felan, or Phelan, Ua Faelain; a powerful tribe. Lords of of the Diesi Mumhan, or Munster Diesi, for there was a Diesi in Meath, also. The family was also powerful in Ossory and the Middle counties in Ireland. Father Phelan, of Austin, Nevada, is a worthy representative of that name, as well as an ornament to his calling.

O'Farrells, Ua Fearghail; were great chiefs in Annally, Longford, and Kings of Tullyoge, in Tyrone. The name is sometimes, and correctly spelled Ferral, which is the form in which Judge Ferral, of this city, uses. Farley is but a corruption of this name. The new United States Senator-elect, from California, is of that name, which he imagines is of Scotch origin.

O'Flahetty, O'Flaihheartaigh, also Lavertys; were Chiefs of West Connaught, from the 10th to the 16th century.

O'Flynn, Ua Floinn; were Lords of Ui Tuotha, the ancient name of a territory in Antrim, East of Lough Neagh. Five or six parishes were comprised in the territory. They were a branch of the clan Rury, of Ulster. They have a very exact and old pedigree, in which the names—1, Rory; 2, Donel; 3, Cumee; 4, Murtagh; 5, Alexander; 6, Aodh, or Hugh; 7, Donagan; 8, Forgartagh, are enumerated in succession of descent. A townland in Clare, called Enagh O'Flynn, belonged to people of that tribe.

O'Foley, O'Fogladha; a name found in Tipperary and Waterford. The name gave Ireland many holy and learned men. One of the most famed, was Father John Foley, of Youghall. Mr. Foley, merchant, of Drumm street, brother to the late lamented Father Foley, of Cloyne, represents this honored name.

O'Gallagher, Ua Galchobhair; were of the Kinel Connel, a sept of the same race with the O'Donnells. The most distinguished of the name in Donegall, belonged to the Church. O'Gallaghers, O'Tolands, O'Clerys, and Sweenys, were subject to O'Donel, as chief.

O'Garas, or O'Gores, Ua Gadhra; were Lords of Slievelowe, in Mayo, and also of Coolavine and Lune, in Meath. They were a heroic race, and one of the name aided the O'Clerys to compile the Annals of the Four Masters.

O'Gormans, Ua Gormain; a sept of Louth, Thomond and Queen's County. They were once powerful chiefs.

O'Gradys, Ua Grada; a sept of Cinel Dungaille, in Thomond. This clan gave abbots to the celebrated monastry of Tom-Grany, in Clare.

O'Hamils, Ua'h'adhmail; were poets and literati, though we read of one chieftain of the name, in 1166.

O'Hughes, or Hea, Ua Aedha; were Lords of Muskerry, in Munster, of Moylurg, in Connaught, Ufearcragh, in Tyrone. The late Archbishop in New York was of this stock, though he considered he was of Welsh descent.

O'Hares, or O'Hehirs, O'heticher; an ancient family in Limerick and Clare, where they are numerous at present.

O'Hanlons, Uah'Anluain; were celebrated chiefs, Lords of Orior and ui Neilan, in Ulster. A brave man of that tribe, Count Redmond O'Hanlon was one of the last who fought the enemies of his native land in guerilla warfare.

O'Hanlys, Oh'Ainlighe; were a different clan from O'Hanlon, and had as possessions, Cinel Dofa, or Doohy Hanly, in Roscommon. The O'Hanlys owned five or six parishes in Roscommon, along the Shannon, from Carnadae bridge to Drumdaff. They trace their descent from Cachy, Monarch of Ireland, in the 4th century, and count twenty generations, according to McFirbis, back to Dofa, who was the ancestor of St. Beragh, or Barry, patron saint of the O'Hanlys.

O'Haras, O'h'Eaghra; a numerous tribe in Connaught. Their chiefs were Lords of Leyney.

O'Healy, O'h Eilighe; one of this name, a wealthy farmer, was slain, it is related, by Hugh Brenagh in 1309. The farmer was called the best in Ireland, and lived at Tearerill, County Sligo.

O'Hynes, Ua H'Eidhin; were lords in Galway and West Connaught, and Hy-Fiach-Aidne.

O'Hagans, O'h'Cain; were a sept which was famed for the number of judges and men learned in law it gave Ireland. Their original habitation was in Tullyoge, County Tyrone. Lord O'Hagan, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was of that race.

O'Higgins, Ua Uiginn; were hereditary poets, judges and teachers in Connaught and other parts of Ireland.

O'Hogans, Ua H'Oganr; were a sept of Tyrone. We read that one Teigue Hogan was hanged with his two sons for a treacherous attack on O'Niel's castle at Dungannon in 1504. There are some now of the same name who deserve the same fate as old Teigue if they got their deserts.

O'Kanes, O'Cathain; chiefs of Oireght-ui-Cathain, or O'Kane territory, which included Tirkeeran, Keenaght and Coleraine, in Londonderry. Sir Robert Kane, president of Queen's University and his son, Dr. Kane of this city, are the lineal descendants of this noble family.

O'Kearneys, Ua Cearnagh (see Kearney); Conal Karnagh was a great warrior, said to have been present in Jerusalem at the Crucifixion.

O'Keeffes, O'Caiombh; were lords of Glenn Amnach, or Glenworth, in Munster, and also of Fermoy, in Cork. The name is very common to-day in Munster.

O'Kellys, Ua Ceallagh, Kalagh; were lords of Hymanny in Connaught, and also of Breagha or Bregia, Mayo. The name is found all over Ireland, and gave many bishops and learned men to the church. The castle of Dunamona belonged to a branch of the O'Kellys.

O'Kennedys, O'Ceinedigh; were lords of Ormond after they lost the monarchy of Ireland, which their ancestor Brian Borumba wrested from Maelshaughlin. The name is well represented in this city by Hon. I. Kennedy and his brothers, and by several merchants also, such as Kennedy & O'Brien.

O'Kirwan, O'Ciordubhain and O'Kerwick, O'Ciarmhaic; are names very common in Galway and north Clare, written Kirwan, Kerwick and Kierucan.

O'Lapan, Ua Lapain; were Chiefs of Cinel Enda, in Tirconnell.

O'Loughlins, Ua Loughlain; were Kings of Cinel Eagan, and Monarchs of Ireland at an early age, while the O'Loughlins of Burren were Lords of Corcomroe, in Clare. Sir Michael O'Loughlin and Sir Coleman, his son, represented that name in our days, as does Mr. O'Loughlin, of this city, and McLoughlin of San Jose.

O'Malleys, Ua Maille were Chiefs of the Baronies of Murreak and Borrishool, in Mayo. They had a fort called Cahir-namart, on the margin of the bay of Westport. Grace O'Malley was of this race, a brave woman, who defied English tyranny and roamed free on the ocean in her own ship.

O'Mulholland, O'Maelchallaun; Lords of Deabona-beg, or Barony of Fore, in Meath.

O'Morony, O'Morounhna; a sept in the East of Clare, between Glenomera and Tulla, distinguished for antiquarian research. Some are of the opinion that it is only an abbreviation of Mulrony, by elypsis, who were Lords of Fermanagh. John Morony, Esq., of Bush street, represents that name in this city.

O'Murrys, Muireadaigh; were a powerful family in West Meath, and also in Kerry, or Ciarraighe. The name is a derivative from Murra or Mary.

O'Neil, Ua Neil; are the first family in Irish history. They were kings, lords, and heroes, from the earliest ages. Lords of Cinel Owen, and Kings of Tirconnell. The O'Neils occupy a large place in the history of Ireland. They and the O'Donnells were the last who sustained the national flag of Ireland. There are several representatives in this city: Drs. A. A. and I. C. O'Neil, surgeons, and O'Neil, Kennedy & Stewart, 873 Market street.

O'Nolan, Ua Nuaillan; were Chiefs in the Barony of Forth, in Wexford. The name is wide-spread in Leinster and Munster. The Nolans, wholesale shoe merchants, are of this old and hardy race.

O'Quin, Ua Cuinn; an ancient family of Thomond, represented now by Earl of Dunraven, at Adare, Limerick.

O'Manning, Ua Mannaigh; were chiefs of Sodan, in Hymanny. Cardinal Manning must be of this Celtic stock.

O'Meaghers, O'Meachair; were chiefs of Ikerrin, in Tipperary. The lamented Thomas Francis was of that race, and so is Deputy Sheriff Meagher of this city.

O'Melaghlin, or Melehan; were kings of Meath for centuries, and another branch of them lords of Elagh, in Innisowen and Fermanagh.

O'Mogan, O'Mochain; a sept who dwelt near Boyle in Connaught. There are several of that name in this city.

O'Mooney, O'Maonaigh; this is the same name as many common in all parts of Ireland, especially in the North. The famous Tom Mooney was an offshoot certainly from this stock.

O'Moran, Ua Morain; were lords of Ardnarea, on the river Moy, at Ballina, Tirawley, and their territory extended to Toomore. There was a famous judge of that name in pre-Christian times.

O'Mores, Uu Mordha; celebrated lords of Leix, in Queen's County. Many of them were slain by the English. Rory or Rodger O'Moore was a famous hero in the wars against Elizabeth. The name is well represented here by lawyers, merchants and miners

O'Maneogue; a family distinguished for piety and learning in the 10th century, and located near the river Suir in Tipperary. There is a parish called Dun Manogue, in Kildare, called after a holy bishop of that name.

O'Mulconrys, Ua Maolchonair; were a tribe in Sil-Murry, in Connaught, celebrated for its learning and piety. One of the Four Masters was of that family.

O'Reillys, Ua Raghallagh; were Lords of Muinter Maelmorda, in Cavan. Another branch gave Lords to Breifny. They were Chiefs of Dartry, in Connaught, also.

O'Regans, Ua Riagain; were Chiefs of South Bergia, in Connaught. A statesman of that name represents Texas in the United States Senate, as did Bishop O'Regan, in Chicago.

O'Ronayne, O'Ronain; a very ancient name, which gave saints, heroes and statesmen to Ireland. Joseph P. Ronayne, late deceased, represented that clan.

O'Rourke; Princes of Brefny, of never dying fame. There are generals of that name in the Russian army.

O'Rooneys, O'Ruanadha; were a family of hereditary poets, in the North of Ireland. A Rev. Father of that name belongs the Dominican Order in this city.

O'Ryans; were Lords of Idrone. They were of the race of Cathair Mor, King of Leinster, and Monarch of Ireland, in the 2d century. The O'Mulryans are of the same stock, but by different branches. The name is well represented in America and Canada.

O'Scanlan, Ua Scainlain; a very old clan, and distinguished for the many bishops, abbots, and prelates it gave the Church. Their territories were in Clare and Kerry.

O'Shaughnessy, Ua Seachnasaig; Chiefs of Kinelea, in Galway. They were also distinguished in Clare and Tipperary. From the branch of the latter country came the O'Shaughnessy who effected such great reforms in Australia, and who was at first but a workingman.

O'Shea, O'Seaghdha; were of the race of Connary II, Kings and Chiefs of Corkaguiny, in Kerry, near Ventry. O'Falvys and Sheas were of the same race. The latter is well represented, in this city, and Mr. O'Shea, of San Pablo, Oakland.

O'Sheridan, Ui Siridin; not an English, but an old Celtic name, contrary to the common opinion.

O'Slavens, O'Sleibhin; were poets and physicians in Oirgalla, or Oriel, in Ulster. Slaven, in Baldwin block, Market street, well represents this honored name in San Francisco.

O'Shellys, O'Sealbhaigh; were a family of Connaught dating beyond the 9th century. The poet Shelly was of that stock, contrary to the vulgar opinion, which claimed him as English.

O'Sheehans, O'Seadhachain; were a sept of Galway, in the diocese Kilmacduach, of which some of the family were bishops in the 10th century. The editors of the *Bee* and *Record-Union*, of Sacramento, are brothers and of that name.

O'Sullivans, O'Suileabhain; were a very illustrious race of the remotest origin. O'Sullivan Beare, who had his castle at Bear Haven, was one of the bravest men that Ireland ever produced. When betrayed by the Spaniard, Don Juan d'Avila, in 1602, his castle, Dunboy, being taken, after the death of the heroic McGeoghegan, he retreated with one thousand men and much cattle to the mountains, pursued by the Anglo-Irish army, the Barrys, McCarthys, O'Briens, Donovans, and other traitors, including his own uncle. He finally retreated through Limerick and Tipperary, till they crossed the Shannon at Portlane, on "curraghs," or boats formed of the hides of their slaughtered horses. When they arrived in Galway, at O'Rourk's Castle, they had only thirty-five men left out of the thousand. After that O'Sullivan went to Spain, where he got a royal pension from Philip III., but was murdered, in 1616, by John Bath, an Englishman. Con. O'Sullivan, of this city, is of this noble stock, and most likely John Sullivan, Esq., capitalist, of this city, also.

O'Toland or O'Tuolin, Ua Tuathalain; an old Irish name, borne by men in this city who would ignore their origin.

O'Tomaltys, O'Tomaltagh; were chiefs in Ulster and famous in Irish history for valor and hospitality, even before the Christian era. They were kings of Ulster and lords of Magh Aei, in Meath. Mr. Tomalty, of Sixth street, represents that old sept.

O'Tooles, Ua Touthail; were a royal race of Leinster. The O'Tooles, O'Byrnes and MacMurroughs had the same ancestry, that was, Breasal Bealogh, father of Enna, father of Dunlang, father of Oiliol, and so on up to Saint Laurence, 1180. Their pedegree is perfect up from the 2nd century to the present. The O'Tooles of Santa Clara County are lineal descendants of those O'Tooles who owned land near Castle Talbot, Wexford.

P.

Power, Peoragh; was a noble family, which came over with the English invasion. Their descendants are now numerous in Waterford, and in other parts of Ireland. Father P. Power, of Sutter Creek, represents the name.

Purcels, Purchealagh; were another English family, members of which became patriotic. One of the family, Sir Hugo, founded a monastry at Waterford, in 1240.

Petits; were of English origin, and had possessions near Mullingar, Westmeath, in the 14th century. They are now numerous in Wexford.

Plunket; the Plunkets, like the Daltons, Petits, Huberts, and others, were of the English colony, in Westmeath, which paid tribute to O'Neil. They were afterwards Lords of Louth, and became dear to Ireland, from having given a martyr, Bishop Plunket, to the Church.

Q.

Quigley, or O'Coigley, O'Cugale; were a sept in Donegal, near Lough Swilly, and also in Fermanagh. One of the name was abbot of Louth, early in the 8th century. The people of a large district in Donegal, are almost all of this name, and there are two localities, Quigley's Point and Carrig O'Quigley, called after them. An obscure anonymous writer, in answer to a correspondent in an Eastern paper, gave it as his opinion, that the name was not remarkable for having achieved anything in history, whereas, the very derivation of the name, from Cu-Ulad, or the wolf-dog of Ulster, would indicate the reverse of what the said paid scribe asserts. There was a bishop of the name in the last century, in Galway, and the Rev. James Quigley, executed in Maidstone, Kent, in '98, for patriotism, adds a halo of glory to the name. Father Quigley was arrested in company with Arther O'Connor and Mr. Binns, on his way to supplicate the French Directory for aid, and it is suspected was betrayed by the latter, Binns. He and O'Connor being pardoned, while no mercy was shown to the priest patriot. The lying newspapers of the day, gave it out that Dr. Quigley tried to commit suicide, but at the moment before his execution, he took a sharp penknife from his pocket, and peeled an apple with it, to prove to the spectators, that if he intended to take his life, he could do so. Dan Quigley, of Verona street, represents this name. Some of the relatives of Dr. James

Quigley, executed in Maidstone, June 8th, 1798, were obliged to change their names to Fivey, to avoid the confiscation of their estates.

Roche, or Roache; were lords of Fermoy and of North Cork and remain to this day. Senator Phil Roach is of this noble race.

Scannels; were an old Celtic family seated at Tehelly near Durrow, King's County.

Sinnagh, Anglice, Fox; were lords of Tifford or Munster Hagan, in Westmeath.

Stanleys; English lords, who were high in office in Ireland, soon after the conquest in 1234.

Stantons; were also Norman, and had a castle in Dunamon on the River Suck, between Galway and Roscommon.

Sweeney. (See MacSweeny, and O'Sweeney.)

T.

Talbots; English noblemen, were in high authority from the the time of the English invasion. They remain still at Malahide, near Dublin.

Tobins, Tobinigh; were of English origin, and numerous within the pale, at Leinster. In 1433 Walter Tobin was a great warrior. This old Norman name derived from St. Aubin, is represented in this city by Richard and Robert Tobin, capitalists, and J. Tobin, of Pine street.

Tyrrels, Thryal; were of the English colony, near Mullingar, West Meath; the chief families of which were the Daltons, Petits, Tuites, and Darcys. They had frequent conflicts with the natives, backed by their English allies.

Tormy, O'Tormagh; were a sept of Leinster, remarkable for piety and virtue.

V.

Vaughan; a name of Norman origin, which became naturalised in Ireland soon after the English invasion. There were distinguished statesmen and soldiers of the name. Mr.

Vaughan, of 18 Third street, this city, represents the leading branch of that family.

W.

Wolf; a translation from Mactire and McEntire. Mr. Wolf, the druggist of San Rafael, worthily represents this name. He is a native of Kerry, and respectably descended.

Wynne; a translation from Mulgeha, which signifies Servant of the Wind. Mr. Wynne, of 706 Market street, represents this now euphonious name.

Ward, or Mc An Baird; sons of the poet, is a very old Celtic name. P. Ward, of Minna street, is a worthy scion of that old name.

Having omitted a notice of John Manning, Esq., late editor of the *Ballarat Times*, in Australia, and later of the *New Zealand Celt*, we supply the omission in this place by stating that Mr. Manning, after having suffered imprisonment and persecution in Australia on account of his patriotism, and having been sentenced to penal servitude for life, was obliged to quit that region and come under protection of the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Manning has been a continual contributor to the *Overland Monthly* and other leading journals. He is an elegant and ready writer, and his style and vigor of composition have been compared to those of John Mitchell. He is now in this city and preparing a work on Australia.

APPENDIX.

MONTANA, UTAH, ARIZONA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

We insert here brief descriptions of Montana, Utah, Arizona and British Columbia as being included in the title of our book, "The Irish Race in California and the Pacific Coast." The fact that we did not hear from our correspondents in these distant regions until after the work was almost finished required that these territories should be noticed here or omitted altogether.

Montana Territory is the geographical centre of the North American continent, being situated between 45 and 49 north latitude, and has an area of 144,000 square miles. The Missouri River has its source in the mountains of this Territory, which was organized in 1864. The most hostile and brave tribes of Indians roam over the hills and valleys of Montana. Such are the Crows, Blackfeet, Snakes, Flatheads, Assoneboins, etc.

Montana abounds in rich mines of gold, silver, copper and other minerals, while numerous herds of buffaloes, antelopes, deer and other wild animals afford the Indian tribes an ample support. The population is estimated only at about 25,000, in a region where there could be a population of as many millions, with proper facilities to transport immigrants thither. It is surprising that the government does not devise some means of sending out the surplus population of the cities into this and other fertile territories, after having risked so much in treasure and blood to emancipate two or three millions of negroes! Strange that such is the complexion of the benevolence of some people that nothing short of a colored skin can excite it into activity.

The late lamented Thomas F. Meagher was some time Acting Governor of Montana, and one of the counties of the Territory is named in his honor. After having fought for the Union and led his legion to victory and renown, the young Irish orator was appointed Secretary and Acting Governor of the Territory. But he fell a victim to the malice of a gang of conspirators, who, under the name of "Vigilance Men," set the laws at defiance and attempted to make peace by committing crimes of murder and banishment of obnoxious individuals.

The appointment of Meagher to the supreme authority in the Territory of course induced many of his countrymen and compatriots to make Montana their home. Hence we find counties, towns, and villages with Irish names. Such are the places called Emmetsville, Corbet Station, Keatingville, Ross and Clancy, which were named by Irishmen who must have been the first settlers in such localities.

Many of the quartz mills through the mining districts are owned by Irishmen. Such are Nowland, Gormly, Keating, Comer, Sheehon, Nolan, Allen, Murphy, McClery, Higgins, Roach, McQuaid and McAdam. We find at Bannock City, Crow, Mead, Murray, Brown, Denaher and others; at Beartown, McElroy, McCabe, Morton; at Blackfoot City, Gallagher, Quigley, Higgins; at Deerlodge City, Coleman, O'Bannon, O'Neil, Petit, Talbot, Welsh. In Meagher County all the officers save two or three are Irishmen, such as Murray, Collins, Sutton, Fleming, Groves, Kelly, etc. In a word, the leading business men of Montana are of Irish birth or descent.

UTAH TERRITORY, which was a part of the country included under the name of Alta California, is situated East of Nevada, has an area of 83,000 square miles, and has a population of 150,000 souls. The number of Irish in Utah, is inconsiderable, from the exclusiveness of the Mormons, which discouraged, if they did not prevent immigration, except of such as were grossly ignorant enough to embrace their superstition. There were very few of the Irishmen who joined the Mormons, and not a single Irish woman!

The first influx of Irishmen to Utah was on the occasion of the expedition sent out by President Buchanan, under General P. Connor, whose men were at least one-half Irish, and who, after having brought the Mormons to their senses, having been disbanded, settled down in the mining towns of Utah. The Irish-American element is now an important one among the Mormons, and what is singular, is, that the prejudices against the Irish settlers, are not so deep as against people of other races. The Irish conciliated public opinion, even among those fanatics, by abstaining from interference with the peculiar religious, or irreligious views of the Mormons, whereas, persons of other nationalities, are not content to enjoy the fine climate and its rich resources, but think themselves authorized to correct and rebuke those people on account of their unchristian tenets. Hence, the Irish have succeeded well in Utah. They have churches, schools, and convents there, and their progress is remarkably rapid.

It would be a remarkable event, if the Irish race, the only European people who contributed no recruits to the Mormon community, were destined in the order of Providence, to supersede them as a nationality, and to supplant their gross notions of morality, by the pure principles of Christian ethics. Father Scanlon is pastor in Utah—a good, zealous priest.

Time alone, is needed to bring about this revolution in the minds of the deluded followers of Mormonism.

Arizona is the next and last of the States bordering on the Pacific, to which we shall refer.

This Territory was organized in 1863, and has an area of over 100,000 square miles, situated within the 31st and 37th parallels of latitude.

The capital of the Territory is Tucson. The population is under 20,000, but is on the increase, owing to the discovery and development of new and rich mines.

Several of the Federal and Territorial officers are Irish, such as Chief Justice Dunn, W. N. Kelly, James McCaffray, United States District Attorney; P. R. Tully. Many of the business men and merchants and miners, are also of our race, such as Hayden, P. R. Brady, and Casey, millers; John Murphy, McCarthy, attorneys; Berry, Cody, Canty, merchants; Cosgrove, Monahan, merchants; T. J. Butler, editor of the Arizona *Miner*; the *Sentinel* is edited by Mr. Berry.

It is no exaggeration to say, as was said of Montana, that the principal business men of Arizona are of our race, and this is not at all to be wondered at, for Irish soldiers were the first who marched across the country, lead by the elder Kearney, and after having been discharged, they settled down in the villages and mining camps. Hence, so many Irish names of early settlers. The famous McCracken mine sufficiently indicates the nationality of its original owner or discoverer.

Of all these Territories on the Pacific slope, it may he said that the Irish form a very important and enterprising element, who, when the Territories advance to the dignity of States, will not be wanting in the qualifications needed to make good citizens.

British Columbia demands a brief notice in this work, from the fact that it is on the Pacific coast, and that many of our race have located within its immense dimensions of three hundred thousand square miles.

Many of the Government officers are Irishmen, as were some of the first settlers. The late Governor, as well as Pinder, Armstrong, Graham, Powell, O'Reilly, Brew, and others, are in the employ of the Government.

In Bakerville, are Kelly, McDermott. O'Neil, Murray; in Burrand Inlet, are Hastings, Hughes, notary; Jones and Mannon, Rogers and McGinnis.

In New Westminster, James McNamara, McMurphy, McDonogh, McInnis, surgeon; Murry, Kennedy, architects, etc.

In Victoria City, 5,000 people, the Irish are as numerous and respectable, as in any city in Canada or the United States, of the same size.

To enumerate the names, occupations, and progress of one-tenth of them in British Columbia, or in any of the Territories, would fill a large folio volume, and could not be interesting, except for reference, to the reader.

Hence, for the present we shall close this our work on the "Irish Race in California and on the Pacific Coast."

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ERRATA.

The "errata" or errors of this book are few, owing to the intelligence and ability of the printers and proof-readers in Francis & Valentine's establishment.

However, in page 259, line 3d, "Contra Costa" should be read in place of "Sierras," and in page 331, "McCoppin and Kennedy" should be erased from the heading of Chapter xix., as in the Index.